THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Maximilian Foster—J. P. Marquand—Arthur Train—Kenneth L. Roberts
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Yet before Ivory Soap, only a few people could enjoy the luxury of pure, mild, safe-cleaning soap. Now, of course, *everyone* can have it.

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IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

"My *dear* Alicia," says Mr. Jollyco in a very gentlemanly dudgeon, "why has this comic opera soap replaced the Ivory in my bathroom?" (We always know Mr. Jollyco is angry when he says "my bathroom" and is so frighteningly polite.)

"I think, Henry," replies his wife without a flinch, "that that soap belongs to your daughter Sally, who has lately gone in for ornate 'beauty soap.' The Ivory is just behind you."

Some day Mr. Jollyco is going to talk to Sally about the kind of "beauty soaps" which start by beautifying themselves with various dyes and other coloring matter. But today he will feel so good after his lathery Ivory bath that he will forget it.

Here we see Mrs. Folderol—at home. What! *The* Mrs. Folderol of Vanity Square? The very same! With her poor little rich baby that cries so much. Why does he cry? Listen as Mrs. F. talks with Mrs. Jollyco:

"Why, I can't see how the *soap* could hurt him—it's so expensive and pretty and smells heavenly!"

"But, my dear, I don't see what *else* could do it. Everything seems all right except the soap, and he certainly is *chafed*. You see, price and color and perfume are no guarantees that a soap is safe. Haven't you any Ivory?" No, Mrs. F. has no Ivory, but she *will* have after Dr. Verity arrives.

And here, dear reader, is Dr. Verity, whose motto is: "*Keeping* well is better than *getting* well." A most lovable old gentleman indeed, but very severe and frowny when dealing with persons like Mrs. Folderol, to whose home he is now hurrying.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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THE SILENT PARTNER

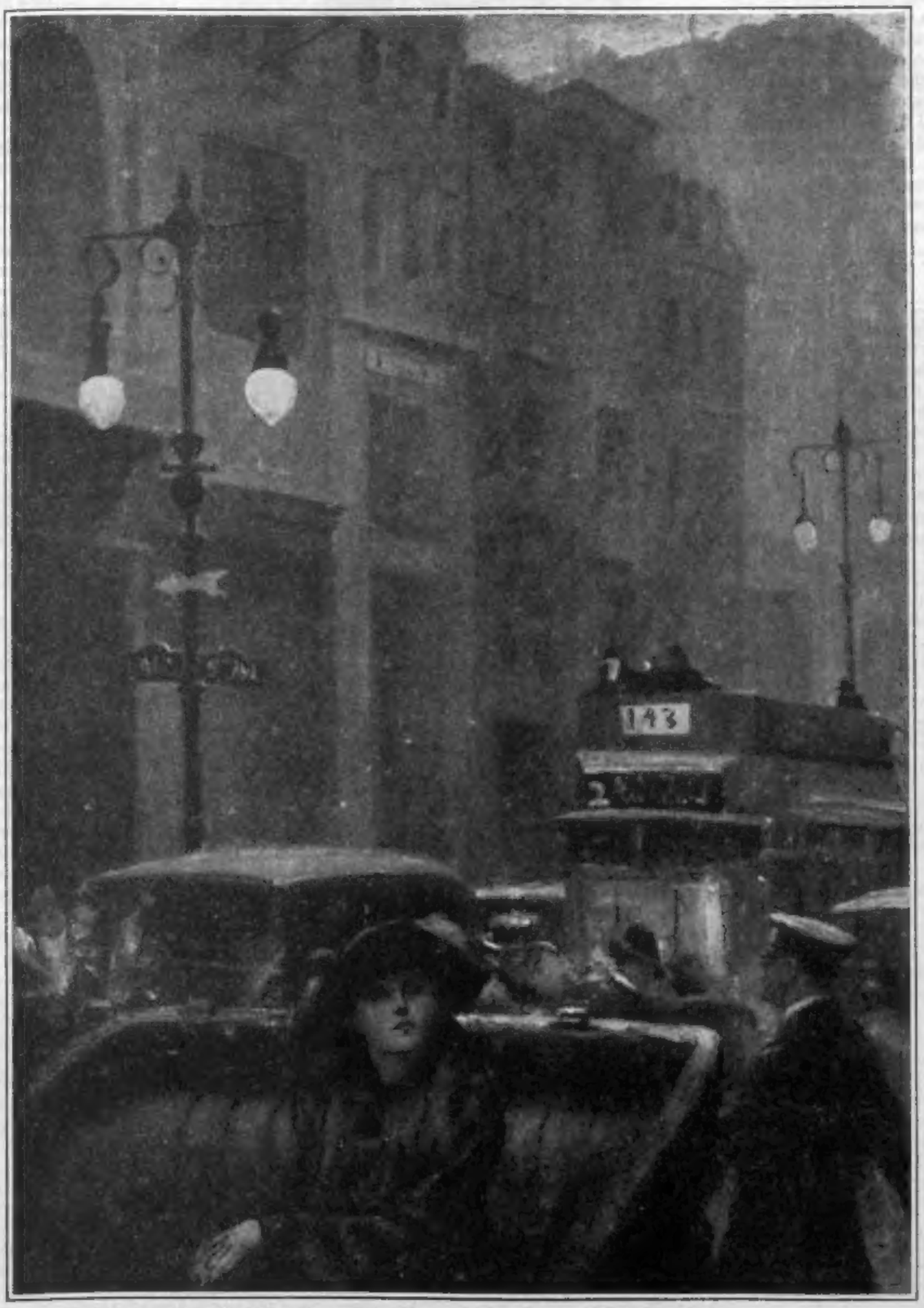
By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE afternoon came on pale and somber, a spit of snow flying on the wind that whirled and gusted in the Avenue; and on the back seat of the car, a small town cabriolet of effective smartness and design, Lisa Coburn shrank lower among her furs, her face with the frail olive delicacy of its complexion for the moment tinted sensitively from the cold. The car's leather top, however, she still kept lowered, refusing with a shake of her head the chauffeur's offer to raise it; and though one may wonder at this, Lisa still had her reason for it. It was a reason, too, that, like all Lisa Coburn's reasons, was definite and designed.

She was, of course, too clever to have confessed it; yet Fifth Avenue in spite of her years' experience of it and what the street as a term conveys, still seemed to thrill Lisa with primitive interest, a sense of newness and discovery. It's certain at any rate, that as yet Lisa never had grown stale to Fifth Avenue and its opportunities. Nor had she ever overlooked them apparently. The expensive Lisa was the name George Coburn's set had for his young wife. In a crowd, too, like theirs, the men money-getters, all the women spenders, the name was vividly a distinction.

Expensive, yes. The term was indisputably fitting to Lisa Coburn—to the manner especially she got money out of her husband, then made way with it; the others, in fact, wondered that Coburn, easy and good-natured as he was, stood for her demands. There are men, however—some—who seem to delight in their wives' extravagance. To them, evidently, the extravagance stands as a handbill advertisement of their own achievement, their success in money-getting; yet as successful as George Coburn seemed to have become, a success his wife measured by her expensiveness, had she liked, Lisa could have told another tale. It was only in the last few years, the wartime and after, that Coburn had managed to rake in money like this, the money he poured into her hands. That was why, in short, Fifth Avenue still kept for her its pristine glamour, its thrill of newness and discovery. The miracle of that sudden money her husband's, had given to Lisa Coburn the key to Fifth Avenue's marvels; and the miracle was still a novelty. It was enough, wasn't it, to thrill any woman?



The Miracle of That Sudden Money Had Given to Lisa Coburn the Key to Fifth Avenue's Marvels

The car, hedged in by a double-banked row of other cars, the Avenue's usual daily parade, moved on intermittently. Northward, a dozen blocks or so beyond, was Harrier's, the jeweler's shop, where she was heading; and at the car's present hitching pace it would be past four, she knew, before she got to the place. At four o'clock, too, she remembered well enough, Lisa had another engagement. She had promised to meet Gertrude Harker, the wife of Jim Harker, one of Coburn's crowd, in the tea room at the Ritz. From there she and Lisa were to go on somewhere else—to a bridge or to a tea; something or the other, anyway, of a kind common to Gertie Harker's afternoons; and at the remembrance a vague hint of a smile curved Lisa's lips as she looked out from among her furs. That she would be late to the engagement—many minutes late—seemed to affect her little if at all. Her air, the smile with it, was indescribably indolent and at ease; of a type visibly the air worn by other women in the cars alongside hers. Yet earlier that afternoon, as the chauffeur could have testified, Lisa's mood had been neither so indolent nor so easy.

A frown, a sharp puckering of the brows, all at once effaced the smile on Mrs. Coburn's slender face. She sat up abruptly, her look alert, active. It was as if reminded, Lisa's thought harked back swiftly to some other moment, to some time and place far removed from the moment. Her look, at any rate, was hardly the look she'd worn a moment before, the air she put on habitually in the Avenue's daily parade. It had lost utterly the tone of idle, insolent indifference that women of the Avenue wear—carriage women, women like Lisa. It was for the instant unguarded, human and alive; and as the car hitched onward on its way the shadow darkening her eyes grew darker.

That afternoon's engagement at the Ritz, Lisa had sought to evade. However, though she hadn't, she still had managed to escape having Gertie Harker on her hands from luncheon on.

"You're going shopping? Oh, take me with you!" Mrs. Harker had implored. Lisa resolutely had refused. Mrs. Harker's supplications she ignored, as she'd ignored her reproaches too. "I know!" accused Gertie Harker. "You mean to keep to yourself where you pick your modes. You won't let any of us have a chance at them!"

True perhaps. Lisa did, in fact, guard jealously the source of her smart gowns, her smart wraps, her equally smart, tricky hats. To the charge, Mrs. Harker's accusation, she offered no reply. Her air abstracted, she did agree, though, to meet her at the Ritz. Then hurriedly she cut short Mrs. Harker's volubilities by hanging the telephone receiver on the hook.

At two sharp the car was at the house, the Coburns' apartment in Park Avenue. Lisa, already dressed and waiting, gave the man a direction; and heading for Fifth Avenue the car rolled westward. Halfway down Fifth Avenue, however, and leaving the Avenue's shops behind it, the motor turned abruptly westward, wending its way from beyond Sixth Avenue into a neighborhood conspicuously drab and dingy; a quarter of small, cheap shops mixed in at intervals among flash restaurants, rooming houses, garages and the like. Here for an hour the car threaded its way through the traffic, Lisa now and then alighting; then once more it headed southward. Lower Broadway, the Wall Street financial quarter, saw it next. Near Exchange Place the car drew up to the curb; and leaving it, Lisa took the elevator to an office on one of the upper floors. The office was George Coburn's office; or rather it was the brokerage shop where George Coburn did his Wall Street trading.

The main entrance, the one for the firm's general customers, was at the farther end of the corridor; but this she avoided. Nearer at hand was a door marked Private; and turning the knob, Lisa stepped inside. Here, however, a mahogany rail with a gate set in it barred farther progress; and at a desk behind the rail sat an attendant, a youth with the slicked hair and slick attire affected by the younger Wall Street employes. As he looked up at the visitor he hastily flipped into a convenient cuspidor the cigarette he was smoking, at the same time scrambling to his feet.

"Why, Mrs. Coburn!" he exclaimed.

"Is Mr. Coburn in?" inquired Lisa.

The clerk was uncertain.

"I'll see," he said; but Lisa, her hand at the gate, already had unlatched it.

"Don't bother," she murmured.

Her step quick, she hastened along the narrow passage, heading toward a door near the farther end. The clerk, looking after her, watched Lisa's slender, graceful figure with appraising, appreciative eyes. She was still young—hardly thirty yet; still girlishly slight and alluring. Halfway to her husband's door, however, Lisa's quick pace lessened visibly. A small beaded bag swung from her arm; and fishing into this, she began to probe its depths. From it presently she brought forth a sheaf of papers, each paper folded neatly, and the sheaf encircled with a rubber band. These in her hand, Lisa pushed open the door and stepped inside. The door she closed behind her.

Outside, the clerk lit himself another cigarette. A few minutes later, though—five, perhaps, or even less—the door opened and Lisa emerged. Her face was set, her head erect, her shoulders thrown back. A smile hard yet vaguely triumphant flitted from her lips and eyes. From her arm the beaded bag still swung, but the folded papers she no longer held in her smartly gloved, slender hand. In their place was a single paper, crisp, narrow and folded across the middle. As she closed the door behind her Lisa opened the bag, took from it a tinted-leather cardcase and slipped the paper into its folds.

The clerk had risen, and with a suave, still appreciative smile he was holding open the gate for her. Lisa, inclining her head with a brief nod, had brushed past him when she turned abruptly.

"How's the market?" she asked tersely.

The clerk flashed at her another winning smile.

"Spotty, Mrs. Coburn."

"Spotty?"

Her tone was sharp, alert with sudden concern.

"Yes—feverish, you know," replied the clerk.

"Oh," said Lisa.

The smile of subtle satisfaction had waned from her lips and eyes. A shadow lurked in her face as she walked into the hall, making her way toward the elevator. It was still there as she reached the street and seated herself in the car waiting at the curb. The shadow lingered, in fact, till the motor, rolling northward, reached Washington Arch, the beginning of Fifth Avenue. There, with a sudden shrug as if she dismissed her thoughts, with them the shadow they invoked, Lisa leaned forward and gave the chauffeur an order.

"Harrier's," she directed.

Leaning back then, Lisa had composed her features into their usual studied look of indolent, insolent indifference—the carriage woman's look.

With it, too, there had returned the glint, hard as steel and triumphant, she had worn when she came out of Coburn's room downtown.

To the victor belong the spoils! Evidently, out of what had gone on that day in George Coburn's office, Lisa had emerged victorious; at any rate, she bore with her now the spoils. The victor, however, in his triumph sometimes may still have to count the cost. Perhaps Lisa Coburn did.

Coburn Sat Perusing the Quotations Spread on the Newspaper's Financial Page

The car again had stopped. Hemmed in by the traffic awaiting a signal from the tower to go on, it had stopped just below a street crossing—Forty-eighth Street, Lisa saw. As she saw this, too, the shadow loomed deeper, more darkling, in her eyes. She shot a glance along the side street. Beyond, the steel trestle of the Elevated road reared its gangling skeleton, the neighborhood racketing with sound as a train pounded by; beyond the L the street narrowed in perspective into another dim, dreary prospect, a vista of cheap restaurants, cheap flats, cheap boarding places and rooming houses. Lisa, with an effort, wrenched her eyes from it. With a shrug, a shudder visibly of revulsion, she bent forward swiftly and began fumbling with the beaded hand bag that still hung from her arm.

It was a check, of course, that Lisa that afternoon had wrung out of her husband, George Coburn. With a hurried hand, her fingers numb and awkward from the cold, she plucked it from the cardcase and peered at the figures on its face. They were there, the ink hardly dry, as Coburn in his scrawling, boyish hand had penned them—$25,000. "Pay to the order of Lisa Coburn twenty-five thousand dollars." A triumph—yes; but as the car moved on again and she folded the check and replaced it in the cardcase Lisa's eyes still lacked in them the glint they'd worn earlier that afternoon—the look of hard, triumphant victory and satisfaction. In their shadow lurked instead uncertainty, indecision.

It was still there as the car drew up at the jeweler's. Her man, jumping down, held open the door of the car; but Lisa sat absorbed. Then, as the man reached in and drew the fur rug from her knees, Lisa stirred abruptly.

"Never mind!" she said sharply.

The rug she spread across her knees again. In the same sharp, peremptory tone she gave the chauffeur an order.

"Drive back to Forty-eighth Street," said Lisa. "Let me out at the corner of Sixth Avenue."

Five minutes later, hurrying, Lisa Coburn sped along the side street. Behind her, near the corner, stood the car, its chauffeur squirmed round on his seat and staring after her in astonishment. Halfway down the block, mured in among the other seedy, shabby buildings along the street, a six-story flat house reared its front, the structure like its neighbors, drearily dingy and unkempt.

"Hub!" the chauffeur grunted suddenly. His jaw drooping, he stirred in bewildered amazement. Lisa, her pace still swift, had hurried up the steps and disappeared within.

"The rent, ma'am," said the janitress, "is a hunnerd 'nd twenty-five a month."

It was to Lisa she spoke. There was no elevator in the house, and Lisa and she had toiled up the stairs to the fourth-floor flat, their way lit by an occasional seeping gas jet. Lisa, though, seemed to need neither the gas jets nor the janitress to guide her. Her skirts held back from the battered, grimy walls, she waited on the landing for the janitress to unlock the door and let her into the apartment.

"A hundred and twenty-five?" she murmured. A faint smile, the echo, perhaps, of a memory, momentarily curved her lip. "Rents seem to have gone up," she remarked.

"There's three rooms and a bath—a kitchen, too," the janitress retorted defensively.

"A kitchenette, you mean," returned Lisa.

She stepped inside the living room. Its woodwork was scratched and battered, the papering was stained and torn, and through the dirty, rain-streaked windows the afternoon's waning light leaked obscurely. Lisa's slender shoulders quivered with a little shake of repulsion as she glanced about her.

"Shall I light th' gas, ma'am?" the janitress inquired.

Lisa shook her head. After another searching stare at the place she thrust open the door of the room beyond—the flat's single bedroom. A window opening on an air shaft lighted it—a spectral, cellarlike ray. The light, however, was enough to light the room and what it was. Greasy hand marks, the signatures of recent tenants soiled the paper where manifestly the bed and bureau had stood; a broken lip stick, half a dozen discarded hairpins and the butt of a cigarette littered the washstand's cracked marble top; and after another swift, searching look about her, Lisa hurried along the narrow hall.

The hall was Cimmerian in its darkness, yet Lisa went unerringly. At its end was the dining room, so called—a cramped, constricted foursquare of cracked, peeling walls and ceilings. Its one narrow window looked out on the back walls and yards of a row of former dwellings, now converted into shops and restaurants; and the window being raised, in the air wafted through it one had an unmistakable reminder of their nearness—the table d'hôtes especially. Unerringly as before, Lisa crossed the floor and thrust open a door at the side.

A closet pit—murk in darkness and a mere cubby-hole in dimensions—was disclosed. A hinged shelf stretched across the back of it, and after a stare into the closet's depths some impulse moved her errantly. With a deft hand, as if practice had made her familiar, she reached in and drew a catch that held the shelf, at the same time lowering it halfway. Screwed to the shelf was a flat two-plate gas stove, its ironwork caked with the grease and boilings of time-long service. From it a covey of banqueting cockroaches, disturbed, scuttled hurriedly to cover. The closet was the flat's culinary compartment, the kitchenette.

"Ugh!" murmured Lisa, and she snapped back the shelf into place. Behind her the janitress watched curiously.

"You seem to know things here," she suggested.

Lisa had closed the closet door, and with absorbed, reflective eyes she was again gazing about her.

"I once lived in the place," she murmured.

"You did?" chirped the woman. Already she had eyed appraisingly the visitor's smart gown, smart furs, smart and tricky hat. Surprise voiced itself in her tone. "You'd like to come back here?" she asked—exclaimed, rather.

Lisa gave the surroundings another lingering glance, a look of slow, deliberate reflection. When she spoke her voice was as slow, as deliberate.

"I'd rather be dead," she said.

Three minutes later, at the street corner below, the chauffeur dozing on the box was startled to hear his mistress speak to him. Scrambling to his feet, he opened the door for her and Lisa stepped into the car. Her face was like flint, the note in her voice matched it. Her uncertainty and indecision had vanished now.

"Drive back to Harrier's!" Lisa directed harshly.

II

IT WAS past seven that evening and snowing fitfully when a taxicab drove up to the door of the Park Avenue apartment house. From it alighted Coburn. Like all his sort—all the kind, at any rate, who seem to have solved for the time being the riddle of getting money out of the Wall Street market—Lisa's husband seldom subjected himself to the discomfort of journeying on the L road or the Subway; and fishing a bill from his pocket, he glanced carelessly at its denomination, then with the same negligent indifference handed it to the taxi driver.

"Keep the change," he mumbled.

The man gave a grin of delight.

"Much obliged, boss!" he chuckled, delighted at the unexpected largess; but if the tip called for thanks Coburn hadn't waited to hear them. He was already at the door, hurrying toward the bank of elevators at the back of the entrance hall.

A carriage man in uniform had opened the cab's door for him. Another uniformed menial had opened for him the bronze-and-plate-glass grille, the entrance to the house. In turn, each chirped to Coburn a deferent, smilingly obsequious greeting. Evidently, the same salve Coburn had applied to the taxi driver he had applied here, too, and frequently; yet at the same time it was clear that gratitude—which is to say, the anticipation of other similar favors—was not alone the cause for their geniality. With a nod, that and a wave of his hand, his smooth boyish face beaming indulgently, Coburn replied in turn to their salutations. "Evening, Tim. Evening, Owens." Easy and jocund, one saw, in fact, that whatever his other traits may have been, Lisa's husband was innately genial and democratic—in other words, a mixer.

On the way upstairs in the elevator one might have had another hint of his, Coburn's, careless camaraderie. As it was past seven, the dinner hour for most of the tenants, only one elevator was in service at the time; and this, at the time, was at the top of the apartment house. However, a tenant like Coburn seldom was kept waiting; and unlatching the door of one of the other cars, the hall man turned on the electric-light switch and bade Coburn enter. Coburn boarded the car. Under his arm was a sheaf of evening newspapers, the Wall Street extras he invariably brought home with him at night; and, his face absorbed, the smile gone from it, he was glancing at the back pages of one of the sheets when the attendant spoke abruptly.

His tone was embarrassed, hesitant. There was in it, though, an air of hope and expectancy, the air as if he'd long planned and waited the opportunity.

"Beggin' pardon, sir," he stumbled, "if y'd not mind—if y'd not take it amiss, sir, I'd like to ask of you something, Mr. Coburn."

Coburn looked up over his paper. If he was surprised, though, the surprise was veiled in the easy grin he wore.

"All right, shoot, Owens," he nodded.

"I've a bit money, sir," mumbled the man; "I was wondering, sir, if at some time you c'd give me a pointer how to use it."

"Use it, eh?" Coburn evidently was puzzled.

"Yes, sir," the man replied; "in Wall Street, sir."

Coburn seemed still a little puzzled.

"You mean you'd like me to invest it for you—invest it?"

"Yes, sir—in Wall Street, sir. If it ain't askin' too much, sir, I'd be grateful." He had stopped the car at Coburn's floor, and with the door half opened he turned an expectant, hopeful face. "I've heard, Mr. Coburn, how big a man y'are, sir; how everything you lay hands to turns gold; and if you c'd take my bit money, sir, and do with that, too, the way you do with yours, I'd never end for thankin' you, sir."

The whimsical, quizzical grin in Coburn's eyes waned momentarily.

"You'd better buy bonds, Owens," he said slowly—"Liberty Bonds."

The man made an abrupt, energetic gesture.

"Ah, but they're so slow, sir!"

"Slow, yes—but sure," Coburn responded gravely.

The man gave him another eager, obsequious smile.

"I'm not afeard of the risk, sir. In your hands there'd be none, I'll wager."

"You think so?" drawled Coburn.

"I'm sure," replied the other.

Coburn signed to him to open the door.

"All right, Owens," he said, his smile again good-naturedly quizzical; "the first time I'm sure—as sure as you are—I'll place that money for you."

"Thank you, sir, thank you!" exclaimed the man, his face shining with gratitude, with swift elation too.

Taking out his latchkey, Coburn let himself into the flat. The smile faded from his lips as he stepped into its hall.

It was a big, roomy place—the apartment. Space and light are luxurious commodities in New York—among the costliest, in fact; yet Coburn, one saw, had not stinted himself. There were only Lisa and he to occupy this home of theirs; but in its size the apartment easily could have housed three times their number.

"Room to breathe in," was Coburn's way of expressing it.

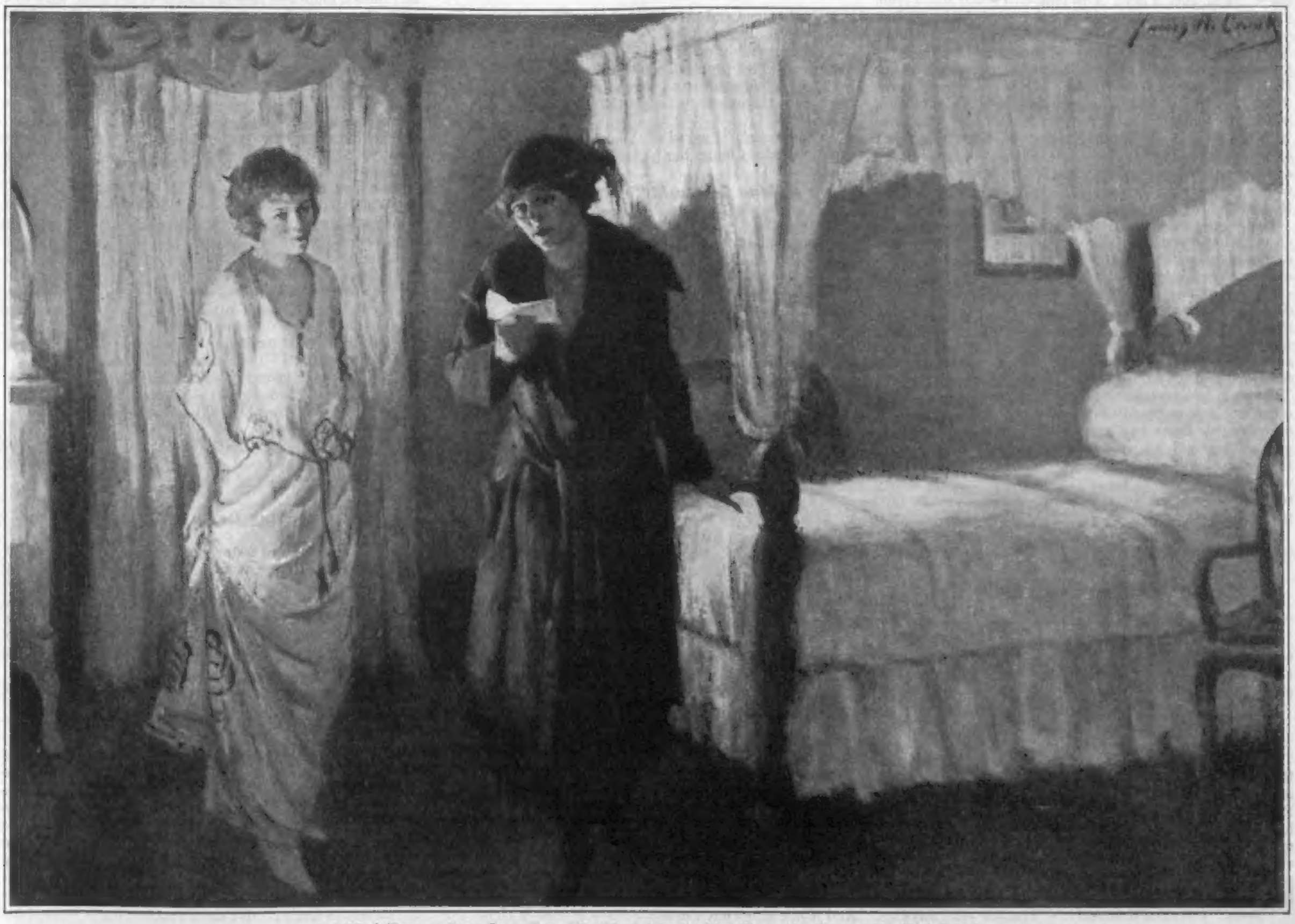
The foyer, itself in its proportions a good-sized room, opened on a spacious parlor. Beyond this was the still larger living room; beyond that was the dining room. Each faced upon the street—Park Avenue—and around the turn of a wide hall were the flat's four bedrooms, the windows of each opening on the side street. Lisa's room was at the end of the hall. A bathroom adjoined it, and the room next to it she used as a dressing room and boudoir. The room and bath at the other end of the hall Coburn occupied. Space, and with it air and light, he and Lisa certainly had for themselves; and though one might stop for a moment and moralize on what the apartment in its cost and size must involve, as a matter of fact it was for that quarter of the town in no way exceptional, out of the ordinary. There were thirty or more other apartments in the house, all of the same magnificence, the same magnitude and costliness; there were a thousand others like it in the quarter. The war, briefly, had made other men like Coburn—many.

He had closed the door, and laying his newspapers on the table beside it, he was divesting himself of his hat and overcoat when a step sounded in the hall beyond, and a servant, a man, hove into view. "Evening, sir," greeted the man; and Coburn, his smooth boyish face now thoughtful, mumbled a brief response. "Evening, Bolter."

He let the man help him off with his coat. After he had shaken himself free of it he picked up the papers from the table and trudged along the hall toward the living room. As he went, with another trick of his, a boylike trait, he ran his fingers energetically through his thatch of thick ruddy hair. It was a habit he had when absorbed, ruminative. With it, too, at times he would tug at his collar, settling it around his neck with a vigor that threatened to dislodge it from its buttons. He began to tug at it now.

He had stamped along the hall and was halfway to the living room when he stopped abruptly. The manservant, opening the door of the hall closet, was hanging up his master's coat when Coburn spoke.

(Continued on Page 121)



A Stifled Murmur Came From Her. The Check Was for Ten Times the Amount She Had Asked

ON THE JOB

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ARE you girls looking for a job?" "Yes, ma'am," two voices piped up in unison from the rear bench.

"Who came first?"

"We both came together."

"Oh, chums?"

"I'll tell the world we are!" laughed the quicker of the two, a girl with a square Slavic face, high cheekbones, small diamond-bright blue eyes and a shock of short-bobbed fair hair. She had an air of gleaming good humor, of abounding vitality. Her companion, olive-skinned, with a certain heavy inertness of feature, merely smiled.

"All right. Come up here and fill out your blanks."

They rose, two supple, well-set-up little slim-jims, youngsters scarce twenty if I was any judge of age, snugly wrapped against the raw morning airs in warm though somewhat scraggy furs: not particularly pretty, but gay, gigglesome, and above all sure of themselves, and insolent with the fine, flippant insolence of youth; undefeated as yet and as yet unfulfilled; not overanxious about this elusive job in the offing, but rather cool, casual, as if jobs grew thick as blackberries on every bush and they had only to pick and choose. They marched up the aisle toward the desk, arms linked, miles deep in some talkfest of burning interest, and I caught fragments of the eternal dialogue of youth:

"Yeah, and then I said"—it was the gay, fair girl speaking—"'well, Joe,' I says, 'I've took all I could stand from you. I'm going to put the skids under you.' And then Joe, he says, 'Say, kid, listen to me once,' he says. 'You don't have to put the skids under me, for I don't need no skids to know where to get off at. But I don't know where you got that stuff; honest I don't, kid. It's not like your sweet disposition,' he says, 'to believe lies made up outa pure jealousy. Why, it's a frame-up! Honest, kid,' he says, 'this thing gets me kinda sore. It's raw. Why, I wouldn't know that Miss De Santis if I was to meet her face to face, and as for kissing her, like your friend Miss Montecarlo claims she saw me, down under the bridge, why, I guess that Miss Montecarlo's eyes ——'"

Her voice, as they approached the desk, dropped to an indistinct murmur. The director, overhearing, looked across to me and smiled tolerantly as she passed me a pile of blue record blanks.

"You'd better take down the data yourself the first day," she advised in a low voice. "That'll give you a chance to talk with the girls. You see what we want: age, nationality, number in family, wage the applicant expects and has received, her schooling, former jobs, how long she remained and why she quit. Also her height and weight. That gives us a pretty fair fact picture of the applicant for our files. Ask any additional questions you like. You'll find the girls frank and natural. To them you're simply part of the official machinery. Finally, when you're through, jot down in the corner your own personal estimate of the applicant; her intelligence, stamina, her ability to hold down a job—just a word: Good, average, fair, poor."

"Gracious!" I exclaimed. "My amateur snap judgment isn't worth anything."

How to Recognize Types

"WAIT until thousands of them have sifted through your hands, and you'll be able to pick out the good ones from the shifters and floaters and Wanderlust Lizzies almost at a glance. Take those two girls, for instance: How do you size them up?"

"They're factory workers?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"How can you tell?"

"Well, they're dressed more roughly, with less style, than the white-collar clerical girls. They're American-born daughters of foreign-born immigrants. The light one, Polish; the dark one, Italian. Note their clothes: Thick, heavy, ill fitting, with no silk stockings or up-to-the-minute trinkets. That means they still hand in their weekly envelopes intact to the mother; she buys their clothes—and, of course, sticks close to the foreign tradition. Do you think they'd be good on their job?"

"Ye-es," I replied dubiously. "The fair one, anyway. She looks speedy. She's high-spirited and I think she'd sass the foreman and quit like a flash. The other one just trails along." She nodded.

"They probably make good money as pieceworkers on some semiskilled process. See what they want."

The girls had come to a halt and dropped down, both of them, into the one chair before the desk, arms still intertwined.

"Your name?" I asked of the one who had threatened to put the skids under her philandering gentleman friend.

Mae Cominski Tells Her Story

"COMINSKI—MAE. Spell it M-a-e, please," she commanded, leaning forward alertly to watch my writing upside down. Obediently I complied and set it down M-a-e. She sat back, satisfied.

"Nice name," I murmured. "Polish?"

"No. I gave it to myself—for a kind of home present, see?" And she laughed genially.

"And are you really going to put the skids under Joe?" I inquired as I registered her address.

She burst into clear laughter.

"I'll say I am!" she declared with cheerful grimness. "That bird can't pull any stuff like that with another girl, and still make a hit with me."

"How old are you, Mae?"

"Eighteen."

"Born in this country?"

"Yeah; right in this town. My father and mother, though, came from Warsaw."

"And how long have you been working?"

"Two years."

"In a factory?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Like it?"

"Pretty good. A job's a job anywhere. It ain't heaven, you know."

"How many in your family, Mae?"

"Oh, gee!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I'll have to count." She made mental computations on her fingers, and looked up to ask, "Say, do you want papa and mamma too?"

"Rather!"

"Well, then, that makes eleven. But papa's sick and my brother's married, and so that kind of balls things up."

"And what kind of a job did you have before?"

"Operator on a cigar machine. It was in a cigar plant. Piecework. We got paid a dollar ten a thousand and we made about four thousand a day; but the work wasn't steady, and that's where the trouble came in. And then if you stayed out a day you lost your bonus. And besides that, there's four girls work on the same machine, see? And if one stays out the other three lose their time; but the girls were all pretty steady, at that. But if everything went right, which it usually didn't, we could pull down over twenty jacks a week."

"Jacks?"

"Dollars; excuse my French," and she giggled.

"And you liked it there?"

"Yes, ma'am, I liked it all right. The work was easy; kind of monotonous; all you have to do is to keep the leaf straight and no wrinkles in it. Yes, ma'am, I liked that place. They treated you like you was human. I was sorry when the plant closed down."

"Ah, that was it?"

"Yes, ma'am; last year, during the bad times. It was so near my street that I used to run home for a hot lunch. Mamma had it fixed all ready for me to sit down to the minute I got there."

"And that's the reason, I suppose, why you went there in the first place?" cut in the director casually. "Because it was so near your home? Or did you particularly want to work in a tobacco factory?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; I'd just as leave work in one place as another. But it was right in our neighborhood; all the girls worked there, and they said the boss treated you white. But mamma, she didn't intend I should go out to work like that in a factory. She wanted I should go to Dent's Commercial School, and then my father got hurt. It was like this, see? Papa was working on a scaffold with another man; and the other guy, he suddenly goes crazy and pulls a knife and jabs my father in the back, fifty foot up in the air. Well, my father, he hung on, fighting off the nutty guy and hollering for help; but when they got him he was all cut up. And so I had to go out to work. But my older sister went to Dent's. She's doing clerical work down at Bonbright & Lusk's—or I should say, she was. She's laid off. But she should worry. She's going to be married next month."

"And who makes more money," interposed the director quietly, "your big sister in the office, or you in the factory as operator on the cigar machine?"

Mae laughed.

"Well, some slack weeks we'd break about even; and some good weeks, if none of the other girls stayed out, I'd beat her by four or five dollars. And then mamma would give me back my bonus."

"How much was that?"

"Ten per cent added onto what we made. For instance, if I made twenty-two dollars I'd get a two-twenty bonus. And mamma said I'd earned that!"

"You hand your weekly envelope straight over to your mother, unopened?" I exclaimed, astonished.

"Oh, I always open it," she explained easily, "just to see it's all there. Sometimes the pay-roll clerk figures it up wrong. But after that I give it to mamma and she hands me back what I need."

"And do all the girls do the same thing?"

"Well, there was twenty-five girls on our floor, Polish and Italians, and most of them did."

Knocking Down on Mother

THE director's hand began to write briskly upon one of the record blanks; casually she tossed it across to my table; casually I glanced down and read: "Remember, these are girls of foreign-born parents, where the home régime and parental authority are still very strict. The Americanizing process first begins to show up in their attitude toward clothes and toward pay. Ask her about knocking down."

But I did not need to ask Mae. She volunteered off her own lively little bat.

"Sometimes," said she, "the mothers used to come to the plant for the girls' pay, but you bet mine never did! She knew I wouldn't knock down on her. But some of the girls did. They'd keep back part of their pay. It's like this, see? Every girl gets a weekly envelope from the pay-roll clerk. She opens it to see if it's all straight. Well, now say a girl wants some extra money, two or three dollars; she sneaks them out of her envelope, gives her mother the rest, buys whatever it is she wants and says her steady give it to her. And that's how she gets by."

"That doesn't sound very nice on the face of it," put in the director soberly; "but there's something to be said for those girls. Their mothers are not generous like yours.

Some of them think their daughters should work as hard as their mothers did in the old country; they don't realize that times and conditions have changed. They're often terribly hard on their daughters, and the result is that some of the girls cheat and hold back their pay. It's an ugly practice, but the girls are not wholly to blame."

"Sure they're not," assented Mae amiably. She chatted along with absolute candor, gossiping about bosses and jobs and the ups and downs of factory life. Then suddenly, as if she had just recalled her errand, she sat up briskly and plumped out her question, "Say, have you got any jobs?"

The director glanced through her history and down at the words with which I had closed the record—"Average plus." She nodded a mute assent.

"Plenty of jobs going around these days, Mae. I guess I can fix you up. You want a place for Miss Montecarlo too?"

"Yes, ma'am." Mae smiled at her untalkative little chum, who had not opened her mouth save to stammer forth a few broken monosyllables of replies. "She don't speak much English yet," she explained. "None of her family don't, either, and her mamma won't allow it in the house—yells whenever they begin."

"And you?"

"Oh, we don't talk anything else—even the baby. But, say, you should hear my mamma try to talk it. It's fierce! Honest, sometimes I have to bust right out laughin' and say to her, 'Please, mamma, don't. It hurts my funny bone.'" And she smiled tolerantly, this young Miss America who had outstripped her parents and was on her way.

"Here's something," announced the director, pulling forth a card from her files. "It's a pocketbook plant. The work's light ——"

"How much?" cut in Mae keenly.

"Well, to begin with, thirteen a week; but ——"

The girl shook her head.

"I guess I can make more than that. I want to better myself instead of going back."

Briskly she rose from her seat.

"Wait a minute. Here's something else. A plant where they make batteries. The first few days, while you're learning, you won't make so much. But after that they put you on piecework and then it's all up to you. The girls are chiefly Polish and Italians." She added in a low aside to me: "Very few native American girls work in this plant; the processes are rough and dirty; they have to wear uniforms, and the metal plates cut their hands. American girls just won't hold a job like that. They're choosy, discriminating; they're keener about pleasant working conditions and a nice atmosphere than they are about the pay. They carry their social traditions into their work." Turning to the girl, she questioned, "Would you like this job?"

Unafraid of Work and Dirt

"HOW much could I make?" shrewdly countered the girl, and her eyes were keen blue sparks.

"Anywhere from eighteen to twenty-eight or thirty—after the first week."

The girl rose.

"I'll take it," she announced briefly. Not a word about working conditions or hours!

The director wrote down the address of the electrical-battery plant.

"The hours are from 7:30 to five. I ought to tell you," she continued bluntly, "that the work, from what other girls tell me, is hard and dirty and rough, and in some of the processes they use metal plates which cut the hands. Now, you don't have to take this place, Mae. We try as much as we can to suit the job to the girl, and I can find you another position. But if you and Miss Montecarlo decide to go, give it a fair two weeks' trial before you quit. It always takes a little time to settle down into a new job. And if you don't like the particular process you're on, ask the foreman to change you off onto something else. The employment manager told me he had girls who had traveled all over the plant, trying out the different processes until they found one that suited them, and then they stuck."

"I'll sure do that if they pay me enough," commented Mae blithely as she placed the address carefully inside her purse. "Come on, Anna," this to her stodgy, slow-plodding little friend, whose bark she was steering in addition to her own. "We'll go down and give these battery guys the once-over right now. Seems to me I know a fellow that works there."

It was evident that the warning of rough, dirty work had frightened her not one whit. She had listened, brows knit, eyes hard and keen; but of reluctance, of distaste, she had registered not a single sign. Two things were apparent: That she was prepared to wade right in, even on a tough proposition, and that the pay was the paramount thing. She nodded an airy good-by, promising to report if she turned down the job.

"And what about poor old Joe?" I inquired. "How long are you going to keep him on his knees for kissing another girl?"

She wheeled like a flash, lithe as a young wildcat, all her strong white teeth showing in a smile.

Cheap, Raw Woman Power

"SAY," she laughed, "I've been thinking about that very thing all the time we've been chinning here, and I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to give that big bum the boot. He can kiss any girl he likes, but he can't kiss any girl and kiss me."

With which stern ultimatum, little Miss Average Plus withdrew, still shepherding her stodgy friend.

"Well?" queried the director.

"Very well, indeed!" I replied. "I'm strong for Mae—spell it M-a-e, please! She has as much punch in a minute as some people have in a year."

"She'll do," opined the director, smiling. "And she's typical of a certain group; a group in which the Americanizing process has already set in." She looked up and called briskly, "Next!"

Another girl stood up in the rear of the room and moved forward toward the desk.

With this small advance picture silhouetted on the screen, let me pause a minute to fix more clearly the time, the place and the dramatis personæ of the scene. The time is a chill autumn morning—8:30, to be exact—of the present day, with a labor shortage in industry just beginning to loom over the horizon edge. The place is a Federal and state employment bureau, situated in the heart of a big industrial region where tens of thousands of women are employed. Here are cotton and jute mills, woolen mills, silk mills, tobacco factories, packing houses, electrical works, huge laundry plants, lead-pencil and leather and celluloid works, textile and needlework trades—a vast, ramified human beehive of power in which machinery, production and profit are the triple overgods. Many of these plants, requiring in their processes swift, light, nimble fingers, combined with a delicacy and precision of touch, employ chiefly women. And it is these women workers who are the dramatis personæ of this sketch. They streamed through this and other state employment bureaus by the thousands. These last few months, with industry on the slow upgrade, it has slowed down to a thin trickle, easily disposed of; but before that, and all during the business depression, they poured in, a great, steady, somber flood. I watched them, young, old, married and single; skilled, semiskilled or utterly unskilled; cheap, raw woman power; intelligent, stupid, defectives and morons; American, foreign-born or born here of foreign parents and in process of Americanization; fine, characterful, conscientious workers mingling with floaters and shifters and Wanderlust Lizzies; the ones who would make good if given half a chance rubbing shoulders with those who would never make good if given every chance in the world. All in all, it was a stream deeply significant—a stream with all industrial America, past, present and future, discernible in its powerful onward flow.

It was the chief of one of the state and Federal employment bureaus, a man of both wide and unusual labor experience, who suggested to me this method of approach.

"If it's direct first-hand contact you want," said he, "an actual-fact picture of what's going on right now, I'll fix up a desk in my office where you can watch the women sift in. Take down their histories and help them find jobs. See what they're up against, their individual problems, their family background, their attitude toward their jobs. That's for the mornings. Then in the afternoons you can visit the factories, observe the girls in their actual working environment, talk with the foremen and managers and so size up the game both ways. For a worker in industry, man or woman, is something like a buck private in the Army. His personal experience is valuable and valid, so far as it goes, but he doesn't see the whole line of advance by a long shot. He is, however, the finest kind of witness for testifying about the fight going on in his own little neck of the woods."

Eventually, in order to get a more general view of the situation, it was decided to accept the cordially proffered assistance of the state commissioner of labor, a man devoted, intelligent, practical, sincere, who for over a decade, despite the choppy seas of party politics through which he has been forced to steer his bark, has guided the labor policies of his state with such steady wisdom that now, in certain notable respects, it stands second to none in the Union. Perfect? No; still so far from it that often the commissioner does not go home at all, but sleeps in a small room adjoining his office so as to be early on his job.

A Four-Cornered Contract

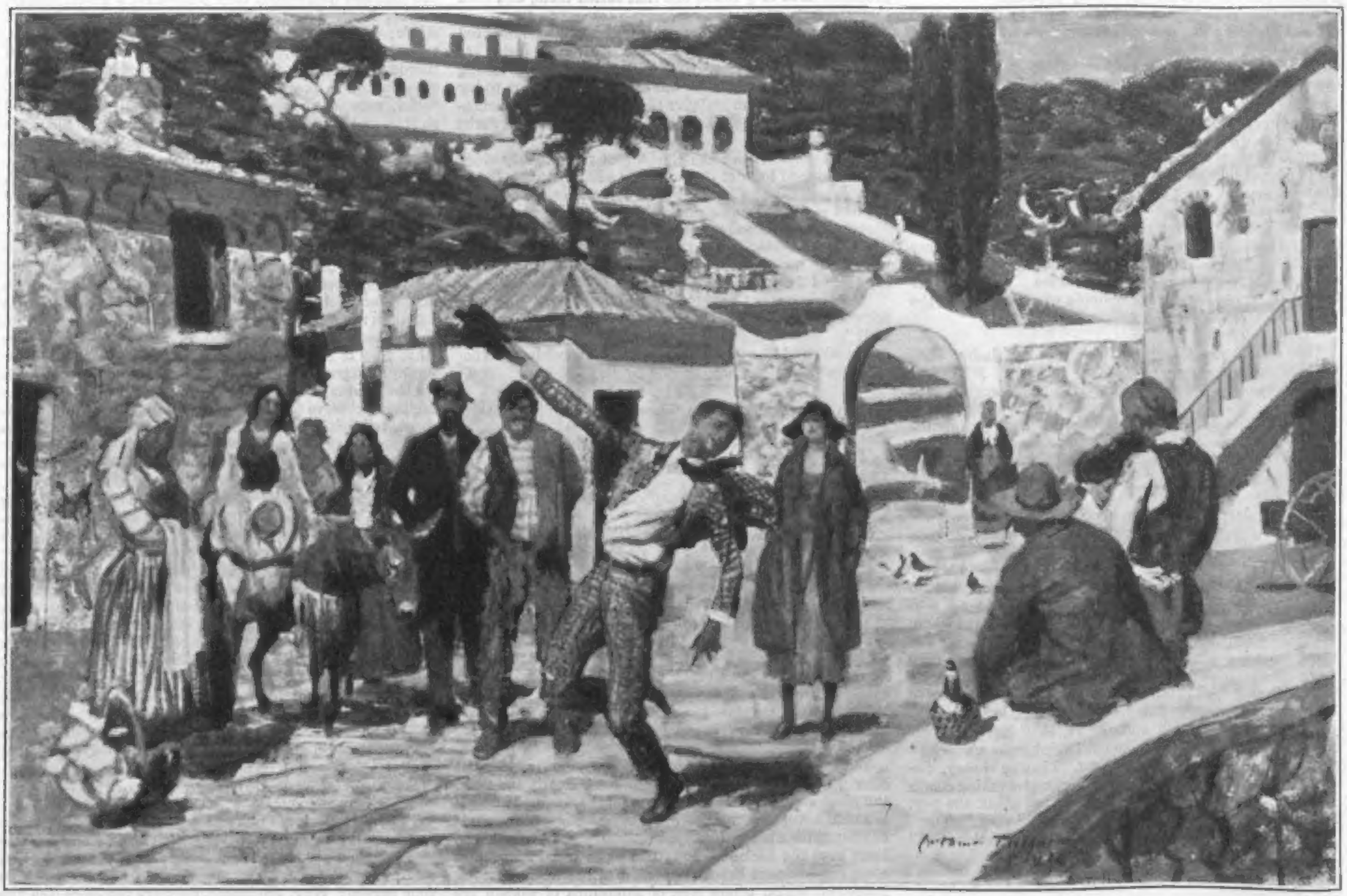
"WE'LL never get perfection in industry," said he soberly; "no, nor even decent civilized standards until all the four parties to the contract realize their obligation and coöperate toward a common end. And who are those four parties? Why, obviously, they are the employer, the employe, the community and the state. Industry is no longer any individual's private concern. That day has gone by. Each one of those four parties to the contract is dependent absolutely on the good will and support of the other three. For example, I can't make a success of my job without the hearty coöperation of the employers, the employes and the citizens of the state. Each one of these four elements must pull his share of the weight; each one, by selfish or reactionary conduct, can drag the other three down. But take it from me, and I've had many years of solid experience, neither employers, nor labor, nor officials, nor the voters, nor any one bloc or gang can swing this whole big industrial proposition by themselves. No; it takes all four elements coöperating for all they're worth to get anywhere near the ideal pattern some of us hold in our heads."

(Continued on Page 101)

THE SUNBEAM

By J. P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER



All the While in the Back of His Mind Was That Same Beautiful Thought. He Was a Sunbeam, Bringing Joy and Gladness

SOMETIMES in the watches of the night, during the hours when time ceases to be the constant, efficient quantity of which astronomers tell us, and instead flows sluggishly like the waters of some meandering stream, reluctant to reach the falls and rapids of the morrow; when the grinding in the street grows low and the ash cans are silent, and the plaintive calls of cats and dogs sink to gentle, pensive murmurs, William Lipp was wont to be seized with a melancholy feeling. It was long ago when this feeling first assailed him, when he was unrecognized and his career was yet before him. It occurred on an early evening when he was still so young that the lights of the Bowery and the shadows of Chatham Square seemed Olympian in their beauty, and the aroma of whisky like the breath of romance.

Watchful and anxious to learn, he had slipped unobtrusively up the crowded street until the lights grew like a glorious halo, marking the name of a spot as glorious as the lights themselves—the Fairy Grotto Saloon. How long ago it seemed since it had passed with other things bright and fair into the Land of Fay! Though he was schooled already to be calm in the presence of wonders, the sight of that place was wont to fill him with an awful sense of his own unworthiness. For inside all was a-glitter with gold and mirrors, and strings of glass crystals that twinkled like diamonds hung around the lights, and there were rare objects of art—too heavy to carry away, but a privilege to look upon.

As beautiful as anything else was a table with an elegant marble top, laden with salt herring. You could eat all that herring you had a mind to eat—a beneficent piece of generosity which was hard to understand.

He remembered that he was eating his second herring on that particular evening, when he noticed two gentlemen at the bar. They were standing side by side, two units in a row of other gentlemen, leaning half across the moist mahogany. In the excitement of polite discourse the coat of one of those two gentlemen had worked upward over the small of his back, disclosing a pair of purple suspenders and a wide hip pocket out of which was protruding a roll of bills that caused Willie to place his herring, unfinished though it was, gently back upon the marble table.

As though reluctant to leave, the bills stuck slightly, but even in those early times Willie's hand was gentle and firm, and his eye was sure. He left the Fairy Grotto with a conscientious sense that he had done his best, and was walking softly up the street when he was assailed by that new desire which dogged him ever after. Out near the gutter he noticed that a crowd had gathered, which chewed tobacco with a rustic stolidity. In the midst of the crowd he could hear the beating of a drum and a voice raised in song:

"I want to be a sunbeam,
A sunbeam of hope and light,
A jolly little sunbeam
That is always doing right."

Upon drawing nearer he found that the gentleman who was singing was large and fat, and had in no wise a sunbeam's appearance. It was religious, as he feared. Already someone was clinking a tambourine. Yet the voice that sang had a resonant, nasal earnestness which somehow stirred a chord within him. It must have been that he loved music. It must have been that and something more, for it happened that as he continued down the street, spurred by an agonized shouting somewhere in the distance, he felt a half-formed wish, doubly sweet and tender, because he knew he could never attain it. He knew then as he knew often afterwards, that he, too, would like to be a sunbeam—within certain limits.

Sometimes in the harassed years that followed he even tried to be on occasions, until he found that it was beyond him to be both a sunbeam and a success in life, and that we must all make sacrifices to earn our daily bread. He tried, and though he failed, it is pleasant to think that melancholy wish, vain, dangerous and contradictory though it was, never entirely left him; which, perhaps, is how he did become a sunbeam, after all—once upon a time. It was far from where he ever thought of shining, or hoped to remove the bushel from his candle. Indeed it was circumstance and not himself that kicked the bushel over.

Like most instances in our lives which bear traces of nervous tension and personal conflict, the painful side of that peculiar adventure often sent a quiver of dread through his sensitive soul, even when he reviewed it in the light of later days. Logically it was the natural outgrowth of a series of embarrassing circumstances and inexcusable mistakes. When events beyond his control made it advisable for him to carry the diamond necklace which he had acquired while visiting the Smythe-Browns' home on Fifth Avenue hurriedly and secretly to Italy, it might have been better, he sometimes admitted, to have dealt candidly with Petto the Wop, once he arrived there. Instead of allowing his selfish instincts to interfere, it might have been simpler if he had given Petto the diamonds, freely, openly and generously—and then waited for a convenient opportunity to take them back. He should have known that a string of glass beads would not satisfy Petto for an extended period of time. He should have remembered that social pleasures must never interfere with business; and, above all, he should have realized that man's gratitude is a transient thing, and that the most generous motives are often misunderstood. For, after all, there was no reason to feel that Mr. George Smythe-Brown possessed the chivalry and grace which adorned Willie's narrow brow.

II

IF IT came as a surprise to Willie when he first heard the faint scraping of the dragnet of destiny it is only another proof of the trusting nature which was really his. Old Giovanni was the first to break the news that matters were in a parlous state—good, kind, old Giovanni, who had been a Samaritan to Willie before, even neglecting driving his one-horse *fiacre* to do so, and was ready to be a Samaritan again—for proper financial consideration. Giovanni came upon Willie late in the afternoon in the back basement room of a low quarter in Palermo, where Giovanni kept Willie when they were looking for him outside. Willie was drinking a red liquid from a wicker-covered bottle and was staring at the wall. Upon perceiving Giovanni, he grasped the bottle firmly about its slender foreign neck.

"Didn't I tell you," inquired Willie, "that I give you all the coin I had? Now beat it out of here or I'll bounce this bottle off your bean."

Many a Samaritan's friendly zeal might have been curbed by the cruel insinuation and brutal violence of those few words. Giovanni's gentle candor seemed to quiver. An added humidity softened his kindly glance, and there was a tremor amongst the gray stubble of his beard. But Giovanni also was something of a sunbeam. Shocked though he was, he raised a grimy hand in quick denial.

"Ah," said Giovanni, "I do not want da mon'."

Willie also appeared slightly shocked. He still grasped the neck of his bottle, but his eyes had grown quiet and beady, and he half rose from the rush-covered chair where he had been sitting. Perceiving his action, Giovanni clasped both his hands before him in an attitude of sweet humility.

"I come," Giovanni added hastily, "because I love you."

The sweet Christian kindliness of this sentiment, with its age-old message of spirit triumphant, brought a faint touch of color to Willie's sallow cheeks.

"Say that again, you fat old bloodsucker," he demanded.

"Hey!" expostulated Giovanni. "You do not understand."

He stopped and glanced dramatically at the door, and something in his look made Willie rise hastily and sinuously, like a lizard in the sun.

"If you want to tip me off to something," said Willie more courteously, "spit it out, and spit it out quick!"

Giovanni looked toward the door and his voice sank to a hoarse whisper.

"The bull!" hissed Giovanni.

"Yes," replied Willie patiently; "yes, I know. That's what you always say. Don't I know by now the bulls is looking for me? They're always looking. Over in America it's American cops. Over here it's Dago cops. But all cops is just the same."

But Giovanni still maintained his dramatic attitude.

"Hist!" he said very gently. "You do not understan'. He is outside, now, the big man—oh, ver' big from America."

Giovanni's information, terse though it was, and cryptic in its character, had a temporarily invigorating effect and caused Willie's long, thin hand to drop into the side pocket of his coat.

"You say—he come from home?" gasped Willie. "Where is he?"

Giovanni rubbed his nose—which had grown large and red from exposure to the winds.

"He come yesterday," said Giovanni. "I who am poor must earn my living, and the saints have helped me. I drive him from the steamer in my vittoria, the new one the saints have let me buy, and he ask me questions—oh, yes, lots of questions."

Of a sudden Willie's voice became harsh and grating.

"If you've squealed"—he began. "Mebbe you'll be meeting those saints socially pretty soon."

Giovanni remained placid and immovable, though his beard eddied and twisted about the corners of his mouth.

"I have not squealed yet," said Giovanni kindly; "I have come to see you first. Afterward perhaps I do squeal—who knows?"

Willie whistled softly between his teeth. "He give me da mon'," said Giovanni for no apparent reason.

"Has he got a red face?" asked Willie.

"And the hand," said Giovanni, "big and red—oh, yes."

"Cheest," he whispered hoarsely, "if it ain't Sergeant Sweeney from headquarters!"

And Willie sank back limply on his rush-covered chair and drew his hand slowly across his forehead. Somehow something in Willie's attitude of dejection made Giovanni's thoughts take a pleasant turn, for he nodded and smiled a merry smile.

"Lady," Said Willie, "I'm Not the Guy to Throw the Bull: But, Honest Now, It's Grand to Come to a Place Where a Gentleman Is Understood"

"And that is not all," said Giovanni. "Oh no!"

"How—how d'you mean, not all?" asked Willie feebly.

"Hist!" whispered Giovanni, assuming another melodramatic attitude. "Petto he has come to look for you also."

A silence fell over the little room. Giovanni leaned comfortably back on his heels, so that his stomach became larger and rounder, and looked at Willie in placid triumph.

"What you need," said Giovanni at length, "is the friend who loves you when Petto comes along."

And perhaps Willie felt so, too, for he sighed. Perhaps, after all, it would have been better not to have fallen out with Petto over a technicality.

From the street outside, faintly penetrating the walls of his cellar room, he could hear strange cries, melodious but meaningless to a man of sense, and in the slender drafts of air that eddied through the cracks and doors he could smell strange smells that came in layers, pungent and venerable. As they smote his senses at that parlous time they caused him to have a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach and intensified his deep and hopeless love for home. Down at the end of that crooked little street, sprawling as only Italian streets can, in a squalor of decomposing beauty, down that

Continued on Page 110

"Hist!" Whispered Giovanni, Assuming Another Melodramatic Attitude. "Petto He Has Come to Look for You Also"

THE HOG

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

IF THE truth were known, Eve probably looked at Adam with her bright brown eyes and said—but never mind that just now Hayden, Georgia, is no Garden of Eden, though Archie Crews resembled his first forefather in many ways. You wouldn't be likely to mistake the purpose of life in Hayden; not with the huge three-storied sawmill sticking up its battery of smokestacks in the middle of it, the jungle of dry kilns and lumber skids and conveyor sheds tailing out along the railroad, all prominently labeled, "A. G. Hayden Lumber Company, Long and Short Leaf Pine."

Archie was the right-hand sawyer. That is, if you came into the mill the way the logs did, up the long steep trough of the haul-up from the log pond, you would see his head at the far right-hand corner of the log deck. The deck sloped both ways, Hayden's being a double mill. At the left-hand rig you would see Two-Finger Townsend, propped on his stool to save his poor old legs; and here was a sermon without words.

If you must be a sawyer, save your wages and quit before your legs give out!

A sawyer can't move much to ease his legs. Ten hours a day he has to stand at his levers and take the vibration of the floor, jarring to the rumble of machinery and the thud of giant logs, till every note of the harsh chorus of the saws—ringing howl of the seven-foot log-cut-off at the top of the deck, high slurring song of the big band saw at his side, staccato snarl of slasher and trimmer and butting saw from the lower end of the mill—registers in his very bones. It will get you in the end.

But Archie's legs were young, his blue eyes clear and lively, a grin always handy to his freckled face. The future? He never worried about that. He could saw more lumber in ten hours than any other sawyer in that section, and if you met him on a Sunday in Savannah you probably would take him for some carefree youth home from school—unless you looked at his hands, which were hard and capable; so capable, in fact, that he had never found any particular use for his brains. He never worried about anything—till Mary Ellen Palmer came and looked at him with her bright brown eyes.

Who Was He That His Arms Should Ache to Comfort a Girl? An Ignorant Fool Who Knew Enough to Jerk a Sawyer's Levers and That Was All

"

HE DIDN'T know he was showing off, but eyes like those have had effects like that since the world began. "Whoo-ee-oor!" sang the big band saw, ripping off a thirty-foot board. "Hr-roo!" roared the carriage trucks, flashing back along the rails. Whee! Hr-roo! Wham! The steam nigger licked up and spun the log and snapped it back into the blocks with a thud that shook the mill. Whee! Hr-roo! The carriage crew clung for dear life.

"Don't they ever fall off?" marveled those lovely lips.

"Not more than once," said the superintendent, indulgently humorous. That was Mr. Carey, dignified yet affable.

Archie didn't know he could read lips; he thought he heard her voice, though she stood ten feet away across the carriage track.

"I want to ride on it!"

Archie stopped the carriage so suddenly that its crew almost went on without it.

But Mr. Carey shook his head.

"Afraid you'd find the wild Archie a little vigorous."

"Aw," cried Archie, "you can hold her on!"

The girl couldn't read lips; she looked at Mr. Carey. To Archie's surprise, Mr. Carey accepted, nay, welcomed the suggestion! It came to Archie that Old Man Carey wasn't so very old—not half old enough. Forty-five maybe. Ninety would have been about right to Archie's mind. Mr. Carey was big and blond; the girl small and dark and vivid, laughing, color flying in her cheeks. How much of that was due to Mr. Carey's arm about her waist? Archie sawed faster—too fast for Mr. Carey, who, having come to authority through the office and not through the mill, had never made a business of riding log carriages.

"That'll do!" signaled Mr. Carey coldly.

"Faster!" laughed those warm and eager lips.

Archie sawed faster. A good sawyer doesn't have to worry about his job. There are always others down the road.

He spared a glance to see that the log on the carriage was worthless, splintered with wind shakes; he flirted a thumb and the doggers let it go. It slid ponderously along the roller bed. Far down the mill it shunted off, upended and disappeared through the floor.

A vast bellowing roar broke out, dwarfing, drowning, beating down all lesser sounds. The girl flinched and the color drained from her cheeks. Archie stopped the carriage; now, leaping forward to help her down, he really heard her voice, flutelike and silver-clear, crying, "What's wrong? What happened? What was that?"

"What was what?"

Absently, perhaps, he handed her directly into his box; absently—perhaps—he put his hands on the levers and began to saw, leaving Mr. Carey cut off on the other side of the carriage.

"That terrible noise!"

No noise could have been terrible to Archie. There is very little room for two people in a sawyer's box.

"I didn't hear anything Go too fast for you?"

"Oh, no! It was glorious!"

The carriage crew grinned. Mr. Carey gazed in cold disapproval. The Hayden Lumber Company's crack sawyer was showing A. G Hayden's niece how to saw.

"This works the carriage, see? This is the nigger lever. Watch, yonder at the edge of the deck; see that thing shoot up and get the log? Up, over, back, down! This pedal down here kicks logs onto the carriage. Wait. Now; step on it nard!"

Magically a three-thousand-pound log leaped into the blocks

"Why, it's easy! Could I do the carriage too?"

Thrill upon thrill was Archie's then. She stepped in front of him and put her slim hands on the hickory levers his hands had worn smooth; he had to reach about her shoulders to guide them. He tried not to touch her, being suddenly and strangely aware that he was sweaty and powdered with sawdust, ashamed of his hard palms that were calloused to fit those polished grips.

"Doesn't it give you a glorious sense of power?"

Archie had a glorious sense, but not of power. He had never known that hair could smell so sweet, that skin could be so clean and pinky brown; his arms, not touching her shoulders, felt warm and happy. Sawdust settled in the dark silken tendrils at the nape of her neck; jealously he puffed it off. She turned, her brown eyes smiling into his at deadly range.

"Sawdust," he explained huskily. "Here, that log's no good. Kick it off."

The rejected log trundled away. Again that savage, nerve-jarring bellow. The girl started and shrank back against his shoulder, taking her hands from the levers to cover her ears; her fingers almost brushed his lips.

"There! That's what I meant! What is it?"

"Oh, that!" he murmured blissfully. "That's just the hog."

"Hog?"

"Sure! Chews up slabs and things for fuel. Sounds loud like that when you feed her a whole log. Nothin' to be scared ——"

Whr-row!

The hog's tremendous bellow ended in a metallic crash, a thumping, bumping as of some iron monster crippled Mr. Carey leaped and ran; the whistle screamed; over the dying rumble of slowing wheels rose voices thin and strange

Archie's hand caught back the lever and locked it, but quite without attention from Archie. His other hand soothed a trembling shoulder; he felt his own voice resonant and somehow thrilling in his throat.

"Don't you be scared. It's all right. There must have been iron in that log, that's all. Tore up the hog all right, but nothin'll hurt you here—now."

For he himself was scared. What if the saw had hit that iron in the log? The great blade, slowing now so that he could see each wicked inch-long fang, slithered from the upper wheel right beside them. The sawyer's box is no place to be if a fourteen-inch, forty-eight-foot band saw breaks. He pictured her frail and tender body caught under the lightning descent of writhing, splintered steel and he felt as if a cold wind blew in the short hair on his neck.

"Lord," he breathed, "if You'll forgive me this time, no woman comes in fifty feet of this rig again, so help me catfish!"

"I know. I'm dreadfully silly," said the girl, drawing away. "My nerves don't seem to be much good lately. I'm sorry."

"Not you! I mean, I didn't mean —— You can come here whenever you want! Say, listen, I mean if this saw had bust ——"

The mill had stopped. His voice sounded loud and blundering beside the subdued sweetness of hers.

"Is it awfully dangerous—sawing?"

"Naw!" said Archie. "Only ——"

"Don't you get your—your fingers cut off—and things?"

"No, ma'am. A band saw don't get you a finger at a time. If it ever catches you —— Oh, you mean him!"

Her brown eyes, soft with pity, were watching Two-Finger in the other box; Two-Finger, slumped forward on his stool, using this respite to rub and rub his swollen, aching legs.

"He did that when he was a kid, in a shingle mill. His fingers, I mean. His legs, they're just naturally worn out. He's all in, Two-Finger is. All he thinks about is gettin' enough money to buy a little farm somewhere, and the poor old coot wouldn't know what to do with a farm if he had one. Oh, well," said Archie soberly, "every sawmill man thinks he's goin' to get out sometime. We all have pipe dreams."

"What's yours?"

"Ma'am?" said Archie, taken off balance.

"What are you saving up for?"

Never let it be said that Archie couldn't think fast.

"Who, me? I'm goin' to start a little machine shop. Always liked to tinker with machinery. I'm kind of workin' on an improvement for—for the hog," he said, getting better as he went along. "A hog that won't tear up when it hits iron, and can't choke. There's a fortune in it."

There was—if such a thing had existed.

"A sliding cylinder," he elaborated, "that gives back and saves itself when it hits anything it can't cut."

But he had lost her. She didn't even know a hog had a cylinder. Not that it mattered, for he was lying out of the whole cloth.

If the truth were known, Eve probably looked at Adam with her bright brown eyes and said, "I suppose, of course, you've figured out a way to climb that big gnarly tree over there—the one that's got the beautiful red apple on it?"

And Adam, not even taking the trouble to see which tree she meant, answered boldly, "Sure I have!"

Then Adam got exactly what he deserved.

III

A MILL can run without its hog for a while. The furnaces, built to burn chipped-up fuel, can burn slabs. But slabs knock the hot brick walls to pieces; stokers are driven to exhaustion, and the engineer turns sour under the endless complaint, "More steam! More steam!" The office wails about unfilled orders. The sawyers struggle profanely with sluggish feed and lagging saw.

But Mr. Carey, the superintendent, was admirably philosophical about it. Mr. Carey knew something nobody else knew—that is, hardly anybody.

Repairs cost money, but not Mr. Carey's money; and by a generous though not public arrangement with the Williams Ironworks and Supply Co., in Savannah, part of this money returned to Mr. Carey. The high cost of logging was another ill wind that blew thriftily into Mr Carey's pocket. Pete Shafer, the woods foreman, was his own timekeeper and paymaster, under Mr. Carey's supervision, of course; and they understood each other very well.

Mary Ellen Palmer

Mr. Carey, then, having neither family nor financial cares, was the very person to cheer A. G. Hayden's lonely niece. It was no extra trouble for him, because he lived at Mr. A. G.'s house. He was there on the porch when Archie, by the merest chance of course, strolled along the plank walk after supper.

"Ah," said Mr. Carey, "the lilies of the field!"

"Yeah," grinned Archie, "ain't I sweet?"

If not sweet, he was at least festive, scrubbed and brushed and groomed within an inch of his young life. He saw the girl and registered surprise; falsely, for he knew exactly who she was and how she came to be there. She had come to live with A. G., her own folks being dead and her schooling done. Nobody's affairs are private in a sawmill town.

"Oh, hello!"

"Hello, Archie!" she nodded; explaining, "I have to call you Archie because I don't know your last name."

"You'll never hear it from me!" vowed the gallant Archie

"Miss Palmer," said the formal Mr. Carey, "Mr. Crews."

"Glad to know you—Archie. Won't you sit down?"

"Mary Ellen," said Archie, "I will!"

And even Mr. Carey laughed, though not boisterously. On the surface it was a jolly little party. You couldn't see how sick and lonely Mary Ellen felt; you couldn't see Mr. A. G. worrying about the high cost of logging; you couldn't see Archie and Mr. Carey busily disliking each other—one because he felt young, the other because he didn't.

In view of the fact that he hadn't seen her for four whole hours—not since she had been spared a terrible death right in his arms, you might say—it seemed to Archie that they should have much to say to each other.

"Well," he inquired, "how do you like Hayden by now?"

It wasn't the right thing to say. Mary Ellen, gazing at a couple of pigs that rooted in the sand beside the railroad; at the log pond, black with rotting bark; at the endless, monstrous stacks of lumber in the storage yards—Mary Ellen replied politely that Hayden was very interesting, and then Archie found himself suddenly out of words. This was something new for Archie. He hadn't the faintest idea what depressed her that way. He thought Hayden was a very good place.

"By the way, Archie," said Mr. A. G., bald and nearsighted and kindly, "what's this I hear about you inventing a new kind of hog?"

"Sir?" *(Continued on Page 54)*

Bull-Like, He Charged Into That Storm of Freckled Fists, Making His Weight Count

TUTT-TUTT, MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing. —*Matthew v, 25, 26.*

THERE are some people who simply can't learn anything by experience. I am thinking particularly of Mrs. Edna [Pierpont] Pumpelly, *née* Haskins, wife of Vice President Pumpelly of the Cuban Crucible Steel Company, formerly of Athens, Ohio, and now of East Seventy-third Street, New York, New York. One would have thought that after her celebrated run-in with her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Rutherford Wells, in which the latter simply put it all over her, she would have acquired some sense. But she didn't seem to. When Lackawanna and Bethlehem began to dally with "Cruce," as they call it on the big board, and it jumped to 791, the money went to her head and stayed there, filling that receptacle so completely that there wasn't room in it for anything else. In a word, she carried her nose in the air. Blood will tell; Edna had too many red corpuscles to live in New York.

You remember, perhaps, how Mrs. Rutherford Wells—*the* Mrs. Wells—having snubbed Mrs. Pumpelly in a social way, had unintentionally blocked the street with her motor; and how Edna had taken that opportunity to get even by having her summoned to the police court for violating Article II, Section 2, of the traffic regulations. How, further—the firm of Tutt & Tutt having been retained by Mrs. Wells to defend her person and protect her rights in said matter—Mr. Ephraim Tutt demonstrated most effectively that Edna was in no position to complain about other folks by proceeding to plaster her all over with summonses herself for a whole galaxy of criminal acts, from illegally keeping Pomeranians and cockatoos down to and including having her garbage pail filled in an improper manner. Thirteen separate and distinct crimes did he pin on her, thus establishing successfully and indisputably that most perfect of all defenses known to the female of the species—"You're another." Edna threw up the sponge, called it off, withdrew her summons and swore that should she ever get into any such mess again she would herself retain Mr. Tutt. But Mrs. Rutherford Wells continued to ignore her. Somehow Edna's money did not seem to take her so far, at that. But as it went to her head, the iron entered her soul. She became, in a word, meaner than ever.

When He Could Do That It Showed, as Bonnie Doon Asserted, That He Was Full of Beans

That was the difference between her and Pierpont if that was in fact his real name, as some were unkind enough to hint had not formerly been the case, at least not out in Athens. "Pellatiah," they said, is what his mother had told the minister to dub him. Down in Wall Street "P. P." had the reputation of being a good old scout. It was Edna who put on all the dog—threw the Pomeranian, so to speak. She'd nothing else to do, poor thing. But P. P. had to work just as hard in New York as he had in Athens. He kept just as long hours, slept a good deal less and didn't begin to eat near so hearty as out to home, where the hired girl had used to plunk the vittles right down on the table and they had all helped themselves. No, sir! Somehow it didn't seem the same, even if they did have a French chef—caneton au Chambertin, risotto de volaille à l'orientale, cœur d'artichaut aux pointes d'asperges, carré d'agneau, pommes Sarladaise. Nothin' to it! Give him a couple of spareribs with plenty of brown juice and a stack of spuds, and just watch him!

A regular fellow, Pierpont, or Pellatiah, or P. P., or whatever you may choose to call him; and whenever he went back to Athens all the boys turned out in full regalia and gave him a big time, for he was past grand patriarch of the local lodge of the Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries and of that elevation known as a Sacred Camel of King Menelek. He liked a place where you could unbutton your vest and enjoy diaphragmatic comfort. Vests annoyed him anyway. Home, he got 'em only because they came with the suit. Here, the celebrated Mr. Jacob Erdman, Jr., son of the even more illustrious Mr. Jacob Erdman, of Erdman, Erdman & Erdman, Artists in Clothes for Men, made him order them. He now had twenty-nine, each considerably too tight and getting tighter day by day—the caneton au Chambertin maybe, or possibly the volaille à l'orientale. He looked so sloppy, Edna said, that he ought to be ashamed of himself, when he had a vallay an' everything. P. P. inevitably retorted that he hadn't asked for a vallay, didn't want any vallay, and would be eternally condemned if he'd have any such jackanapes capering around him when he was bare-naked. All the same, she got one for him—to press the twenty-nine waistcoats and make sure he was properly shaved.

His name was Beaton. He was young, English, respectful, came from Wapping-on-Valley in Devon, had volunteered with the First Hundred Thousand, been gassed at Ypres and had gone into valetry because he wasn't fit for anything else. P. P., having given him the once-over, strove vainly to get used to Beaton's "Yes, sir; thank you, sir," and "Very good, sir," and "Your bawth is ready, sir," found that it was no use, decided the boy was all right—"*quite* all right," he almost said—and proceeded to take him into his confidence.

"Look here, Beaton," he had declared from the folds of the Turkish towel in which he was draped, much as Jove might have spoken from the clouds of Olympus, "you and I have got to understand each other. That mayn't be easy, considering our language is so different. I never went to school, an' you did. Still, I guess you can get the hang of what I have to say."

"I'll try to, sir," replied the bewildered Beaton. "Thank you, sir."

"Well, in the first place, for God's sake stop saying 'Thank you, sir,' every time I look at you. My face ain't any Christmas present. And cut out about ninety-seven

"Got Him! Miserable Thief! I Knew He Was Crooked!"

out of every hundred 'sirs.' I ain't used to it, an' it gives me an inferiority complex. You can Mr.-Pumpelly me as much as you like, only I ain't stuck on that, either. Plain 'yes' and 'no' is good enough for me, see? Plain speech for plain people.

"Second, I don't need any man to help me put my clothes on, and I don't want one hangin' round me. Looks like, however, I've got no choice in the matter The missus has hired a housekeeper and you come with the rest of the outfit. I don't mind payin' you—not at all. But I don't want you to bother me any more than necessary. I can shave, clean my teeth, pare my finger nails, gargle my throat and put on my socks without assistance I can even, under favorable circumstances, draw my own bath and brush my own hair. The way you hold my pants for me to jump into makes me nervous. I'm not trained to it. I like old soft things that fit into me, ones I know the holes and creases in. I hate vests—waistcoats, I s'pose you call 'em. I like to be comfortable. I can't work if I ain't. Get me? Money in my pocket to be in the old duds!

"Now then, the missus insists on my havin' you, and I like you personally all right. You're a well-meaning young feller in spite of your frozen face. But you'll get thawed out over here soon enough. Let's come to an agreement. You can go through all the motions, dancing around outside my door and all that, but you leave me alone, see? Let me paddle my own canoe. You can lay out all the underclothes you want, by gosh, so long's I don't have to wear 'em! You can press pants ten hours a day, so be I don't have to put 'em on. The missus wants me to be dolled up like a swell, with a fresh suit every morning, a chrysanthemum in my buttonhole, a stovepipe, yellow gloves and a gold-headed cane. Can you see me? I s'pose I've gotta have the clothes—yes. But so long as she can come up here and look in my closet and see fifty suits hanging there and a hundred pairs of boots in a line on the floor, look in my bureau and see a big pile of merino drawers and undershirts, a thousand pairs of silk socks, five thousand ties and a million handkerchiefs, she'll be satisfied. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. I may have to own the clothes, but I don't have to wear 'em. Now I'll buy the clothes, you make a noise like a vallay—the louder the better—but it stops right there. I'll own the clothes, but you'll wear 'em. Understand me?"

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir!" answered the valet, standing at attention.

"What did I tell you?" roared P. P

"Yes, Mr. Pum-pum—pelly," replied Beaton quickly

"That's better!" nodded his employer. "Now no more of that bawth-is-ready stuff. Hand me down that baggy old gray coat and pants and give me a pair of old shoes."

"Shall you have the waistcoat?" inquired Beaton politely from the recesses of the closet

"No!" shouted P P. "I don't wear 'em. I'm too fat They interfere with my circulation. Bad for my health."

And he winked at the imperturbable Britisher as he emerged.

"What's your name, son?"

"James William Beaton, sir."

"I'll call you Jimmy."

"Very good, sir."

"For God's sake, learn to say 'all right'"

"Right-o!" chirped Beaton, falling into the spirit of the game. "May I ask if you will 'ave your 'andkerchiefs perfumed, sir?"

The vice president of Cuban Cruce paused in the act of drawing on his breeches

"Yes," he replied, "scent me good and strong. Fill me up with the breeziest stuff you can buy and then step on it. It may help us get by the old lady."

II

BEATON soon became letter-perfect in his new duties. P. P.'s wardrobe bulged with beautifully hanging suits, his shoes shone in lustrous rows, ties of many colors filled his bureau drawers. The young valet seemed to be always engaged in pressing his master's clothes. Whenever Edna poked her head into P. P.'s room there was always a nice new suit on the back of a chair, with a pair of suspenders carefully attached to the trousers, and a display of fresh underclothes and neckwear like that in the window of a Bond Street haberdasher. And over all there breathed a scent like the odors of Edom, which was as incense divine to Edna's snobbish soul. P. P was so pleased with the success of the scheme that he conceived a very friendly feeling for Beaton and used to ring for him while dressing in order to talk to him. On these occasions P. P. usually ended by presenting the valet with something from his overload of belongings—an article of apparel or disused piece of jewelry.

However, we perceive that entirely too much attention is being accorded here to P. P. This story relates not to him but to his wife, a very different sort of fish.

She was in fact just the opposite from Pumpelly, for she was ashamed of everything about herself that was really decent and worth while, which, we may add, wasn't much Her aim and ambition were to make everybody think that she was something that she wasn't, and as she was so obviously what she was, she made a miserable failure of it In a word, though she lived on Seventy-third Street, she never got socially beyond Canal. The real swells had no use for her. They would have stood for P. P., maybe, because whatever he may have been he was real; but not for Edna, because she was a fake. So she played the great lady to tradespeople, elevator men and waiters paying them to pretend they thought her a leader of fashion and taking out her chagrin on her servants, seamstresses and other helpless people about her who could not stand up to her without losing their means of livelihood. She took a special dislike to Beaton, laying it up against him that he didn't make Pierpont more presentable. She did not know exactly what was wrong, but she was conscious that something was rotten in her husband's sartorial estate. She blamed Beaton for it. That was what they paid him ninety dollars a month for, wasn't it? With all those suits of clothes hanging up in the closet she should have thought he could have managed to find something more o-fay than that wretched old moth-eaten gray suit P. P. had brought along with him from Athens five years ago. A waste of good money! The man didn't know his business

Pumpelly insisted that he had particularly asked Beaton for the gray suit because he liked it himself. The boy was all right —— "H'm! *Quite* all right." Surely she had noticed how industrious and attentive he was. Edna had the decency to acknowledge that the vallay seemed busy enough. That wasn't the point. Did the fellow know what was what? For instance, she'd never seen any other gentleman wearing a white tie with a dinner jacket. P. P gazed blandly at her. She hadn't! Well, that just showed! She could put her mind at rest and let it go to sleep

(Continued on Page 40)

"The Way You Hold My Pants for Me to Jump Into Makes Me Nervous. I'm Not Trained to It"

BLUE SKY

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

FROM the red-burlap wall of the conference room a line of emphatic lettering told Gilmore Britt that he would be a pauper at sixty-five. For a moment, as his eye yielded before the attack of the aggressive type, the statement frightened him a little. Professionally and privately he believed in the printed word, and this was straight-from-the-shoulder copy, as McGie was declaring; copy with a wallop and a punch that would hit 'em between the eyes; brass-tack copy, that passed up the frills and came right down to hard-boiled facts.

Facts. A pauper at sixty-five. Gilmore Britt seemed to see himself in the shabby old man slinking toward the realistic poorhouse in the penciled drawing.

He removed his glance from the disturbing legend and almost furtively consulted the faces turned attentively to McGie's harsh speech, as if to find out whether the others agreed with the advertisement.

Mr. Britt believed in the importance of these conferences around the big mahogany table, whenever a new campaign was in prospect. The solemn, knowing countenances of his fellow employes affected him exactly as they were supposed to impress the clients. It was a serious business, the faces seemed to declare, an affair justifying the aggregate intelligence of the Emling Agency, in sober conclave assembled. Sometimes, in moments of unworthy doubt, Gilmore Britt asked himself what was accomplished by bringing in the whole staff, except for the telephone operator and the office boy, and wondered whether, to borrow one of McGie's favorite words, there might not be just a suspicion of bunk in the proceeding. But usually, as today, he approved. Two heads were notoriously wiser than one; here were seven, including that of Mr. Gilmore Britt himself.

He brightened as his eye rested on the profile of old Mr. Follan, the chairman of the Bankers' Committee. A certain unwilling respect for Mr. Follan was tempered by a secret resentment; they had dealt with each other now for almost twenty years, and Follan's face reminded Gilmore Britt pleasantly of the incontrovertible fact that, instead of being a pauper at sixty-five, he was sure of being a capitalist, in a small way, at forty.

The reflection interfered with his attention to McGie's discourse. McGie was a convincing talker, with an abrupt barking speech, a contempt for oratorical flourishes, a preference for vivid colloquialism. It was McGie who had put over the joint savings campaign for the agency, lined up the scattered banking institutions in this efficient scheme of coöperative advertising. For just an instant Gilmore Britt succumbed to envy. McGie was a born go-getter who could go out and club 'em into line. He didn't have to wheedle and suggest and plead, like Gilmore Britt, facing a prospective client; he swung a bludgeon.

Again a glimpse of Mr. Follan's face brought back the soothing thought of Britt's future. Next week Gilmore Britt would be forty, and come into control of his money, after nineteen years under old Follan's unrelenting thumb. He filled his lungs slowly at the prospect. It was all very well for McGie and Emling and the others to dedicate themselves to this advertising business. They hadn't anything else ahead of them. Gilmore Britt's case was different. It had been just a temporary matter with him, his work for the agency. And he was almost at the end of it, at last.

He nodded solemnly as he felt the inquiring glance of one of the committee. That was all that Emling and McGie required of him at these conferences. At first he had ventured on an occasional remark, but Emling had settled that decisively.

"You're scenery in the conference room, Britt. McGie and I'll do all the talking. Your job's to say nothing and look wise."

It became manifest to Gilmore Britt that the conference device was once more justifying its inventor. Under the influence of the impressive room, the skillful lights on the enlarged layouts, the thoughtful, acquiescent faces of the agency staff, even old Follan was visibly softening into approval. Presently the series of advertisements, with minor changes here and there, was formally authorized, and the tension relaxed as chairs were pushed back, and the lesser lights of the council vanished. Kane went back to his bookkeeping, Caffrey retreated to the checking table, Miss Telfer's typewriter hummed behind the ground-glass partition. Follan nodded to Britt.

"Hello, Gilmore. Glad to see you here."

Just in that tone had he addressed little Gilmore, years ago, when Doctor Britt had taken the boy into the bank. Britt resented it. It was a very proper and friendly manner toward a youngster in knee pants, but not at all the suitable address for a man of forty, about to take over the management of his estate. He thought wistfully of the bankers in English novels—white-whiskered old fellows who rubbed their hands together and hoped that they might have the honor of one's continued patronage. He nodded in return with a mild dignity.

"Might drop in at the bank one of these days, Gilmore. Talk over that trust business."

Again Gilmore Britt bowed stiffly. "I was coming, this week, Mr. Follan."

Follan turned away with a careless movement of his head. Britt, following instructions, shook hands with the other members of the committee and withdrew to his desk in the outer room. The ominous advertisement pinned to the wall no longer troubled him. A pauper at sixty-five, indeed! Gilmore Britt was faintly pleased to find that in the teeth of that imposing type he could reject the statement. His intelligent skepticism afforded him a sense of enlightened superiority.

He had cleared his desk in anticipation of the conference, and twenty minutes now intervened between him and quitting time—twenty minutes that might honorably be devoted to his personal concerns. He drew a big envelope from a drawer and shook out on his blotter a neatly clipped sheaf of newspaper cuttings. Spreading these before him he rested his chin on his palms and studied them deliberately, performing brilliant exercises in mental arithmetic, his brows drawing together as the old grievance presented itself. He was thus engaged when Miss Telfer stopped at his desk. He was startled to discover that she was dressed for the street.

"Overtime tonight, Mr. Britt?"

Miss Telfer's voice was brisk and competent, as always. There were moments when Gilmore Britt was just a little afraid of her gray eyes, her informed efficiency. This evening he was aware of something else, of a certain quiet glow of health in her face, of a becoming softening touch of white at her wrists and throat, of a personal quality in her tone.

"Oh, no." He smiled apologetically. "Nothing as sensible as that—I've been figuring up my losses, that's all—crying over spilled milk."

He gestured toward the clippings. Miss Telfer's shrewd eyes expressed a sympathetic concern, a questioning surprise.

"I hope it wasn't a lot that you lost, Mr. Britt."

"Depends on how you look at it." Resentment tightened his voice again. "If you call two-three millions a trifle ——"

Miss Telfer's intelligent eyes, suddenly widening, revealed an unsuspected blue softness, instead of the gray penetration of which he had always been slightly afraid. For a moment he permitted himself to fancy that there was almost respect in the look. He enlightened her reluctantly.

"Oh, of course I don't mean that literally. I never had that much to lose. I was just figuring up what I would have made if I'd had my own way."

She seemed quite as much interested as before. He was moved to confidence.

"You see, my father was a doctor, Miss Telfer, and like most of 'em he never managed to invest in the right things. Clever enough about anything else, but"—he shook his head—"just a child when it came to that. Lots of 'em are that way, Miss Telfer."

She nodded. He seemed to understand that she did no injustice to the late Doctor Britt.

"Guess he took it for granted that I'd be the same way. Anyway, Mr. Follan—he was here this afternoon, you know—advised him to tie up everything he left, so that I could only get the income till I was forty. Mr. Follan's the trustee."

"Oh, I see." Miss Telfer's tone was even more pleasing than before. "I never knew that you—you always work so hard here that I thought—I supposed ——"

He flushed. Miss Telfer, who made up the commission accounts, knew that he managed to average about a hundred a month.

"I see." He laughed indulgently. "You thought I had to live on the small change I pick up here. It does come in handy—the income on my money's as small as Mr. Follan can make it of course. But the real reason I'm here is the experience. When I get hold of my money I'll know how to handle it, after this training."

The eyes were bluer than ever. He was inspired to more audacious confidences. He touched one of the cuttings.

"See that, for instance. I looked into it when it was printed, pretty near fifteen years ago. Mr. Follan laughed at me for thinking of it. Know what stock that fellow wanted to sell, for a dollar a share? You'd never guess. Flivver Motor, that's all! I wanted to put three-four thousand into it. If Mr. Follan had let me ——" He drew in a deep breath.

Somehow, Even
in His Raw Hour of Disillusion, Gilmore Britt Didn't Believe It

Miss Telfer read the faded print deliberately.

"What a pity, Mr. Britt!"

"Oh, that's only one case! Look at that one -that was Solomon Tasker, trying to get two thousand for a half interest in his moving-picture business! Here's a later one—the time I wanted to buy Nazareth Steel, in 1915 when it was selling at fifty-five. It went to seven hundred inside of a year, you remember. And here's Drayson, trying to raise fifteen hundred for a third interest in his first magazine. The thing only earns about two hundred thousand a year now! They're all like that. I said three millions—it's probably a lot closer to ten!"

Miss Telfer's expression betrayed an unmistakable respect now. She listened to the other might-have-beens illustrated by the remaining exhibits

"I never guessed," she said, as if to herself. "What a frightful pity—all those splendid chances ——"

Gilmore Britt shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I'm almost out of Mr. Follan's apron strings, thank goodness. And there's just as many big chances left I've been sifting 'em down lately. I'll know what to do, fast enough."

He explained his scheme to her at some length—the canny division of one's capital into three equal parts, one to be invested conservatively and permanently in securities bearing a decent rate of interest, another to be put into some small, young, promising business where it would buy a considerable share and where you could exact a position of authority in return for your financial backing, and thus keep your eye on your money while you worked to make it multiply. And the final third—Mr. Gilmore Britt's eye gleamed as he came to it.

"I'd keep the other third for speculation," he declared. "Every big money-making idea has been a gamble somewhere. Look at the telephone look at the big fortunes built on a foundation of one little plunge in something that Mr. Follan would have called blue sky! Risk? Yes, but look at the chance for winning! I believe there's an element of speculation in everything, anyway."

A scrubwoman intruded. He glanced at his watch, dismayed to discover that he had already missed the latest train that would get him out to East Elmwood in time for dinner. Miss Telfer admitted that she was in similar case. With some trepidation he suggested that they might as well finish their talk down at Ye Snugge Olde Tea Shoppe. Miss Telfer appeared to see no presumption in the speech.

"I suppose you think I'm just daydreaming."

He was oppressed, as they waited for her train, by an uneasy sense of having talked endlessly And it occurred to him that some of the things he had said might sound sort of—sort of boastful.

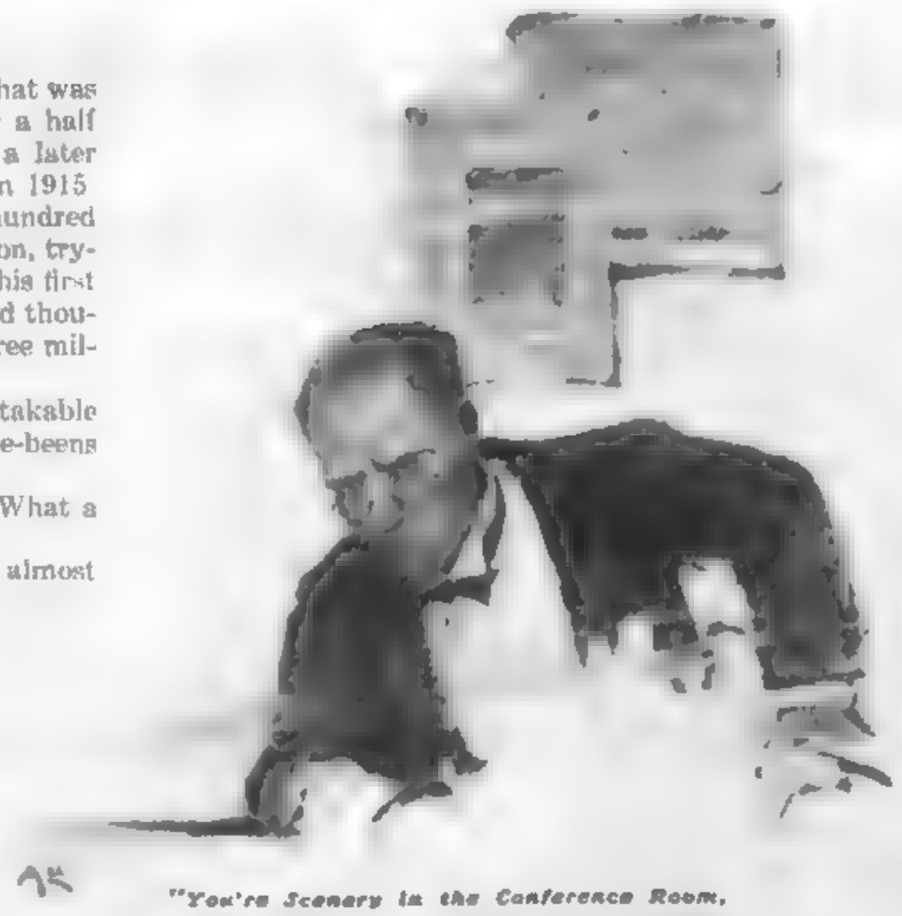
"Not a bit," said Miss Telfer, so earnestly that it wasn't possible to doubt her sincerity. "I believe you're absolutely right."

Gilmore Britt's chest expanded. It wasn't just an empty compliment. Even McGie admitted that Miss Telfer's head was on straight. She knew what she was talking about. He laughed unsteadily.

"Well, there's one thing about it all," he said, "I guess I'm the only man that was ever tickled most to death to be forty!"

Miss Telfer shook her head. "Forty's a wonderful age," she declared.

As he rode out on the unhurried 9:15 Gilmore Britt examined this remark at leisure, and found in it a new proof of Miss Telfer's sagacity. It was perfectly true. You weren't old at forty. In a lot of ways, in fact, you felt younger than ever.



"You're Scenery in the Conference Room, Britt. McGie and I'll Do All the Talking"

II

"YOU may buy fifteen thousand dollars' worth of experience," said old Mr. Follan unpleasantly, "but I'd hate to bet on even that. Told your father he'd better make it for your lifetime. Forty's no age—make a fool of yourself at forty just as quick as at eighteen."

Gilmore Britt smiled politely. For once he had enjoyed an interview with his trustee. Always till now it had been Gilmore Britt who argued and protested, Mr. Follan who unshakably denied. Today these positions had been delightfully reversed, and Britt felt that he was behaving better in victory than Mr. Follan had ever succeeded in doing.

The banker rang for a clerk and barked an ill-tempered order for documents and a check. Gilmore Britt controlled a throb of excitement. In a few minutes he would walk out of this office, the scene of so many remembered humiliations, with fifteen thousand dollars, all his own, to do with as he saw fit. He could afford to be genial under the circumstances, even if Mr. Follan allowed himself to use unworthy language.

"Had a notion you'd learn some sense down there at Emling's," grunted Follan. "Hard-headed young fellow, that chap McGie. No nonsense about him. Hoped you'd catch it from him."

He pawed among papers and produced a proof of the opening advertisement of the thrift campaign, his face smoothing into approval as he inspected it.

"Straight from the shoulder," he said. "Cold facts, Gilmore—and straight to your address. And you don't believe a word of it!"

Britt shook his head. "I certainly don't believe I'll be in the poorhouse when I'm sixty-five, Mr. Follan; no, sir."

"You wouldn't, of course. They never do till they get there. Maybe it won't come to that, Gilmore, but look at the other side of it. There's no guessing about that. Your father left you fifteen thousand, twenty years ago. It's paid you a steady six hundred or more a year and you've got your fifteen thousand left. You know that. But you're going to forget it as quick as you can—hand over your capital for some nice quarter-section of bright blue sky ——"

"I'm going to take a small risk for a big chance, maybe," corrected Britt gently. "We don't all feel that a mild speculation is a sin, Mr. Follan."

"You don't. That's true, anyway." Follan grunted wearily. "It's enough to make a fellow ashamed of being human to read the stuff that people believe about money They'll laugh at a sure 5 per cent—tell 'emselves that the banks are trying to flimflam 'em out of their legitimate 100 per cent—and they'll swallow the craziest kind of a lie if it only promises 'em something for nothing. Well, we're going to tell 'em a few things in this campaign, Gilmore It'd be a good thing for you if you'd read these ads before you spend your capital"

"Invest," corrected Gilmore Britt mildly.

Follan spread his hands helplessly. The clerk came back with a tiresome lot of legal documents, which Gilmore Britt pretended to read before he signed them. His attention was fixed on the check. Presently he buttoned it in his inner pocket. "I'd hate to have you think I don't appreciate what you've done, Mr. Follan. I know you meant all right, keeping me from buying that Flivver stock, and the Nazareth Steel and all. I want to thank you for your—your good intentions, anyway"

"Oh, you do, eh?" Follan's face went pink and red and purple. "You—how about the Skinnem Moonshine and the ——"

"We all make mistakes now and then," conceded Gilmore Britt magnanimously. "I freely admit those that I have made, and, as I said, I don't blame you for yours, though they've cost me a lot of money, and mine haven't cost you anything. I'm much obliged, Mr. Follan."

He shook hands and reached the door with his check before Follan's speech exploded. He deposited the check in the Maritime Trust instead of in his account at

Continued on Page 62

Ten Days Later He Confided in Her Again. Ye Snugge Olde Tea Shoppe Was More Suitable for Such Conversations

Gambling in Jungle Stuff

By L. B. YATES

John Daniel, Famous Gorilla, Would Have Made a Stoical Straphanger as a Human

Working Elephants From India With Singhalese Mahouts. The Training Quarters at Stellingen, Hamburg. At the Right—During the War Elephants Had Their Own Labor Battalions

FOR a stage setting, let us visualize a vacant lot in the outskirts of a city on which a canvas town has sprung up like a mushroom overnight. The time is early spring and the atmosphere is laden with the agreeable odors of newly turned earth. Bands are playing and big gray teams of Percheron horses are hauling red wagons over the rough ground, because the spirit of the circus is in the air. Youth is having its innings and we are reminded that the small boy is still with us.

On a raised platform immediately in front of the side show is standing a young man with lines in his face and a tired expression. He views the gathering crowd about him with the air of one who would add up and subtract human nature in its infinite variety. Then he lifts a long arm heavenward to command attention and takes up his parable.

"Come closer, my friends!" he enjoins. "Closer, closer, still closer! T-h-e-r-e! That will do!" A long pause until he is assured that the attention of the gathering is focused upon him. "Nature guards well her secrets, my friends," he continues. "She will always remain a mystery, but behind these canvas walls is a partial solution. We will show you all the mysterious beasts of jungle and plain, strange animals in barred cages gathered together at lavish expense from the very limits of the earth and from the uttermost ends of the globe. A marvelous display, my friends, of rare specimens representing every country and clime, collected at a reckless expenditure of money and astounding loss in human life and blood."

Old Neptune's Human Toll

"WE WILL show you man-eating tigers, death-dealing lions, fierce denizens of the wilds. You will see old Neptune, who was captured by our own hunters, but not until the lives of seventeen men"—a pause—"t-h-r-e-e women ——" A still longer pause while the surrounding atmosphere becomes loaded down with dramatic apprehension. The young man runs long tapering fingers through trained slick locks and sinks his voice almost to a whisper: "As I said, my friends, the lives of t-h-r-e-e women and f-o-u-r small children had been sacrificed."

And the very small boy, who is probably seeing his first circus and getting his first honest-to-goodness thrill, stutters as he whispers to his companion, "Gosh, Billy! Sevunteen men, three ladies an' four small childrun—g-o-s-h!"

But his companion, being older and more sophisticated, retorts with fine scorn, "Rats! That lion didn't never kill nobody, an' he wasn't out in no jungle, neither. He was born in a cage in the circus. My Uncle Charlie says so."

And later along in life, after the small boy has passed through the various stages of belief in everything and pessimistic renunciation of all existing conditions, he discovers in the final accounting that many of the things he put away from him as not worthy of credence are 70 per cent true, and that this theory can be applied to the world of the circus, where most of us expect a certain amount of exaggeration, although mindful of the fact that the astounding statements of the young man with the slick locks have a basic foundation in fact.

Some boys are old the day they are born; they don't have to grow up—not, at least, from the mental standpoint; but others are just the plain garden variety, and most of us, thank goodness, belong in the latter classification, and as we grow older perhaps our thirst for knowledge increases. It was with this in mind that I recently made a little journey over to the animal arena of the Hagenbeck Brothers in New Jersey to see what I could see and hear what I could hear.

I must first tell you that these men in the third generation from the original founder of the business are the largest dealers in wild animals on the face of the globe. Their headquarters is at Hamburg. Their slogan is that they can furnish anything from a humming bird to an ostrich, a minnow to a whale or a mouse to an elephant. They have agents all over the world and might be said to be the very last word in the practical commercialized side of natural history. The manager of the American branch of the business is Mr. John T. Benson. When I arrived he had just come in from the docks from making a shipment to India, consisting of skunks, American raccoons and a cageful of local birds.

But getting a running start at a story concerning the capture, purchase or disposal of wild animals on the wholesale order is like taking the most comprehensive encyclopedia of natural history, coupled with an atlas of the world, opening it at random and leaving the rest to chance.

"Now what was it you wanted to know?" queried Mr. Benson as he laid a large brief case on the desk. "In what particular line were you interested?"

By that time, however, my eyes were glued on the portfolio. So I countered with "What a peculiar-looking bag you've got!"

"Oh, yes," replied the animal man; "that case is made out of snake skin—cobra, to be exact. We had a big one once and he died on our hands—rather pretty idea, isn't it? Makes a fine case, eh, what?"

"Just the thing," I agreed.

"A contraption for carrying my samples," resumed Mr. Benson—"photographs, to be exact. You see, we get moving pictures of nearly all our animals nowadays, so in addition to our own description of them the purchaser knows just about what he is getting. We send out catalogues every little while, giving very comprehensive data of the animals we have for sale, also with their prices. And, by the way, these quotations are f. o. b. Hamburg, as they would say in the automobile business, because under ordinary circumstances, once an animal is purchased, we hold him at the owner's risk. Should he stipulate for actual delivery, that, of course, would cost him considerably more. We don't insure our animals not that you can't—but the rate is out of sight; it wouldn't pay."

Elephants F. O. B.

"NOT so long ago I made a deal in this country for four elephants which I intended to send back to headquarters at Hamburg. But fortunately I stipulated in the contract of purchase that these elephants should be delivered to me on board ship. The fact of the matter is I didn't know very much about these particular animals, and I might state that the contract was not in writing. But the man from whom I bought them stuck to it both in letter and spirit.

"That's one good thing about circus people as a class; nine times out of ten you will find them abiding by the spirit of a contract. You don't have to have everything down in writing, because the circus man prides himself on the fact that his word is as good as his bond.

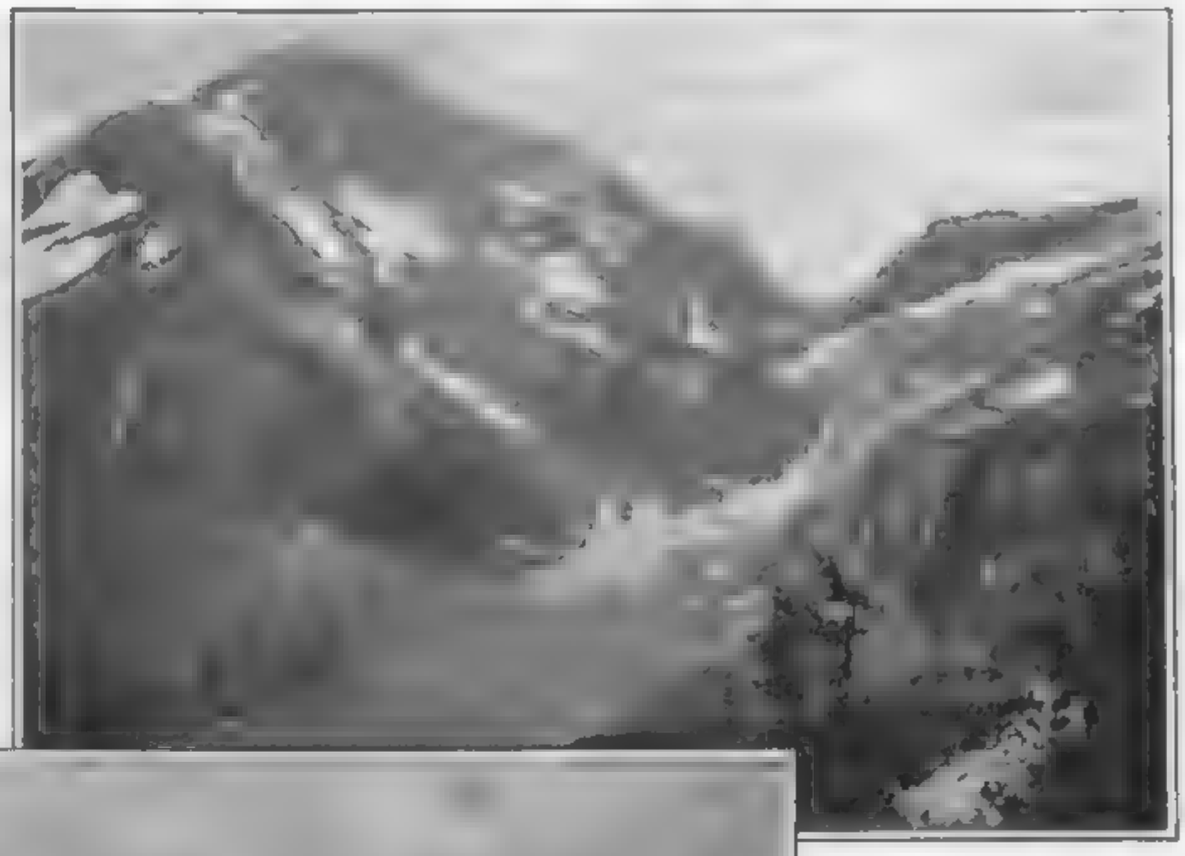
"Well, as I was saying, I bought these elephants to be accepted when loaded on the ship; and although at the time of purchase I was not aware of it, that's where the fun commenced, because two of them absolutely refused to budge an inch from the show quarters unless they were accompanied by the other elephants with which they had been associating for years.

(Continued on Page 69)

TIMBER-LINE TRAILS

By HAL G. EVARTS

MANY men have fared forth in search of that land of promise that lies ever just ahead, always just around the bend or over the next divide. Few have found it; but there is one stretch of hills where the trails of many of these seekers have converged and where their wanderings ended. Here in this spot all those who have listened long to the call of the high country will detect a new note and know it for the grand finale. Those who have viewed it will always return, for in all the hills there is nothing comparable to these wild tumbling gorges with sheer drops of thousands of feet to green forests of giant spruce and cedars, pine, balsam and fir; blue lakes whose waves lap the bases of terrific peaks thrusting abruptly skyward from the rock-bound shores, towering far above the tree line to form the most startling and ragged sky-line effects on the face of the earth. The silence of these majestic timber-line spaces is disturbed only by the hollow boom of a hundred waterfalls and the tinkle of countless tiny streams that seep from the lower extremities of perpetual snow banks. For everywhere there is water, trickles and torrents, rills and rivers; and moisture brings flowers—amazing banks of color stretching away on every side.

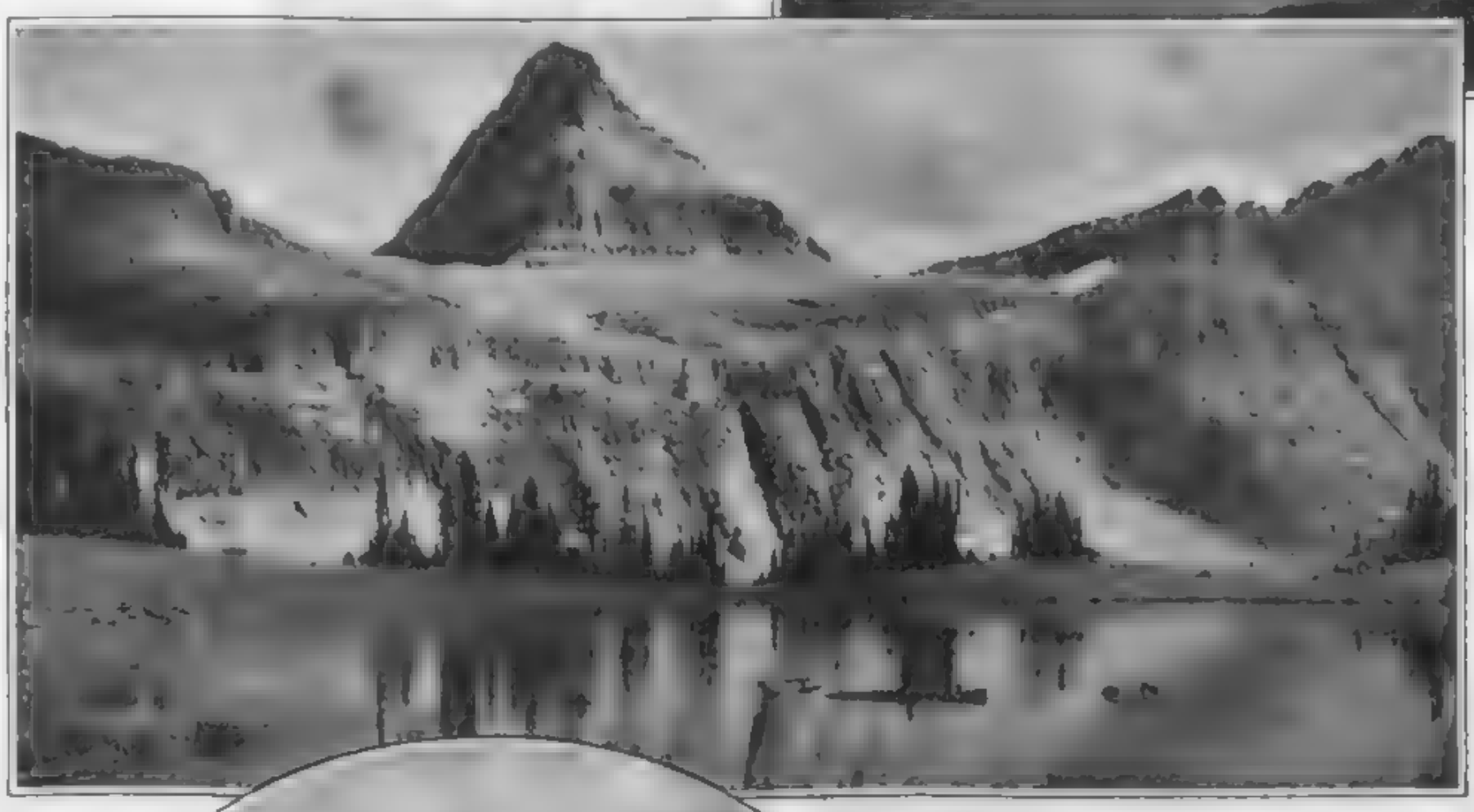


Gunsight Lake From Mount Jackson, Glacier National Park

Trail's End

GOD'S country this, where man is conscious of his own pygmy insignificance, sheared of his petty conceits, yet perhaps more vividly aware of the greatness of things outside himself than ever before. Many wanderers, scouring the odd corners of the world in search of that one expanse of hills which might prove to be their goal, have strayed into the back country of Glacier Park and reached the end of the trail. It gets them; and it will get you! Once you have followed the timber-line trails through Glacier you will know that all your future travels are destined to be in the nature of an anticlimax. No other spot can even approximate its wild magnificence.

Jim Brooks is one of those who has traveled far and found what he sought in Glacier. After a dozen years of wandering in the tropics, other years prospecting in Alaska and the Yukon, hunting wild horses in New Mexico and trapping throughout the mountain states, Jim is now the chief ranger of the park. Our last meeting occurred some five years back when hunting on the head of the Yellowstone. Brooks was a ranger in that country at the time and we met at Bridger Lake. Jim was waiting at the Glacier Park Hotel with the extremely good tidings that he was to accompany us through Glacier.

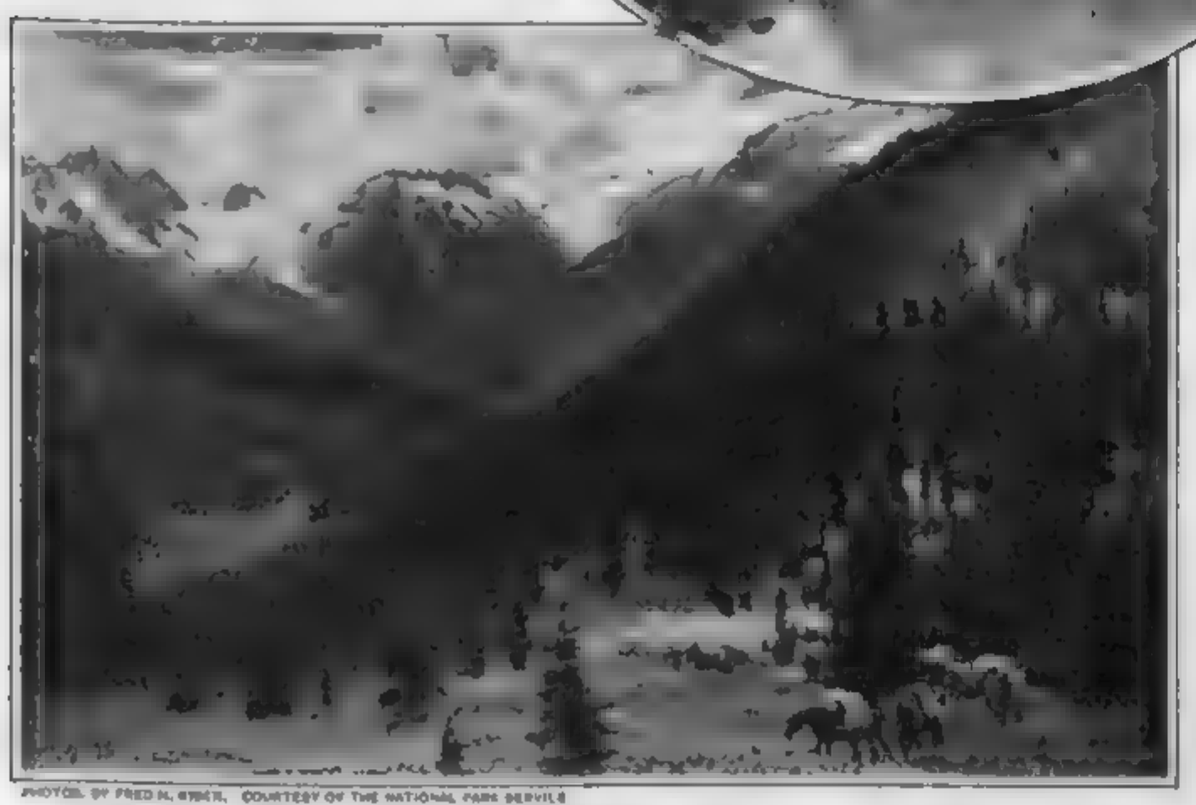


Above—Hidden Lake. In the Oval—Head of Bowman Lake. Both in Glacier National Park

The following morning he led the way up a trail that traversed a quaking-asp thicket in the Blackfeet Reservation and we were off on the first lap of a four months' journey in search of a pack-trail park; a quest for a bit of virgin hill country left as Nature fashioned it, and hoping that if we found a beauty spot that still remained unexploited and unjitneyized it might be held intact, one stretch of wonderful hills where your son and mine could follow the back-country trails on horseback or on foot as the first Americans were wont to follow them.

Bear in mind that it was not the purpose to criticize or condemn projected scenic railroads, popularized resorts or contemplated automobile highways where these would benefit the greatest number, but instead to find a spot where the lack of these features would work no hardship on the traveling public that takes its pleasure through their medium, but would, through the sheer novelty of that lack, attract those other millions of our men and women who still remain lovers of the great outdoors for itself.

The trail wound through aspen-covered bottoms, out of the Blackfeet Reservation and across the park boundary, mounted through jungles of limber pine, gnarled and battered by savage blasts of winter and the crushing weight of drifted snow, then out above timber line. There was abundant evidence that we were already in mountain-sheep country, although we failed to locate any of the animals with the glasses, the game having moved farther back as the snow receded. It was only when we attained the crest of the Mt. Henry Trail that the full wonder of the country burst upon us. A tangled maze of splintered pinnacles unrolled beyond; not one main peak in the distance, but scores in the immediate foreground; sharp, rugged fangs carved in grotesque shapes. The narrow gorges headed in green basins rimmed by mighty snow banks whose seepage waters congregated to pitch over the sheer walls. There were not less than a dozen falls within our range of view, some plunging hundreds of feet without interruption, others foaming from one rocky shelf to the next in silvery cascades, to be swallowed up at last in the rank forest growths that carpeted the floors of the gorges.



PHOTOS. BY FRED H. KISER, COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

A Pack Train in Piegan Pass. Mount Gould in the Distance, Glacier National Park

Right in the Heart of Things

THROUGH precedent one expects to travel for hours to attain some point that affords a view of some distant peak whose elevation is a matter of note. In Glacier the formal recitation of altitude reckonings would be quite meaningless, but comparative elevations are so staggeringly apparent as to render computation unnecessary; for here it is the nearness of things which impresses. A short ride carries the traveler into the heart of things. It is one matter to view a snow-capped peak, be informed that it is fourteen-thousand-odd feet above the sea, and comment upon the fact that it seems incredible that it can be seen so distinctly at a distance of twelve-and-two-tenths miles as the crow flies; quite another to ride suddenly out upon a rim—the altitude of which is a mere ten thousand feet and know without being told that by making one false step you could descend half that distance as the rock drops.

(Continued on Page 76)

TRIUMPH

By GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

ALMOST all moral stories end with wedding bells, and almost all immoral ones begin either with or after them. This story is of the former category, although the principal character is a woman for whom, regrettably enough, they never rang.

It happened—there are some of course who will deny that it ever did happen—several years before the war, during the period when Liane Delaunay was the third greatest actress of France. Some of her more enthusiastic admirers would have pronounced her the greatest, but Réjane was then living, and one must always except the transcendent Bernhardt. Liane, however, at that time was very young to have achieved so immense a success, and it was apparent even to the blindest that the high noon of her life would see her preëminent.

She was beautiful. She was indubitably very beautiful. She was slim and blond and pastoral, and she was so graceful that on the stage one looked forward to every gesture—for she was frugal with her gestures that she made. But one cannot describe her adequately without overworking superlatives, and superlatives have been wasted on so many ordinary creatures that even they are at a discount.

In the autumn of the year that she created the leading rôle in Henri Cortot's poetic fantasy, Les Etoiles Qui Chantent, she rented a small villa on the bank of the Seine opposite St.-Cloud. It was unpretentious enough, her little villa, which was precisely what she desired, for always when she studied a part she lived determinedly away from the world and with as scant a ménage as possible. She received no visits, save professional ones, and she made none.

For companionship she had with her an elderly woman, half friend, half servant, who called her by her first name and who hooked her gowns in the back. One never discovered whether this woman was Liane's mother or her former nurse or merely a hired symbol of respectability; and to tell the truth one never really cared. She was there, she was always there; one saw her, one said, "*Bonjour, madame,*" and one let it go at that. Liane called her Bébé, which was completely inappropriate and signified nothing at all.

There was Liane, then, one afternoon in September, installed in her villa with its neat little garden and its two sentry-like acacias, enjoying rusticity even as Marie Antoinette enjoyed playing at dairymaid. Her jewels, her silver and her other possessions of value were in the vault at her bankers'; her furs and her silks and her purples and fine linens were securely locked up in her apartment in Paris. She had nothing more magnificent with which to adorn herself than she had had—well, let us say, than she had had when as a girl of seventeen she had left the hat shop to study dramatic art.

"Bébé," she said, yawning as shamelessly as a cat, "Bébé, there is sun today, and it is good in the sun. I shall put on my hat—no, I shall not put on my hat—and I shall take a walk by the river."

"Yes," agreed Bébé, "you have studied enough. But the sun will spoil your complexion. You ought to take a hat or a parasol."

"No," answered Liane; "but I will, as a concession, take my sunbonnet of the Napoleon III."

"It becomes you," said Bébé. "I will bring it."

Donning the bonnet, Liane went out and down the straight dirt path that led, hedge flanked, to the iron gate. At the gate only the highway to Paris separated her from the willows that hung, graceful in their despondency, over the Seine. She crossed the road and turned to the right, up the river, walking easily, goddesslike on the grass. Her skirt was short, her boots were high and her heels were low. She might have been the Liane of seventeen, returning home from the hat shop.

And yet she was not that Liane. She was twice the age of that Liane, for example, and no woman at thirty-four is as she was at seventeen. Sometimes she is more beautiful; sometimes she has more charm; often she is as enthusiastic, as eager to live, as pleased with the world; but never is she so insouciant of the rapid passing of the days and of the years. Seventeen flings the years behind her with a careless, thoughtless bravado; thirty-four, reluctant to see them pass, clings to them with something that is not far from desperation.

Liane, because of the fact that her life was filled with obsessing work, was probably less prone than other women to the fear of age, or rather to this fear of an empty old age succeeding a barren youth. Her most unkind enemy could not have come to her and warned her that, as they say, she was wasting the best years of her life; but in moments when she, herself, was her most unkind enemy, she was wont to ask herself whether dramatic art was the greatest thing in the world, the highest target at which one might aim. And, dubiously, hesitatingly, she was forced to admit that she regretted that she had never been in love. Some men in Paris—for men are conceited, credulous creatures—would have been vexed to have known that she had not.

She had not. She told herself that it was because she had not had time. It takes time, she reflected, for a woman to learn to love. Without time, love is only a pretense, a self-deception, perhaps—or, at best, a week or a month of passion, which is part of love, but not all of it. No, love, as she saw it, was a potentially insane sanity rather than an insanity with no possibility of saneness. One thinks that when one is no longer very young.

That Picture Is Now, of Course, Well Known

She followed, I say, the highway, keeping to the grass that bordered it, her eyes on the river, which she could see, blue, behind the gray-green willows. And presently she perceived, close to the river's bank, a man with his back turned to her, painting assiduously at an easel. Feminine curiosity made her pause, and interest in all arts made her approach. She advanced to within ten yards of the industrious artist, halting at a point whence she could see the painting over the shoulder of the painter.

Those were the days, it must be remembered, before impressionism had given way to post-impressionism, and one could, in consequence, almost always know whether or not an artist was succeeding in portraying to his or anyone else's satisfaction that which he desired to portray. In this case it was apparent that the young man was painting the Seine, with a barge and a bough of the willow in the foreground, and, as a background, the white houses of St.-Cloud, crowding up the dark-green hill to the cloud-encumbered sky. And he was doing it admirably well.

At Liane's approach the young man turned his head, vouchsafed her a brief glance over his shoulder, took cognizance of her sunbonnet and her commonplace dress, and resumed his work. She remained standing in silence behind him, watching him, fascinated by his deftness, by the sureness of his touch, by the effectiveness of each stroke of his brush; fascinated, too, perhaps, by something about the artist himself.

He was young—that much she sensed at first glimpse of him—and he was eager, intent, fired with the work to which he had laid his hand. Since he wore no hat, she could see that his hair was very black, smooth and not too long. He was dressed appropriately and comfortably in a loose painting smock, striped brightly blue and white, which hung from his shoulders to his knees. This garment, although streaked with paint, gave the impression of having been laundered recently; and he, himself, appeared as clean as any artist in the throes of his work can aspire to be.

When, after an interval, he turned again to face her—this time a little impatiently—she saw that he was not unhandsome and younger, even, than she had imagined. Dark eyes under heavy black brows; a thin, ascetic face, with a determined, aquiline nose and a rather petulant mouth. On his upper lip were the beginnings of a mustache—black, but thus far insignificant.

"How very dark he is!" she thought; and she added, "And how very young!"

He put aside his palette and brushes, stretched himself, rose from his canvas-covered camp chair, walked a few paces back from the picture, surveyed it critically and then turned to her and said patronizingly, "Well, my little one, you have looked at it long enough—tell me, as a critic, what you think of it."

She gave a little gasp. It was a long time since any man had addressed her so casually, so familiarly. Men were wont to be respectfully deferential in the presence of Liane Delaunay. Men did not call her "my little one" any more, not even the veteran actors of the French stage. They called her "*chère madame*" and bowed low and kissed her hand with all the homage they could put into the gesture. Was she not thirty-four and the third greatest actress in France?

The young man, smiling at her confidently, awaited an answer of some sort; but it was apparent that he placed not the slightest value in the world on that answer. He had asked her opinion of his work merely to afford himself some possible amusement. To him she was a nonentity, a village girl out for a walk by the river, on the way, no doubt, to an appointment with some young lout of a farmer. But a pretty village girl, surely. He must, she thought, grant her that much.

She adjusted her bonnet, deliberately displaying her slim white hands with their pink nails, and waited expectant of their effect upon him. She was ridiculously vexed when she perceived that he had not so much as watched the operation.

Then she said, "I think your picture is very nice, but you should have a figure in the foreground."

"Ha," he laughed, "she thinks I should have a figure in the foreground, does she? Well, now, that is not such a bad suggestion; that is as good criticism as most that is current in Paris today. When in doubt about your landscape, put in a pretty girl. Would you like to be the pretty girl, my dear?"

She flushed, and tried to pretend to herself that it was from resentment

"I did not say that," she answered

"No," he agreed airily, "that was my suggestion. I will act on yours if you will act on mine. You tell me I need a figure. Very good, I say, but you must supply the figure. Oh, not a nude! No, indeed, I don't want a nude. Just as you are, only without the bonnet. What do you say?"

She hesitated, tempted. She wondered that she did not refuse at once.

"How long would it take?" she asked, temporizing

"Well," he said, "you would have to come back tomorrow. It is too late to do any more this afternoon; and besides I am tired. An hour or two for a day or two ought to finish it.

"Of course," he added as an afterthought, "I expect to pay you. Shall we say two francs an hour until the job is done? It is not hard work, you know."

In spite of herself she began to laugh. She wondered what her manager would say—what all Paris would say should it be revealed that Liane Delaunay was offered employment at two francs an hour.

He smiled back at her, amused that she should be amused.

"Excellent!" said he. "You have a nice laugh—a nice, unspoiled laugh. That is what a country life gives one. Sunlight and fresh air and unlimited sky. That is why birds sing, my dear."

"The birds sing," she pointed out, suddenly serious, "because they have no responsibilities."

"Responsibilities!" he exclaimed. "That is a big word, and you are wrong. Even the birds have responsibilities. Do they not have homes to build and mates to love and young to produce and watch over? No, my child, responsibilities do not detract from complete happiness, they are essential to it."

She thought again how very young he was, and she wondered what responsibilities he was assuming so enthusiastically. Marriage, perhaps? He talked like a young man in love—like a young man in love who considers himself very wise

"Come," he said, "take the pose. Under the willow is where I shall paint you. This afternoon I shan't keep you but a minute or two—long enough to block in the figure."

He held out his hand, annoyingly confident, apparently, that she would not refuse.. She did not refuse; but she said, "I may not be able to come tomorrow."

"Oh, yes, you will," he assured her easily. "You don't want to miss earning those francs, and besides it will amuse you. You will be posing, my dear, for a great artist who some day will be greater. You will some day tell your numerous children and grandchildren that when you were young you posed under a willow tree for Paul Sarenne. Think of that, my little one, and be grateful."

She smiled enigmatically; she had posed for very great artists, but never for one so completely confident of himself. And she had never before heard of Paul Sarenne Indeed, at that time, no one else had heard of him.

Taking her hand he led her to the spot beneath the willow where he chose that she should sit.

"Almost reclining," he directed, "the body resting on the right elbow, the head turned a little this way. No, no, little stupid—this way, toward the canvas."

He took her head between his two hands and twisted it around to suit him. He moved her elbow an inch or two nearer her body. He arranged one ankle so that it should be concealed beneath her dress. Then he stood back and surveyed the pose

"The bonnet must come off," he said. "Put it on the grass beside you, near your right hand. Right hand, I said, not left. Heaven, what hair! Why, my dear, do you know that you have ravishing hair? And who taught you how to arrange it? It is simple, your coiffure, but—well, perhaps you are more sophisticated than I thought. You have been studying the Paris fashions, you little rascal. Admit it!"

"I have a friend," she said in some confusion—"a friend who is employed in a coiffeur's establishment in Paris. I—I am glad my hair pleases you."

"Pleases me!" he echoed "It is magnificent! It is a golden crown! It is an aureole! It is sunlight on yellow wheat!"

"It is my own," she interrupted his outburst gravely.

He was silent for a moment, admiring her, she knew; but, she knew also, admiring her impersonally. She might have been a superb picture or a rare vase or a splendid sunset or any other beautiful inanimate thing in the world; and, womanlike, she resented this

"Well," she said with a touch of impatience, "the sun is getting lower and if you do not intend to work I must go home."

"Yes," he agreed absently; "yes, of course. Hold the pose exactly as you are."

He retreated to his canvas and commenced painting rapidly. The quiet twilight of autumn was already upon them, and rose-colored clouds colored the west. A warm, sanguine glow came over the land. In the hush that announced the approach of evening the murmur of the Seine became audible.

The voices of far-away and unseen boatmen and the languorous laughter of a woman came to them, distinct but mellowed by distance. Someone on the immense black barge began to sing

Paul Sarenne put aside his paints for the second time and said, "I can do no more this evening. The light has gone."

"Yes," she agreed, "the light has gone, but it will return tomorrow."

"And you," he asked, "will you return tomorrow?"

She sought in vain for anything more intimate in this than the desire of the artist for the further use of a satisfactory model; and with rather a sad little smile she said, "Yes, I, too, will return tomorrow."

II

"BÉBÉ," she said abruptly in the middle of dinner that night—"Bébé, I met a man this afternoon who did not recognize me and who has probably never seen me before in his life."

"A foreigner," answered the old lady with conviction; "some barbarian."

(Continued on Page 85

"When in Doubt About Your Landscape, Put In a Pretty Girl. Would You Like to be the Pretty Girl, My Dear?"

PASCAL'S MILL

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IX

ROBERT DRUCE was sure afterward that he had expected Jude Pascal to lie about the mill; yet at the moment the effect of the lie was startling. He felt stunned and shaken; physically shocked and numb. A curious paralysis held him. He was still, waiting for he knew not what. Jude added nothing to what he had said, but sat across the table, staring straight before him. Rob thought the man must perceive they knew he lied.

After a little Dora came with her knitting, near enough the lamp so that she could see. She was at Rob's right, Jude sat with his back half turned to both of them. Rob opened again the book he had sought to read before; he did not even know what book it was. Dora's needles clicked softly. The cooling stove cracked once or twice. A cat which Rob had not heretofore perceived leaped on Jude's knee and crouched there, purring loudly. By and by a mouse scratched in the pantry, and the cat dropped soundlessly to the floor and moved that way. The lamp burned with a tiny singing noise, audible in the silence. Frogs and owls in chorus outside filled the night with moody sound. Rob wondered if someone was looking in the window. He felt watched, felt himself under the scrutiny of unseen eyes.

Dora stirred in her chair, and Jude swung to look at her and asked mildly, "Have you made up the bed for Mr. Druce, Dora?"

"I'm going to when I go upstairs," she told him.

He smiled affectionately. "Your eyes are drooping. You had better go to bed."

She hesitated, then rose and put her knitting away. From a shelf above the sink she took one of several small lamps that stood there, and lighted it.

"I'll have to get one of your nightshirts for him," she said.

"I'll get it," Jude told her. "Give me the lamp."

He went into his room, and Dora looked at Rob. Rob smiled at her reassuringly; he saw the girl was gripped by a fear she could not understand.

"Good night," he said softly, his tone saying more than his words.

"Good night, Mr. Druce," she replied.

Jude returned, the white garment rolled in his hands, and handed it to Dora. She took the lamp and opened a door at the side of the kitchen that revealed the stairs, leading up at right angles to the kitchen wall. She left this door open as she climbed, so that Rob could see the light halo her figure. He watched the radiance recede and disappear. Then Jude crossed and shut the stair door quietly and returned to his seat.

"Unless you are sleepy," he said to Rob, "I should like to talk with you."

"I'm not at all sleepy," Rob replied.

He had had a moment's panic at thought of being left alone with this strange man, yet now by something in the other's manner was reassured and heartened. Abruptly he realized that he liked Jude Pascal, no matter what mysteries hung about his head, no matter how baldly he lied. "After all, it's none of my business," he reminded himself.

"He's in the Attic," She Persisted. "He's Up in the Attic, Hiding!" He Felt Her Shiver and Shudder Within the Circle of His Arm

Jude began to speak slowly, as though choosing with some care what he would say. "I have not been in Boston for many years," he told Rob. "The last time I was there the first automobiles were seen along the streets, and I remember how people used to stare at them. Before that it had been bicycles. On a Sunday all the roads were full, and the dust clouds rose high. No doubt that is all changed now."

Rob smiled. "You don't see many bicycles," he agreed. "They say there are just about as many sold, but mostly to children, I guess, who don't use them so much. But the automobiles now are as common as bicycles used to be, I expect. Maybe more so. There are about four hundred thousand in the state."

"Tell me about the city," Pascal suggested. "What sort of place is it now?"

"I like it," Rob replied. "People make fun of Boston; but I'd rather live there than in New York, say. You see just as many good shows; the good ones all come to Boston sooner or later. And the music is as good or better. The people are friendly; of course I was brought up there—Newton, that is—and that makes a difference." He groped aimlessly. "The city government is all politics, of course. You see, sir, I don't know just what you want to know."

"I want to know whether Dora would be happy there; whether Boston would be good for her."

"I think she would be happy anywhere," Rob replied. "I think she's lonely here, dreaming and longing. But I'm not going to urge her to leave you, sir."

"What do young women in Boston do?" Pascal was inexorably curious.

Rob laughed. "Why, they drive automobiles, and they play bridge, and they go to Symphony, and they dance, and they go to the football games. Some of them work; not just stenographers, but real jobs. Buyers in the department stores; secretaryships; lawyers; doctors. They do anything they want to do, Mr. Pascal."

"What would Dora's life be if she went to Boston?"

The young man considered. "Well, in the first place, that would be up to my father. He is in the nature of a guardian, under the will, I suppose. That is, he would advise her, and suggest things to her."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"A fine man. A lawyer. He's my father, sir."

"What would he advise her to do?"

"Probably she'd want to study, go to college."

"I have taught her all I know," said Pascal. "She has read good books; the old books that you see here. I myself went through college after I was thirty; and I was a student after that. We studied together here."

"Then she wouldn't need to go to college," Rob assented. "But perhaps there would be some things she'd need to learn. How to conduct herself, what to expect from people, how to dress. Probably father would get a woman to live with her."

"She wouldn't go into your home to live?"

Rob hesitated. "Why, I hadn't thought so far——"

Jude said gently, "Mr. Druce, may I remind you that I studied for the ministry; that there is something of the confessor in every clergyman? Further, in this instance I am trying to do the wise thing for the sake of a young woman whom I hold very dear. My questions are not merely curiosity; will you answer them as honestly as they are asked, and without—becoming offended?"

The young man flushed, nodded.

"Why—yes," he said. He warmed a little with new liking for Pascal.

"What is your life?" Pascal asked.

"I'm in my father's office."

"Where do you live?"

"At home, in Newton."

"Not married?"

Rob smiled. "No, sir; not even engaged. I've got a lot of good girl friends, but that's all."

"What do you think of Dora?"

"Why—I think she's very attractive. I like her."

"Does she seem to you strange, untutored, rude, queer?"

"Not at all. There are many things she does not know, that is all. Probably a lot of them aren't worth knowing."

"Do you find her—lovable?"

Rob smiled uneasily. "Why, Mr. Pascal, you're ——"

"I beg of you," Jude interrupted. "This is what I mean. You are, I take it, a typical decent young fellow. I want to know how Dora seems to a man like you. I want to know whether she will attract the love of the right sort of man, and marry him That is why I'm questioning you."

"I don't see why she shouldn't "

"What is the feeling she awakens in you? Friendliness? Tenderness? Affection? Desire'"

"I like her; if she were in trouble I'd want to take care of her. That's about all I can say, sir."

"I want to feel she has a chance for a happy marriage," Pascal said, half to himself. "I love her dearly, you understand. But I could not be sure how she would seem in the eyes of others." He smiled appealingly. "You'll have to forgive the effort of an old man to reassure himself, Mr. Druce. If I could be sure she were going to marry you, or such a man as you, it would make me happy, happier at least."

"That's mighty kind of you, sir," Rob replied, flushing with pleasure.

Pascal nodded: was for a little silent "Perhaps you feel that this is strange talk," he suggested at last. "But I speak in this way because Dora is going to Boston going soon. You will understand my anxiety for her."

"She won't leave you, sir," Rob urged

The older man smiled; and after a moment he faced Rob fairly.

"Come," he said. "You've been straightforward: tell me the truth again. What do you think of me?"

Rob, faintly surprised, looked at Jude attentively; weighed the other man. He saw a grim, gaunt countenance, with strips of plaster in white relief upon the temple. Great yellow eyes that stared; a mouth bracketed in deep lines of pain.

"I think you do not sleep of nights," he said at last.

"It is true," said Pascal, half to himself. "Not of late. No, I sleep no more. But why do you think this? How do you see this so readily?"

"You are so weary."

The older man threw up one hand; his voice was bitter.

"Burned! Burned, Mr Druce. Not weary, but burned and well-nigh consumed by the fire within me. There is a hell fire, Druce; it smolders in every man of us. There is a hell fire! Never blow upon its brands within your heart. Burned; a shell; an ember. That is the weariness you see in me, sir."

He sank into silence, seemed to relax in his chair, his hands, palms up, loose upon his knees.

Rob did not stir; but he watched the other, and at last he said, "I think perhaps you are ill, Mr. Pascal"

Jude's eyes met his for a moment. "Ill?"

"I'm no doctor," Rob said awkwardly, "but you look like a sick man."

Pascal smiled faintly. "Aye; that is true. I'm a sick man. That's why I say Dora is going back with you." He caught himself, amended that cautiously. "Perhaps not with you, but soon."

"You're not so sick as that, sir!"

"She won't leave me; but, Mr. Druce, I am going to die."

Rob stared.

The other added: "Aye, an incurable and deadly illness has struck me."

"What is it, sir? What's the trouble? Why don't you both come to Boston, and you see a good specialist? They can do wonders now, sir. Probably you're out of touch with such things; but they can fairly take a man apart and put him together again. You come back with me in the morning. Both of you come. You may not be as sick as you think. She'll come if you do." He perceived the other's smile; realized that he was babbling. "Just the same, you ought to come," he urged sheepishly

"I believe you are sorry for me, Mr. Druce."

"I am, sir. You want to see a doctor."

Jude shook his head. "No," he said again. "There's no doctor can put out the fire within a man. No, Mr. Druce. I've lived here at the old mill a good many years. Soon I'll die here. Then Dora will go back to Boston with you"

Rob spoke again in protest, his words ran away with him. But Pascal seemed not to listen. At last he abruptly rose, and took another lamp from the shelf above the sink.

"Come, Mr. Druce," he said gently. "You must be ready for bed. I'll show you to your room."

x

THE two men went upstairs in silence. Jude led the way, opening the door at the foot of the stairs and climbing steadily, his feet dragging a little on the worn treads Rob, his eyes on the treads, saw how the brightly polished heads of the nails stuck up from the wood that had been rubbed away about them. The stairs went up through a narrow well; at the head they emerged into a constricted hallway. Ahead of them was a door; and Rob, with a fair impression of the arrangement of the house, thought this must be Dora's room. They swung around and back parallel with the stairs, passed a closed door in the left-hand wall and came to another, where the hallway turned to the right along the L above the kitchen. Rob saw, in the shadowed illumination cast by the lamp, other doors that way. There was a surprising amount of room in the old structure of the mill

Jude opened the door at the turn of the hall. This faced Dora's, at a distance of perhaps a dozen feet. He went in and Rob followed him. Jude set the lamp upon an old walnut bureau with a marble slab for top

"This is your room," he said courteously

Rob, looking about him, perceived a walnut bed with high head and foot, freshly made up. There were two worn rag rugs upon the floor, and a door that apparently led to a closet, at one side. The walls, papered many years ago in a flowery pattern, were sadly faded now. A framed picture of Grover Cleveland was their only decoration. There were two windows, uncurtained, one facing the barnyard and the other looking toward the dead water of the mill pond. Jude's nightshirt, which Rob was to wear, lay across the foot of the bed in neat folds. There was no stove in the room; it seemed to Rob damp and cold, but Pascal appeared to have no misgivings

"I expect you will be comfortable," he remarked.

"I'm sure I will," Rob told him. "Don't you worry about me. It's mighty kind of you to put me up." He checked himself, aware that his jangling nerves had taken the curb off his tongue. "I'll be all right," he said.

Jude started to open a window. "You don't mind mosquitoes, do you?"

"Not very much," Rob replied.

"They're not usually so bad, this late. They don't bother me, but Dora puts mosquito netting on her windows, first thing in the spring."

"I'll duck under the covers" Rob said, and tried to laugh easily. "They'll have to dig for me."

Jude turned toward the door "Well, if there's anything you want "

"Not a thing, thanks."

The tall and tragic figure halted in the doorway, his eyes like an owl's fixed on Rob with a curious appeal in them. The plaster strips on his temple were startlingly white in the half light

"It'll be a comfort to me to know folks like you will be looking out for Dora," he said simply. "I like to think of that."

Rob wished to say many reassuring things, but could think of none; he stood dumbly till Jude said, "Good night, Mr. Druce"

"Good night."

Jude closed the door; and Rob, unmoving, heard the man's feet go slowly along the hall and pause, as though perhaps he listened at Dora's door; then back and down the stair, with measured tread.

He sat down on the edge of his bed and laughed in a manner entirely without mirth.

"By gorry!" he whispered. "This has got me going!" He looked at his hands and found they were trembling. "Yes, sir, I'm up in the air, for fair."

Faint and muffled, sounds came up to him from the kitchen. Jude was moving to and fro there. Rob found himself sitting with mouth open, to hear the better: he found himself straining to interpret these muffled sounds. Sleep was a thousand miles away; he could not bear to think of it. He looked quickly around the small

(Continued on Page 48

"Come, Mr. Druce," He Said Gently. "You Must be Ready for Bed. I'll Show You to Your Room"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 20, 1923

The Coal Outlook

THE per capita consumption of bituminous coal is the most accurate measure of a nation's industrial activity. We cannot have normal business here in the United States unless we have a normal output of fuel. The production of soft coal in 1921 was only about 70 per cent of what it was in each of the four years preceding 1921. Instead of going ahead industrially we have gone back. Will this new year mark the end of coal's tyranny over industry or will the efforts of the United States Coal Commission prove as ineffective as have all previous coal investigations?

It would be too much to expect that the way to a satisfactory stabilization of our great basic coal industry will be smooth. The lot of the mine operators has been one of either feast or famine. The profits they have made in times of fuel scarcity resulting from strikes and railroad disability have been largely wiped out during the succeeding periods when coal has been overplentiful. The majority of the coal-mine owners would rather have smaller profits that are continuous than pile up a big surplus one year, and then face an equally large deficit the next. For this and other reasons the operators will likely be prepared to make reasonable concessions, and will certainly lend all possible aid to the commission that has undertaken to solve the fuel problem.

The outlook for coöperation on the part of the miners is more clouded. Their victory in the strike last summer was complete; in fact, it exceeded their expectations. In all recent conferences the workers have shown a determination to take full advantage of their success and to add to rather than surrender any of the ground gained.

The present armistice between the operators and the miners ends the first of April. It is practically certain that the report of the coal commission will not be completed before the middle of next summer. In the meantime, if coal stocks are not greatly increased this winter—and the transportation deficiency makes that unlikely—then the first of April will see coal prices holding at present high levels, and this will increase the probability of the union operators' agreeing to continue the present abnormal wage scale until the report of the commission has been made public.

What course of action the miners will follow in April is most uncertain. Recent experience indicates that the miners are little influenced by public opinion. They won their fight last year when sympathy for their cause was lacking and naturally believe they can do so again. Union labor went on strike in mines, shipyards, steel plants and factories during the war, so it would be foolish to assume that any public consideration would prevent them from striking now.

The coal commission is being deluged with facts concerning costs, wages, economic wastes and the overdevelopment of the coal industry; but helpful as such information may be, the truth remains that the nation's fuel troubles are caused primarily by inadequate transportation facilities and periodic strikes. No proposed remedy that does not correct these two evils will give us fuel freedom.

There would now be plenty of coal available in every part of the United States, notwithstanding the long strike of last summer, if it were not for a lack of cars and locomotives. The output of bituminous coal during the last three months should have been at the rate of 15,000,000 tons a week or more, instead of the 11,000,000 tons that have been produced. Because of transportation disability Illinois mines have produced at only about 60 per cent of normal; Ohio, 50 per cent; Pennsylvania, from 45 to 80 per cent; West Virginia, from 25 to 65 per cent, while in some parts of Kentucky the mines have been worked only 25 per cent of the available time.

What the shortage of cars is actually doing to hamper coal production may be clearly understood by examining the statement of time worked and lost by one large bituminous-coal corporation in Pennsylvania. This company operates thirty mines. Assuming twenty-five days of eight hours each, the available working time for all the company's operations in a month amounted to 6000 hours. Instead of working 6000 hours these thirty collieries operated only 2580 hours, or only 43 per cent of the possible time. Of the time lost, 83 per cent was due to car shortage. This actual case of one big company is typical of the nation's entire bituminous-coal industry.

And as to coal strikes, it is doubtless true that no matter how completely we remedy every other evil the coal industry will not be stabilized until these oft-recurring walkouts have been eliminated. Years ago the anthracite industry was demoralized, and effective steps were taken by the Roosevelt Coal Commission to bring about steady employment in the hard-coal field. The provision of regular work in the anthracite mines has not prevented strikes, and only disappointment will result from believing that full-time employment with high average earnings will stop strikes in the soft-coal fields.

Under the civilization we have built up today fuel is no less vital to us than food. We may turn to the use of more oil and feverishly push the development of our water powers, but the energy so released for industry by these substitutes for coal, though helpful, is of comparatively small importance when viewed in the light of the nation's enormous fuel needs. The commission must show us how to secure transportation efficiency and prevent strikes in the coal industry if we are to apply a permanent cure instead of dealing with mere palliatives. Car shortages and strikes are the causes of instability and overdevelopment in the coal industry, and not the effects. Order and economy will be substituted for chaos and waste in the mining and distribution of coal when reason is substituted for force in settling labor troubles and when railroad equipment is adequate. Practically everyone accepts the belief that nothing shall be permitted to interfere with the handling and distribution of mail, and this raises the thought as to which is the more important, coal or mail. Right now there are many who would rather have a shovelful of coal than a sackful of letters.

Paddling in the Shallows

CONGRESSMAN L. B. RAINEY, of Alabama, during the last weeks of the old year introduced in the House an immigration bill, known as H. R. 13234, that was presumably inspired by the proposals of Mr. R. L. Garis, of Vanderbilt University, to which we directed attention in these columns in our issue of November 18, 1922. It will be recalled that the census of 1890 was proposed as a basis for future percentage laws, for the reason that a cross-section of our alien population in that year reveals a far more desirable type of immigrant than those who were coming to us twenty years or even ten years later.

Every publicist who is working for common-sense legislation for the regulation of the volume and character of our immigration has pointed out the fact that between the years 1870 and 1910 the racial proportions of incoming aliens underwent a most remarkable change. During the early part of this forty-year period we were singularly fortunate in that, by good luck rather than by good management, a very large proportion of the newcomers were of good sound stock and of easily assimilable strains. From 1880 onward there was a swift and ominous lowering of the general average of character, intelligence and moral stamina until, by 1910, the conditions prevailing in 1870 had been reversed and the undesirables had swollen from a slender minority to a preponderant majority that we now realize is full of menace and danger to our native racial stream and to our long-established institutions.

It is for these reasons that the census of 1890 is so much to be preferred to the census of 1910 as a basis for any legislation that aims at controlling immigration by the percentage method. Some of the most ardent supporters of immigration reform declare that any percentage law is necessarily unscientific in that it concerns itself with quantity rather than with quality. This objection is well founded; but a careful comparison of the character of our foreign-born population of 1890 with that of 1910 clearly demonstrates that here is a percentage bill that, broadly speaking, favors the higher types rather than the lower ones and at the same time fixes definite limits upon the annual volume to be admitted. Our existing law, which expires by limitation on June thirtieth next, is based upon the census of 1910 with an annual limit of 3 per cent. Mr. Rainey's measure, in response to a nation-wide public sentiment, reduces the limit to 2 per cent and goes back to the census of 1890 as its primary base.

It is possible that Mr. Rainey's bill may be quietly snuffed out in the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, to which it was referred. Some of the members of Mr. Albert Johnson's committee will do their best to scotch any restrictive legislation that is unfavorably regarded by foreign-born constituencies. Even if the Rainey Bill be favorably reported out, it will be exposed to fierce and well-organized attack upon the floor of the House and elsewhere. Every racial machine gun will be trained upon it. The Melting Pot sisterhood will sight their little blunderbusses, shut their eyes and blaze away. Shortsighted employers who want protection for everything except cheap labor and our country will discharge their Big Berthas at every session of the committee hearing. It is quite possible that this measure may go down under the barrage of which it will be the target; but at least the country will know who is responsible for the massacre.

The permanent immigration legislation that Congress has so long been promising the nation, and upon one pretext or another has so long deferred, should give effect to a code that is frankly and primarily selective rather than incidentally and consequentially selective. We hope some day to see such a code upon our statute books, linked up with a rigid inspection of intending immigrants at ports of embarkation; and we hope that day may dawn before America has ceased to be a land worth coming to. This is the only adequate and final solution of the problem that confronts us. Moreover, it is a solution with a time limit that has not many years to run.

As a practical consideration we must not ignore the fact that nearly every important reform dependent upon the enactment of legislation that differs sharply from that of the past is likely to proceed slowly and by stages, like the timid bather who prefers to wade into the water rather than to dive in, so that he may keep his shoulders dry as long as possible. The enactment of Mr. Rainey's bill would take Congress into deeper immigration waters than it has ever ventured into in the past. Possibly another year or two of paddling in waist-high shallows may breed increasing confidence and lead to its plunging boldly in and becoming a real swimmer. In any event, Congress has already kept its shoulders dry quite too long to be charged with impetuosity or foolhardiness.

THREE BLACK COWS

Being a Few Notes on David Augustus Flack and Other Matters

THE atmosphere of the Metropolitan Club in Washington has, since the advent of prohibition, become what might technically be known as a trifle thick. The Metropolitan Club is the nearest thing to Mt. Olympus, the widely celebrated gathering place of the gods of ancient Greece, that exists in the United States. In the days when Hercules, Zeus, Apollo and other highly press-agented heroes of the ancient world were receiving large quantities of popular acclaim they all met on Mt. Olympus for a light snack of ambrosia every day, and dallied lightly with the potent nectar. After lunch Zeus usually gave an exhibition of thunderbolt tossing, and Hercules cleaned out an Augean stable or otherwise obliged with a brief account of some of his more laborious labors. Everybody spoke in blank verse, if we are able to believe the somewhat imperfect reports that have been handed down to us by the unskilled Mt. Olympus correspondents of those days; and airy persiflage was unknown.

Any god who wished to indulge in five minutes of wit and humor was obliged to disguise himself as a thunderstorm or a milk-white heifer or a hotel porter or something equally elusive, and play his pranks far from the sacred precincts of Mt. Olympus.

Now the Metropolitan Club is surprisingly similar to Mt. Olympus in certain respects. Among its members it numbers many who have been born to greatness, and many who have gone out on a still hunt for greatness and pulled a bag over its head before it had a chance to escape, and many who have just missed greatness, and many who think they are about to achieve greatness.

It has its ambrosia in the shape of terrapin Maryland. In fact, there are many who will go so far as to say that there is no possible chance that any variety of broiled, stewed, fried or sautéed ambrosia could possibly compete with the terrapin Maryland that can be had in all its elusive deliciousness or delicious elusiveness at the Metropolitan Club.

At the present writing the Metropolitan Club has no nectar substitutes; but there was a time in the not-far-distant past when the Metropolitan Club possessed several vintage substitutes for nectar, any one of which would have reconciled Zeus to becoming a total nectar-abstainer for an indefinite period.

There are many cabinet officers, past and present, in the Metropolitan Club. Almost any lunch hour sees the Secretary of War lunching gravely on a bit of fried Potomac bass or what not; and at a near-by table will be the Secretary of Commerce sitting silently and glumly amid a few dishes that seem to have caused him no pleasure; while the ex-Governor of the Federal Reserve Board will be brooding alone at a table in the middle distance as though he had lost his last friend.

Here and there are young diplomats who wear spats as though the wearing of them had never caused them a moment's embarrassment, discussing foreign affairs with extreme seriousness in low, refined voices; and scattered among them are diplomats of the old school who irascibly request the waiters from time to time to bring on their dessert and be quick about it. On every side are the gods from the executive machine; and they are as free from the profane intrusion and observation of mere mortals as were the frequenters of Mt. Olympus when it was the national-park system of the gods.

There is a certain gloom and repression to the atmosphere of the Metropolitan Club, however, that could scarcely have been present in the atmosphere of Mt. Olympus except during a heavy storm from the northeast, which is enough to cause any group or league or association of people or nations to hate itself bitterly. It could scarcely have been present because consistent gloom or repression is impossible when anyone in a gathering has the privilege of absorbing a quart or ordering a round of the finest nectar at will.

It is impossible to state whether the indefinable thickness of the atmosphere of the Metropolitan Club is due to the absence of all satisfactory substitutes for nectar which has obtained since the Eighteenth Amendment made Mr. Volstead famous: but the thickness exists. Silence and gravity prevail.

A loud guffaw of merriment would be received with genuine distress by the Metropolitan Club gods; while any coarse person who so far forgot himself as to thrust his head in at the door of the combination living room and pool room on the ground floor and call out cheerily "Hello there, boys," would probably be led out to the coat room by the grave and venerable uniformed attendants and quietly strangled with a visitor's overcoat. That, at least, is the impression the atmosphere conveys.

On the whole, the patrons of the club seem to like the thick atmosphere; but occasionally a member develops a flaw in his gloom absorber and erupts violently. The eruption may be of short duration; but while it lasts it resembles an outbreak from Mt. Vesuvius in that it falls alike on the just and on the unjust.

The name of David Augustus Flack is probably unfamiliar to the members of the Metropolitan Club and to all government officials in Washington, for the simple reason that the name isn't spelled that way in the pages of Who's Who in America. In fact, it's quite a different name in Who's Who. None the less, David Augustus Flack is a member of the club in good and regular standing.

As a reward for distinguished political services in

(Continued on Page 96

Dame Europa—
"Sam, Dear, You Look Wonderful!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Ballad of Bill's Will

HE WAS a mournful sailorman,
And his face was lined with grief
As he sat alone on a piece of stone
On a rocky wind-swept reef.

"Oh, sailorman," I said to him.
"What means this awful woe?
You sit and sigh on this rock, and cry.
What makes thou weepest so?"

He gave a furtive, fearful look,
And his face grew tense and pale;
Then he gave a groan and in mournful tone
He began this tragic tale:

We was sailin' south o' the Horn (he said,
When we hits a fearful gale,
An' of all the crew there was only two
What survived to tell the tale.

There was only me an' my old pal Bill
Washed up on a sandy beach;
Not a house to see, nor a plant nor tree,
As far as the eye could reach.

Old Bill was ill with the wet and shock,
He'd a nasty cold in his chest,
An' he says to me, "Old pal," says he,
"Please grant this last request.

"I've a missus waitin' for me back home,
An' a couple o' kids," says Bill,
"An' I feel that I am about to die,
So I want to make my will."

Then I look for some paper an' pen an' ink,
An' I search my pockets through,
Until Bill says, "Here, I've a swell idear,
I know what we can do.

"Here's a can o' paint from the wreck," says he,
"So just take your shirt off, Jack."
Which I does, an' Bill tattoos his will
With a shell upon my back.

In an hour or so poor Bill had croaked,
An' I sat alone an' cried,
Until late next day 'bout a mile away
A sailing ship I spied.

They picked me up an' they brung me home,
An' I hands in my report,
Then some lawyer guy comes and says that I
Gotta file that will in court.

Now I don't know much about law an' such,
But it got me awful riled
When a pale-faced gink stamped my back with ink,
An' then said, "This will is filed."

Then they carried me out to the filing room,
Though I struggled an' screamed an' wept
When I found myself on a dusty shelf
Where the other wills was kept.

They filed me there with those other wills
In the dust an' the murk an' gloom.
It was black as night, not a ray of light
Ever reached that filing room.

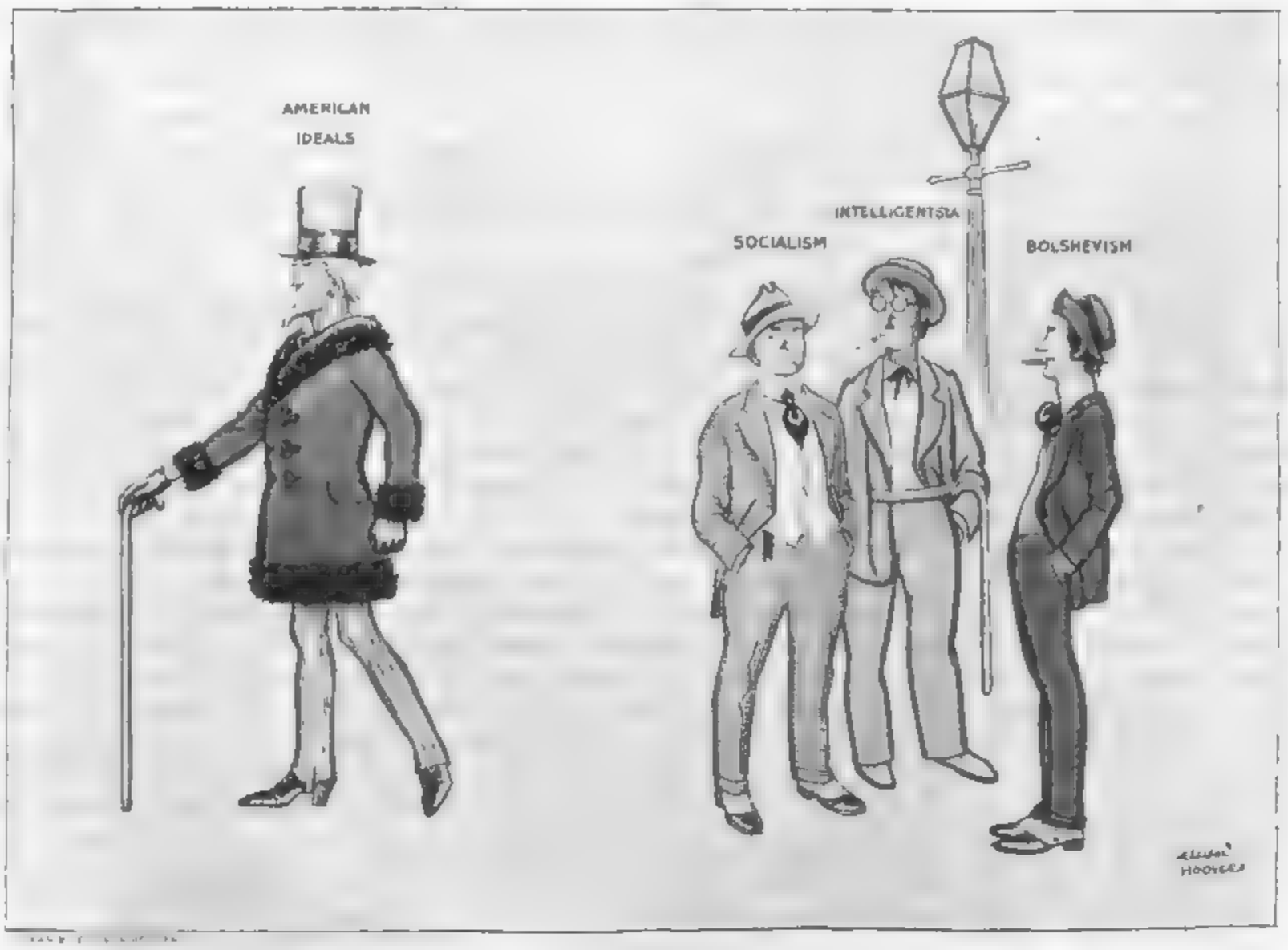
They brought my meals three times a day,
Where I sat on that lonely rack,
Every now an' then came some lawyer men
To read what was on my back.

An' there I stayed with them other wills
For maybe a year or more,
Till I get a bright ideer one night,
An' I walk right out the door.

An' now I'm filled with a dreadful fear,
An' I never laugh nor smile,
For they're on my trail, and I'm facing jail
For stealing a will from file.

So I sit alone on this barren reef,
An' I think o' my old pal Bill,
An' I wish that I'd been the one who died,
An' that I'd made him my will.

—*Newman Levy.*



The Old-Timer

The Old Number Changeth

SUBSCRIBER *(confidently unhooking the telephone receiver):* Hello. Give me Raspberry One.

CENTRAL: Raspberry One has been changed to Raspberry Oh-Oh-Oh-One.

SUBSCRIBER: It has changed. I'd never know it. But if you're sure that after all it's the same old number I ——

CENTRAL *(after an interval):* What number did you call, please?

SUBSCRIBER: I was calling Raspberry er—Triple Oh-One.

CENTRAL: 'Sheen changed to Raspberry Oh-Oh-Oh-One. Just a minute.

SUBSCRIBER *(after various cluckings and buzzings):* Hello. Hello. Is this Raspberry —— What? . . . No Raspberry? . . . Operator, operator. You gave me the wrong number. I was calling Raspberry—berry Double Oh-Oh-One.

CENTRAL: 'Schanged to Raspberry Oh-Oh-Oh-One. 'Sminute.

SUBSCRIBER: Very well. Take what time you need, but ring the proper changes this time. . . . Ah! Hello! What number is this, please? . . . Raspberry One Thousand, you say? . . . Oh, no, it isn't. Raspberry One Thousand has been transformed into Raspberry One-Oh-Oh-Oh. Odd, isn't it? But let it pass. I didn't want you anyway.

CENTRAL: Operator.

SUBSCRIBER: Operator, that was the wrong number again. . . . Yes, I'll excuse it. But can I induce you to give me that Raspberry? You know the Raspberry I want. The ——

CENTRAL: What number, please?

SUBSCRIBER *(feeling foolishly like a very arch coloratura soprano):* Oh, oh, oh-oh, oh-oh ——

CENTRAL *(impatiently):* What number, please?

SUBSCRIBER *(wrenching a cuckoo clock from the wall and holding it opposite the transmitter of the telephone, while he frantically manipulates the hands so the cuckoo emerges and emits three warbles):*——One Raspberry!

[Whereupon CENTRAL *responds nobly with the desired number.*

—*Fairfax Downey.*

From the Salome Sun

EVERYBODY seems to think I'm the man that made Salome dance, but it wasn't my fault at all. I told her to keep her shoes on or the sand would burn her feet. Tighten that fan belt, Bill; it's slipping.

Tell me, some of you hard-boiled kids, what's the matter with the katydids? What makes them holler all night and squeal like some old wagon with an ungreased wheel? Think it over and when you get through, explain to me why the cats all mew and the dogs all bark and roosters crow when hens lay eggs—and do you know why fish can't talk and burros can bray and lions roar what they have to say? Did you ever wonder and stop to think how a sponge must feel when it takes a drink and what a thrill there certainly is when a scorpion stings with that tail of his? Do you think that the bud of a blood-red rose blushes at thoughts of what it knows? *Quién sabe?*

I'd like to find out who told my wife that spinach was good for children. My kids are like all other children—they don't like anything that is good for them and they think their dad is all right. They also have an idea that if spinach is good for children, bigger doses of it ought to be good for their dad, so my wife, in order to get the kids to eat spinach, feeds me spinach three times a day—and makes me say I like it, until I feel like a Holstein cow or the inside of a greenhouse.

I'll give ten years' subscription to the Salome Sun to anyone that will mail my wife some book that says it's dangerous for anyone over 21 years old to eat spinach more than once a month. She would believe it if she read it in a book, but she knows me.

—*Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.*

Sherlock Holmes Rediscovers America

Hooligan gangs are commoner (in the United States) than with us—Italian, Irish and American—which have feuds and wage guerrilla warfare on each other, and as lethal weapons are subject to no tax or license, these frays are serious. At election time these gangs make themselves useful in attack or defense for various candidates, and the leader thus acquires some political influence. . . . A good firearms law with permanent magistrates and summary flogging or execution would soon, I am sure, put an end to the reign of violence.

—*From My American Adventure, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.*

HOLMES *(contemplatively filling his pipe):* You know, Watson, we must entirely reorganize our ideas of the States. My recent protracted visit of several weeks there leads me inescapably to that deduction.

WATSON: Have they changed so much since you went there to uncover the leader of the Tweed Ring? No more cowchappies? No more ——

HOLMES: My dear Watson, the cow person exists only as a relic of, shall I say, their less-cultured era. Today the cow person is nonextant except in a native picturesque ceremony called the rodeo, the principal purpose of which is, if you will permit me an Americanism—er—throwing the bulldog. Slang, Watson—don't ask me to elucidate.

(Continued on Page 94.)

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LONDON CONVERSATIONS

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

WHAT a contrast one gets merely by crossing the Channel from France to England! There was cold, dry, clear weather the October morning I left Paris, and that evening London offered me a much warmer temperature, with a damp heavy fog. Everything else was different, too; the bustling excitement and the regret which the good-natured crowd of Latins expressed over my departure from the attractive old Vouillemont Hotel made a striking background for the phlegmatic manner of my reception at the equally good and equally typical hotel in Sloane Street.

All those French servants had acted as if I belonged among them, and as if my departure caused them real distress. The personnel of the hotel in great completeness had assembled, though the hour was early, to bid me bon voyage, express a desire for my return, and show an affection which was quite charming. It appeared to be disinterested, to some extent at least, since about half the assembly had received tips the evening before and had no reason, save innate politeness, for making my going away such an event. A delegation—the manager, the concierge and a favorite bell boy—even accompanied me to my motor, saw to it that bags and bundles, cloaks and rugs were properly placed, and then stood there in the cold, bowing and smiling till we moved off in the perfect machine which had been loaned me by kindly friends for my tours in France and England.

That same evening at 11:30 the Sloane Street hotel presented silence, darkness and a locked door to our attack. The chauffeur rang three times before any sign of reply was made. Then a lamp was switched on and a sleepy night porter opened. He remarked, "Ye're in an orful 'urry," as he passed the chauffeur and came slowly to the motor. I gave my name and said I had a suite engaged, whereupon I was told I was hexpected, and in silence my things were carried up to a pleasant set of rooms, with tightly drawn curtains, soft deep chairs and open-grate fires, which, together with two great vases of red roses, made me feel the place to be very homelike. I asked if the management had put the flowers there and was told they were hordered by telegram and the parlor maid 'ad harranged them in water.

Standardized Hotel Service

I LIKED my frame immensely. The coziness of the apartment, the quiet dignity of the old-fashioned building, the clean cheerful cretonnes on the deep seats were all engaging qualities. To my mind many of the large hotels are spoiled by rich American clients, while the private hotel where Britishers are patrons, and where an eminently respectable and grave-faced butler serves you, it is a treat to live in. For two weeks a neat maid came as the clock struck her hour, opened curtains, lighted fires, cleaned the rooms. At exactly the right moment the breakfast tray with coffee and accompanying toast and jam was put at a given angle on a certain table, my newspaper beside it. I never eat jam, didn't order jam and protested against jam; but I gave up, and finally ate it regularly. "We always serve jam." The remark was a reply to my suggestion that it was unnecessary. Try to get the wrong person to make up your fire. Tell the waiter who brings your tea to light it. You will get a quiet and dignified "I'll ring for the maid, your highness." No one would twice make a mistake as gross as to imagine the rule about this could be ignored.

At first it is terribly amusing, all this solemnity about the conventions of living, but one soon resigns oneself, fits into the round of the days, and then one discovers it is quite ideal when nothing is left to chance. To be cared for by a silent perfect machine instead of living haphazard fashion is real comfort and keeps one normal, I am sure. There is nothing of the casual good-natured irregularity of the rest of the world about London, nothing of the personal relations of other lands between employer and servant. The English servitors, male and female, acted as if they were deaf, dumb and blind to everything save their jobs. I grew to love the mode of my life, and to feel grateful for the care so efficiently given me.

One advantage of traveling alone is that one needn't be exact about reting at any special time. So instead of being forced by a tired maid to undress and leave her free to go to bed on my arrival I flopped into an armchair, put my feet on the fender and drifted in memory through my long day's journey.

We had first motored for some seven hours. The machine behaved with the splendid elegance it could invariably be counted on to show, and I had gazed out on the lovely soft grays, greens and russets of a French autumn landscape.. Vistons of the poplars, of half-concealed châteaux and of picturesque villages floated through my memory. Black-and-blue dressed figures in blouse or camisole, working, always working, animated the pictures in my mind. I had hated to leave them; hated to think my Continental tour was over and that I had reached the last stop on my pilgrimage through Europe. I had grown to love postwar Europe, to understand its suffering and its many fine traits, to admire intensely the strength that had lived through so much and was carrying on the reconstruction with such fine determination, on the people's part, to build up homes and economic life, to make good in spite of profiteers, politicians and propagandists. Somehow I keep wondering if the miracle of Europe cured won't be accomplished soon, even with all the disadvantages. Luckily those who are working have no time to look far into the future, nor do they dwell on the past. They merely work, and sleep and work, and eat and work again, with a sublime faith that some day somehow they will have things in shape through sheer industry and effort.

Lady Astor and Mrs. Asquith

CERTAINLY it is much more reassuring to watch peasants work or to drive through Europe's busy towns and well-tilled country, than it is to read the European newspapers and hear officials talk of reparations or the lack of them. Conversations I had listened to in Paris echoed through my thoughts. For instance, most of the French all those whose talk I remember, whatever class they represented—had spoken kindly of the British people and the British Army; had seemed grateful to them for their aid in defending French soil during the war. They had spoken with no bitterness, save when the British Government or Mr. Lloyd George was mentioned. Then they expressed both nervousness and anger.

They say they had been charged cutthroat prices in wartime for English coal, when they had to have it or break down; the way many another hard bargain had been forced on them rankled still evidently; and four years of peace with conferences and complications had greatly strained relations. I catch myself wondering constantly if there is not some occult organization at work, trying to make trouble between allies by its insidious action and talk. Mr. Lloyd George's final speech, when he had called the French and Italians traitors in the Greco-Turkish situation recently, made every Parisian breathe fire of course. "Now it seems we are traitors! Impossible to continue so!" "We are being cheated in every way!" "Perfidious Albion is not a title inflicted through the centuries for nothing!" were but a few of the exclamations still ringing in my ears. But it was the end of this particular chapter, for on the channel boat a friend had put the morning papers from London into my hands, and in spite of rough weather I had sat up to read them in sudden amazement.

The Carlton Club meeting, Lloyd George fallen, the King asking Bonar Law to form a new cabinet—these were the items of news which followed one another in twenty-four hours. Most capitals would have been seething with excitement. Yet I found London as calm, cool and detached in spirit as if the events described in its press were occurring in the South Sea Islands.

What a strange people our English cousins are! No wonder they aren't easily understood by foreigners. But they don't understand us easily either, and in the last few years most of their propagandists sent to America have not been fortunate in the manner in which they presented British ideas to our public. Sometimes I spoke of this to the English whom I met. If I mentioned Mrs. Asquith: "But it is only the American public who thought she represented us. Very foolish of them. She doesn't at all." I blandly explained that somehow Mrs. Asquith might reasonably seem to us as typical as Mrs. Hughes would have seemed to them. We hadn't much liked what she said, but she had done England more harm than she had America. She had only taken a few dollars from American pockets whereas this lecturer's sayings had antagonized a considerable number of listeners. Such talk necessarily undoes a proportion of the favorable impression men like Lord Riddell so successfully gave us during the Washington Conference.

Generally I was asked, had not Lady Astor counteracted the effect of Mrs. Asquith's visit? I had not heard either speak, but I answered that Lady Astor had had an excellent press. Many friends had aided her and she was American-born. Her native compatriots were generally proud of her success in England, and curious to see and hear her. Besides, she had natural gifts of beauty and magnetism, which drew crowds everywhere. She had talked constantly for six weeks, and sometimes perhaps had said things which created a bad impression.

At one luncheon where I was, someone brought into the conversation the name of Clare Sheridan. I said: "She was the worst lecturer, I think, of all, for she came preaching something akin to recognition of the Bolsheviki, and we didn't like the Bolsheviki; at least the majority of Americans don't care for their methods, and apparently resented her attitude on this subject." I added, though, that this representative was half American, hoping thus to smooth my frank statement.

The Englishwoman who had brought up the subject was a well-known political light. She had come to the lunch from a political meeting, which had not gone to her entire satisfaction by her own statement, and she showed signs of impatience, together with a delightful lack of logic. "Oh, I'm sure Clare Sheridan is quite three-quarters American, not half," she said.

"I didn't know she had more than an American mother," I replied. I wondered how an American mother could be considered three-quarters influential with her children, brought up and educated in their father's land.

The old lady was considerably roiled. Her husband sat near us. He was anxious and extremely able to talk on Bolshevism, which he was fighting in various spheres. The conversation drifted soon into easier channels and Lady A. was left to her meditations, which bore excellent fruit, as after lunch she joined me at once. She told me I mustn't think her anti-American; she wasn't, really, and thought the only way for the world to build up was by the united efforts of Anglo-American strength. Could she do anything for me? Put me in touch with any of the people I wanted to meet?

The Recent Change of Government

I CHANCED to be leaving too soon, though, to profit by her offer. All my hours were filled till the moment of my departure. With much enthusiasm Lady A. insisted that next time I came I should let her know at once. I thanked her and promised to do so. She was the only person, man or woman, who seemed nervous, snappy and impatient, and to do justice to the people I met it must be stated that they all were at great pains to be polite and kindly, to show me what I asked to see, and to answer my numerous questions.

I was greatly interested in all sorts of developments since the war and I had not been in London for about seventeen years. The city's aspect and the atmosphere of the small smart hotels where Europeans stop have changed very little. Everywhere there exists the delightful regard for tradition, always manners are unflurried and voices low, and in every detail life is still lived by the unbreakable rule of some convention or precedent proved good.

I had a fair number of letters, and amusingly bad luck about certain of them. I had hoped to meet that interesting figure, Lord Northcliffe, but he had died before I reached England. Lloyd George fell the day before I arrived, and there were one or two other imposing personages who were either moving out of ministerial houses or moving in. Those helping to form the new ministry one couldn't disturb. One difference between our ways and those of the Britishers is all in their favor. I noticed the newly named members of the incoming government were apparently receiving no reporters or correspondents at all. Possibly someone specially detailed for proper direction of the press had conferences with the various ministers, but candidates and appointees sought no publicity and popularity in the American way. This appealed to my own taste immensely, for it must have given the big men time to do their work in peace and to make their plans without public observation and comment.

During the formation of the government I read the papers with interest and surprise. There were official announcements each day as to policies advocated by this or that party or leader; a certain number of speeches were also reported. The political views advocated by each journal were aired, but no interviews, no flippant or sensational sketch of any candidate's life occurred in the columns of the dailies, and there was no invasion of privacy. I liked that, as it kept the officials in a dignified attitude, instead of cheapening them and their opinions. Compared with our ways, it appeared the most unexciting thing imaginable for the British cabinet to go out of office. Elections for Parliament took place, and a new grouping of governing forces took power noiselessly. The King was, of course, absolutely outside the whole affair. His majesty

(Continued on Page 33)

Especial care has been lavished on the interior of the Hupmobile Sedan.

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WHAT CAN I GET FOR DINNER?

Food Scouting With the Big-City-Hotel Steward

By James H. Collins

"WHAT on earth can I get for dinner?" every housewife says to herself nearly every day. That is also the daily problem of the big-city-hotel steward. And instead of half a dozen capricious appetites, his family has thousands of members to be satisfied, tempted, surprised—a sophisticated, exacting lot, the steward's family. The housewife may be interested to know how he tackles the everlasting problem—and to hear that for years he has been helping her solve her own

"I think an alligator-pear salad would be nice for a change," says she to herself, says she. But there would be no avocados at her grocer's around the corner had not the hotel steward, years ago, scouting around for novelties, found that particular delicacy and added it to his menu.

The steward is always scouting. It is the chef who makes up the daily menu in a big-city hotel, but the steward does the marketing and keeps his eyes open for things that will tickle the palate. When something out of the way is found the chef and the steward put their heads together, decide how to prepare or serve it, and, after trying it themselves, put it on the bill of fare. Morning, noon and night the steward's own meals are likely to be made up of things that later he will set before his guests—only to see them turn away disdainfully.

Do you like cheese? There is a particularly delicate Italian cheese called mozarella. Put on a piece of toast, dipped in beaten egg and fried to a light brown in a deep bath of olive oil, it is—oh, yum! One night the steward of a big hotel went down to the East Side with a friend to try this novelty in a little Italian restaurant. He liked it so much that a supply was ordered for the hotel. The chef cooked it to a turn and it was put on the menu—but the best customers the steward found for his mozarella were the Italian helpers in the kitchen!

Like the housewife, the steward has not only the problem of giving his big family variety and plenty but he must do it for a certain amount of money. True, his table allowance per guest may be more ample than hers, yet it is a definite allowance just the same. And he must make it go as far as possible. For the margin of profit on food in a big hotel is smaller than you'd think as you look over your lunch check—keen competition keeps prices on a fairly uniform level.

And the housewife should see some of the steward's leftovers!

It is with the leftovers that they begin thinking about tonight's dinner in a big hotel. The chef went through his refrigerators yesterday afternoon, or had an inventory made of stuff on hand. He found that there were eighty-five pounds of this or the other thing. "I'll make so-and-so out of that," he decided. But twenty-five pounds more were needed, so an order went down on the steward's marketing list. Only a very small proportion of hotel leftovers are cooked remnants. Most of them are what the steward calls by-products, which we will look into later. After the chef has finished, the steward knows what to buy.

The Staples and the Luxuries

WHEN it comes to eating, the steward's family is wondrous wise. It has tasted everything under the sun, cooked by famous chefs tempting its palate—which is the way to its pocketbook—all around the world.

Does the steward begin thinking about tonight's dinner by wondering what unheard-of novelty he can serve "au surprise"? He does not! And he advises the housewife to leave "au surprise" till the last.

No matter how finicky people may be about food, it is not the peacocks' brains Lucullus nor the larks' tongues Nero that they really live on, but what the steward calls his standard stuff. If you went into a big hotel and ordered a slice of roast beef, and there wasn't any, what you thought of that hotel would be complimentary beside what the steward thought of it—and himself. Roasts, steaks, chops, poultry and certain kinds of fish in season all year round, with bread, butter and potatoes, make up the backbone of every hotel menu. People order them without looking at the bill of fare. It is taken for granted that they are there—and they must be.

"There is plenty of variety in the standard things," says the steward. "I advise the housewife to keep a list of them, and serve them regularly—but don't serve the same things too often. Certainly we wouldn't try to get along here without our marketing lists."

This backbone of the bill of fare requires no marketing—like the housewife, the steward orders what he needs from day to day over the telephone. But he orders as near as possible the quantity that will be required, with no surplus. Too much might spoil. Space in his refrigerators is precious. Food on hand ties up money. The turnover of food supplies in a big hotel is watched as closely as the turnover of merchandise in a store.

Yet the steward does scout for these staples, because he wants the best quality obtainable, and by keeping his eyes open he may run on to superquality. The best roast beef in the market is not good enough if he can find some dealer able to supply stall-fed corn-fattened sides properly aged—with that man the steward immediately enters into a contract regulating quality and price, after which marketing is reduced to phoning the beef man every afternoon how much is needed tomorrow. Other provisioners supply superior staples, such as poultry dressed or fish caught and shipped on schedule to reach the table days sooner than is possible through the routine channels of trade.

And there are epicurean novelties to be found among these staples. The steward of one famous Eastern hotel, for instance, receives every now and then a shipment of home-cured hams from a Southern farmer. Sometimes there are a dozen, sometimes twenty, just as the farmer kills and cures. They go on the bill of fare with the name of his farm, and when they're gone the hotel has to wait until he sends more—it takes all he can supply regardless of price because, by some process of his own, he puts into ham a savor and tang that are hard to beat. This hotel buys poultry, suckling pigs, sausage and other staple foods of peculiarly high quality in small lots from farmers and country butchers all over the East. For its steward is always eager to try out-of-the-way things and to get acquainted with country people who have them. Of the best quality packing-house hams, he buys perhaps 20,000 yearly. But he has time to write the individual farmer with twenty hams, sample them, take them if exceptionally good—and should that farmer come to New York, show him through his pantry, coolers and cold-storage chambers.

Food Scouting in Big Cities

SOME of these staples are perishable, like butter, others semiperishable, like potatoes, and still others imperishable, like flour. Making market arrangements with dependable provisioners, ordering the daily supplies, and keeping them in prime condition until they are eaten up, involves much detail. But it is largely reduced to routine and left to assistants, so the steward can scout for the special, the novel and sometimes strange delicacies that give his job fascinating creative possibilities.

Big-city hotels are being linked together in chains, under one management. When each great hostelry was run by an individual manager it was largely the steward's scouting that gave it the characteristic menu that made it different from competitors. Under the new scheme of management there is a head steward who buys all the staples for the whole chain, so these things on the menu are alike in each hotel. But each hostelry also has its own steward, who is given the utmost liberty in making his menus different.

Scouting begins with a trip to market—the wholesale produce markets where the food supplies of a city come in from every part of the country, and in New York from every part of the world. It is an early morning job, for a city's provender runs on railroad schedule. Shippers put it on trains timed to reach terminals around midnight. Receivers unload it and begin selling at two or three o'clock in the morning. Before daylight the wholesalers have it in their stores and stalls, and it has reached the retailer about the time Johnny and Jenny start for school, ready for the housewife at her convenience. The steward's marketing means getting up with the roosters two days in the week, walking through big public markets in the produce section, and visiting certain produce merchants who, he has learned by experience, generally have the unusual thing when it turns up. They all know him, and understand what he is seeking, and have it ready.

It may be melons from the Antipodes in March. During the first winter of the war, while shipping was demoralized, nobody in the trade expected South African fruit. Usually the peaches, apricots and melons from that part of the world go first to London and are transshipped to New York. London had other things to think about. But unexpectedly a tramp freighter turned up in Baltimore with South African melons packed in casks, carried as deck load, and consigned to a New York produce merchant. Half of them were spoiled, but stewards eagerly bought the rest at five dollars apiece.

What sense is there in "South African melon, $2.00" on the menu? Surely the housewife cannot afford such novelties, even if she had an opportunity to buy them.

For one thing, the steward uses them to dress his menu—put tonight's dinner in the show window, so to speak. He pays five dollars each for these melons, but perhaps buys only two or three—maybe one. Guests may order enough portions to return his outlay, but hundreds of people glancing over the menu will see that item, comment upon it, marvel about it. And if he didn't have South African melons listed, there would be guests who knew of their arrival, and that would reflect upon the hotel as directly as though roast beef were missing.

But there is some hard sense in it too. These melons turn up at a season when everybody is hungry for the first fresh things. Whether you eat at the Van Razzle or at home, whether you cater for millionaires or for the family, makes no difference—everybody is hungry for fresh stuff at that season, and if you can dress tonight's dinner with something fresh and unexpected, bully for you!

There is sense in it another way. With its South African melon at two dollars a segment, Mrs. Housewife, the big-city hotel is pioneering for you. Picture the excitement in South Africa when the grower who shipped those melons gets his money. They are worth perhaps twenty-five cents apiece there, and he gets about four dollars. Next spring he ships more. His neighbors ship some. Better ways of packing are contrived, and the melons come on faster boats. Sooner or later they will be plentiful and within the means of pretty nearly everybody.

As a matter of fact, Chile heard about this early spring melon market of ours, and, being nearer to us than South Africa, with American passenger boats running on regular schedule and having cold-storage facilities, has now got into the game. Last season you could buy a big Chilean honeydew melon at retail in New York for fifty cents—not much more than you'd pay for a Western honeydew at the height of our own season.

It was so with grapefruit, which stewards took up just about the time hotels began being luxurious. They not only introduced the pomelo but showed people how to serve and eat it. That created household demand, which in turn made it possible to grow grapefruit in a larger way and sell it more cheaply. Twenty-odd years ago the hotel steward took up the costly hothouse strawberry. Housewives took it up in turn, though at first a pretty long purse was needed, and as growers were able to sell more berries they found ways of making them less expensive. Then Florida and Louisiana began growing outdoor strawberries in winter because a new market had been created. Today, with the new fall strawberry, which is ready in October or November, we have strawberries from that time on until July. The same revolution has been wrought in asparagus since the steward took up the hothouse article. This was followed by the development in California asparagus that puts at least a bunch or two on every table in the spring.

Such is food scouting in a large city. As the steward passes through the market purveyors offer him things that are novel enough, but probably impossible, like watermelons from Porto Rico in February. They are perfectly good watermelons, but he knows that people will not eat watermelons except in hot weather.

Fruit and Shellfish Specialties

WHILE the steward stalks the strange and rare, others are stalking him. People come to his office with out-of-the-way things.

On the first menu of the first luxury hotel—in those days honestly called bill of fare—the first item was simply "Oysters and Clams." Today there are a dozen different sizes and varieties of both, all developed by the steward's hospitable reception to suggestions when people came to him with new things in shellfish.

A recent novelty that the housewife will probably find at her grocer's in a few years is canned corn on the cob. The inventor of canned corn, seventy-odd years ago, a Maine Yankee named Isaac Winslow, first tried putting it up on the cob, but was unsuccessful—as every experiment since has been until lately, when another Maine Yankee succeeded. Canned corn on the cob at present is packed almost wholly in large tins for hotel use, but people will sample it in the hotels and then want it at home. Another is canned grapefruit. In Porto Rico and Florida they always have sound but misshapen or oversize fruit that cannot be sent to market fresh. Heretofore it has been

Continued on Page 30

The Standard of Comparison

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(Continued from Page 28

wasted, but now a way has been found to can the segments with sugar, giving the equivalent of three or four fresh grapefruit for about thirty-five cents. Stewards took it up on sight for desserts and salads, and now Porto Rico and Florida cannot pack it fast enough.

Watch also for the cultivated mango from Florida, the fresh Smyrna fig from California, and the papaya from the Canal Zone.

In a center like New York—the most cosmopolitan city in the world when it comes to food—novelties are likely to turn up in the foreign shops and restaurants: Canned litchi nuts from China—you probably know them dried, but they are really a fruit, not a nut, and delicious as dessert.

Canned partridges from Argentina, two plump-breasted birds in a tin, with the game flavor that we still crave after profligate slaughtering that has made game almost unobtainable. In this case the canned birds have started importations of fresh birds from Argentina's thronging pampas. Conserve of roses from India, new to the steward but a luxury synonym in the thesaurus of the Hindu poet for three thousand years. Baby eels in cans from Spain, live eels for the Christmas trade, prickly pears on the East Side pushcarts for salad, new cheeses, sausages—dozens of things, old in the countries they come from, but new to us, which are peacefully but steadily penetrating our national dietary through the hotel menus. Today they must be scouted for and promoted. Tomorrow they will be as thoroughly Americanized as spaghetti.

Menus for Stout and Thin

Sometimes the steward picks up a foreign delicacy, and later wants to drop it, only to find that he can't.

"Look at this Bolshevik, for instance," said a Broadway steward, putting his finger on the item "Fresh Beluga Caviar, $2.50." "That's the real article. Beluga is not a place, but the great white sturgeon from which the finest unsalted Russian caviar is made. It comes in three-pound tins at twelve to fifteen dollars a pound. We have to charge two-fifty for a portion of two ounces. There may be two or three orders a day, or maybe none. It soon spoils, and the loss on one can will wipe out our profits for several weeks. Yet we have to keep it on the menu, because it has a certain following, and may be ordered in any good hotel. At the same time the menu reader, seeing it listed at that price, thinks we are profiteering!"

The steward's family is diversified. There are the regular members, who live and eat most of their meals in the hotel. Also regulars who drop in every day for lunch or dinner. Then, in the restaurant and grill, are people who may come in occasionally—perhaps only once. Out-of-town folks seeing the sights make it a point to eat in the famous hotels they have been hearing about for years. Other occasional guests are business men entertaining customers or friends, suburban folks in town to shop or see a show. On top of these he has special luncheons, dinners and banquets for gatherings ranging all the way from half a dozen people up to a thousand or more. Finally, there is the help, which offers the services of one waiter, chambermaid, bellboy, engineer and porter for every guest when the house is full, and perhaps two—they all have to be fed.

What the steward's family is like can be gathered from the latest wrinkle in hotel menus—the special diet. Eating your way to an ideal, to what you want to be, has taken strong hold upon the popular imagination lately. Catering to people's appetites the hotel steward has followed demand with special menus for people who want to get thin, those who want to get fat, special diets for children, special diets for old folks, special diets for certain ailments—altogether about twenty of them, made up of dishes cooked without sugar, without starch, or whatever may be the correct thing in a given case. These special diets are selected by medical authorities. A dozen years ago it would have been Bulgarian sour milk and Metchnikoff's microbes, and a dozen years before that Brown-Sequard's elixir of life. The steward does not undertake to tell you what you shall eat in given circumstances—only to tell you what you can eat. The most popular of these special diets are the ones for people who want to reduce and for those who have too much blood pressure. And there's your big-city-hotel family part of it anyway.

But even when people are quite well they become sated on hotel fare, and the steward recognizes it. Hotel food is different from home food. More skillfully cooked, more cleverly served, the housewife lunching in a big hotel dining room relishes every morsel. But the steward will tell her that she has the advantage of him in one way. He brings his food up to as high a level of excellence as he can in material, cooking and service, and at that level he must standardize it.

"If you and I had broiled chicken at home," he says, "and your half is a little larger than mine it doesn't matter. We make a trade—I give you part of my bird because you like white meat, and you give me, liking dark meat, the other part of yours. But in hotel service both portions of broiled chicken must be exactly the same size, and every portion served that day. Broiled chicken is standardized by weight, so it does not fluctuate from New Year's to Christmas. We find a satisfactory way to make a good soup. It will be prepared by different cooks coming on in shifts. Each cook must follow the standard, for we could not have one making soup according to his idea, and another changing it when he came on, even though each made an individual soup that was fine. Thus it comes that the steward's family—at least the members of it living and eating in the hotel regularly—are more or less surfeited on the best food they can possibly get. The steward scours the market for novel delicacies that will pique their appetites. But in his heart he knows that they would relish a hot dog at Coney Island just as much and even more than ortolans or canvasback. The thing is change, that's all. Never let the housewife be apprehensive about entertaining people who live in the best hotels and restaurants. She can beat us every time with the simplest home-cooked meals—even fried steak and apple dumpling."

The size of the steward's family gives him one advantage over the housewife—he has more ways of working off his leftovers.

Working Off the By-Products

Tonight he serves a big public dinner for one thousand guests. Breast of chicken is on the menu. For that dish he will buy five hundred chickens weighing four and a half pounds each, cut off the breasts and serve them broiled with a bit of Virginia ham. Thus, he has a ton of chicken on his hands, for the birds will still weigh three and a half pounds apiece. Now, when the housewife has leftover chicken she must persuade the same family to eat it—and the chicken is cooked. The steward's leftover chicken in a case like this is uncooked, so he can do more different things with it, and he has half a dozen other sections of his family to eat it. That part of the family that ate breast of chicken last night is gone, dispersed to the four winds of heaven, happily escaping the chicken stew, croquettes and hash, inevitable consequences of high living in the domestic circle. He can do fifty different things with such leavings, and skillfully work them off in different channels. Fried chicken legs with corn fritters and chicken-and-ham pie appear on the luncheon menu tomorrow. For dinner old-fashioned chicken stew with a French name—*à la bonne femme*. Tucked away in odd corners of the menu are chicken okra soup, chicken broth, chicken salad. And there are always the employes to eat lower joints, necks and giblets! That may sound like rough-riding it over the hapless help, but actually employes have a choice of two or three dishes, and there are never anywhere near enough leftovers or by-products to feed them—the fresh meats and provisions bought for the employes' table far outweigh the leftovers.

Other by-products come from those parts of his menu which he has to keep dressed up for appearance's sake. The section "Game and Poultry to Order" is an interesting one. From season to season it offers English pheasants at five dollars a portion, imported partridge at four dollars, wild duck, venison, reindeer steak, Egyptian quail—anything that has the flavor of game, even guinea hen. As with Russian caviar, he may have only two or three orders daily for these things. But where the Russian caviar leftover is spoiled and a total loss, fortunately he can do something with the game. Knowing just how long it can be kept in his coolers, and when it must be cooked, he puts it on the regular lunch menu as, say, "game croquettes with lentils, piquante sauce." Green-turtle meat with curried rice on the dinner menu is there because last night green turtle soup came after the oysters at a big banquet and several turtles were slaughtered for the occasion.

There is a lot of possibility in surprise, when it comes to food, and also in suggestion. Having arranged his menu the steward uses salesmanship to dispose of his wares, selling partly through the waiters and partly through the printed word.

One of the hotel's guests, waking in the morning with a dark-brown taste, summons the breakfast waiter.

"A gloomy morning, sir," observes the waiter, sensing the situation in an instant. "There seems to be no pep in the weather."

The guest does not really know what he wants for breakfast—seemingly not interested in food at all.

"Shall I have the chef fix you up some nice chicken hash?" suggests the waiter, and it sounds good to the guest—and that's one way by-products from broiled breast of chicken with Virginia ham are worked off.

The Power of Suggestion

The ingratiating but alert waiter is selling dishes all day long if he is a good waiter—persuading guests to order certain dishes just as the conjurer forces certain cards upon the committee called up from the audience to watch him. The majestic head waiter, too, uses his atmosphere of royalty to sell certain dishes.

"That's very nice today, sir," he says, indicating chicken wings en casserole over your shoulder as you hesitate.

It may be a by-product dish or something of which there is a surplus. But don't on that account jump to the conclusion that it isn't an excellent dish.

"More than one guest frankly asks the waiter what's good today," says the steward, "and orders the dish recommended. He is a wise man."

A wonderful influence in matters of appetite and food, this power of suggestion. A waiter brings chicken legs en casserole to a guest who has ordered the dish on his recommendation. Two or three guests are sitting down at the next table. One sees the chicken legs and says, "That looks good—bring me the same thing." Another, after looking over the menu, says "I'll have that too," and the third echoes his order. Still another party, on the opposite side of the fellow who first ordered chicken legs, wants them, too; and so it will run up to forty or fifty orders, until a newcomer, throwing the menu aside after one glance, says, "Bring me just some milk and crackers—that's all I want today."

Whereupon a little whorl of milk and crackers eddies through the dining room, maybe running to half a hundred orders.

It is possible to use this power of suggestion by playing up a given dish on the menu—printing it in blacker type than any other dish or putting it in a little ruled oblong by itself. Place names are a very potent selling force when it comes to food. As an example, the soup known as pepper pot is a staple dish in the City of Brotherly Love, but not so well known in New York. Put on the bill of fare simply as pepper pot, the New York hotel's following would pass it by as an unknown quantity. But call it Philadelphia pepper pot, and you appeal to the imagination. "Ah, something characteristic from Philadelphia! I'll try that!" reflects the guest.

The wise steward always uses a place name belonging to a given dish or delicacy—Virginia ham, hickory-cured; tripe and onion sauté lyonnaise; fresh California asparagus; sliced Georgia peaches; and so on.

"I'd like to go as far as they do in Europe," says one steward, "and tell the story of each local or characteristic dish. The housewife can use this principle of suggestion to make her family hungry. Let her give her dishes names. Instead of corned-beef hash, let her announce 'This is corned-beef hash, army style.' Have you ever tried hash made with cold corned beef, raw potatoes and peppers ground up together in the meat chopper, steamed and served with a poached egg on top of each helping? Maybe they don't make hash just that way in the Army, but, anyway, it is suggestion, the old army game. Let her try it—in the hotel business we get away with it every day."

A Fifteenth Century Recipe

*"**Bake Metis:** Take fresh porke and hew it and grind it on a mortar and take it uppe into a fair vessell: and take the white and the volks of eggs and strain into a [illegible] thru a strayner and temper the porke there with. Then take Pynes Raysons of Coraunce, and fry them in fresh grease and cast thereto powder pepper and ginger canelle sugar, saffron and salt and cast thereto and do it on a Cofynne (crust of pie) and plante this Cofynne about with Pynes and cut dates and great raisons and small birds or else hard yolks of eggs or if you take birds, frye them on a little grease or put them on this Cofynne and endose (cover) with yolks of eggs and saffron and let bake til it be enough and serve forth"*

Search for spices helped lead Columbus to America

Meats were spiced—not iced

Everybody knows, of course, that Christopher Columbus discovered America on a search for a short cut to India and the East.

The reason Europe wanted a short route to India was to provide a better way to bring in treasures, merchandise, and spices from the Orient.

Everybody does not know, however, what Europe wanted these spices for—and here enters refrigeration.

The people of Europe needed spices because they had no way of handling meat to keep it fresh and sweet. They did not know anything about refrigeration.

Much of the meat was put into pickle or heavily salted and spiced to keep it.

By the time fresh meat came to be eaten, it was often so strongly flavored that the cooks also used spices liberally in its preparation.

How they did this is shown in the quaint recipe printed on this page, taken from a 15th century cook-book. (Bodleian Library—Laud MS.)

It is interesting to know that the land which owed its discovery in large measure to Europe's lack of refrigeration, should have become the originator of this vital science.

Today meat is dressed at centers of production, hauled hundreds of miles in perfect condition and placed in the hands of the consumer fresh and sweet.

The bountiful food supply of seasons of plenty can be carried over into periods of scant production, to the benefit of all.

Swift & Company, among the first to make use of and develop this great servant of the human race, is still among the first in putting it to helpful uses.

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LONDON CONVERSATIONS

(Continued from Page 26)

was not even in town, though later, when Parliament met, we knew he would be in a pageant and read a speech. No one spoke of what the King thought or might think of the changes. Not once did I hear him even referred to. At the few parties I went to, if I asked questions my neighbors at table would answer as to the way the elections were going. They did this always with great interest, and seemed pleased with my curiosity and were most patient about explaining. I was puzzled by the opinions as to Mr. Lloyd George's past merits and future chances, and as to his good qualities and defects.

An Englishwoman friend came to lunch with me, and almost weeping with delight she spoke of the Welshman's downfall, assured me he was loathed by all England; that no one, high or low, would ever allow him to return to power; and that for the first time in years people were now sleeping tranquilly.

The same afternoon I saw an old acquaintance, still high at court. "Yes, he is out, but it won't be many weeks before the people who have caused this change will regret their folly. Lloyd George will come back to power on the crest of a great wave of enthusiasm. The man is too brilliant to be kept out long. We need him, and so does the whole world."

"If anyone had said to us ten years ago we were going to lose all the prestige, power and riches we have lost since the war we would have fought the World War to keep those rights and property. We owe the losses entirely to Mr. Lloyd George."

"Even during the war he did nothing remarkable. He always has exploited others. Anyhow he isn't English, he doesn't understand us or represent us as a people."

"I can't tell you how thoroughly not only I but everyone hates and dreads the man for the harm he has done us."

"His home policy has been fair, but what he has done to hurt us abroad is appalling; our colonies and dominions gone or going, wild disorder everywhere, our friends changed to enemies and chaos generally."

The Prime Minister's Speech

These are just a few comments at random I heard on the fall of Mr. Lloyd George. It was hard to say what was the general feeling, and I ended by believing that if Mr. Lloyd George had gone into retirement he might have kept considerable strength. His speeches were weak, they didn't carry with his audiences, nor did they read well; and within a few days after his departure from Downing Street he was speaking about some second-rate personage long since dead, and trying to make his discourse funny! One began to pity anyone reduced to such things for fear of solitude and restful silence after years in the limelight. It cheapened what he had stood for of courage, energy and constructive work, and showed him unable to keep to his previous record of wartime or of the time when the general strike two years ago threatened England's economic life.

I had looked forward to meeting Lloyd George, but my ill luck in finding such changing conditions was counterbalanced by my having an opportunity of seeing the English face their crisis. I admired sincerely the superb calm with which they handled the difficult situation.

One afternoon Bonar Law made a speech, going over the new government's program for the benefit of a large audience of well-dressed women. In America that crowd would have been wild with excitement, and would have shown immense enthusiasm. American speakers would have been magnetic and eloquent, however. The Prime Minister was self-contained, frightfully dignified and dull, as for about an hour he detailed his plans. He was rivaled by the audience—self-contained and dignified and dull describe its characteristics, too, but those women sat through the speech and heard him out patiently, which is more than our American sisterhood of the smart set would have done for any speaker lacking magnetism. The Englishwomen were respectful, well gowned and phlegmatic.

The next morning I read what a good meeting it had been, how well the Prime Minister had spoken and how well he had been received. A delightful, homelike, American reporter, who had been in the audience to write the meeting up, told me he had never supposed anything so hopeless or devoid of pep could be put over! I'm free to confess I agreed with him perfectly—but we like excitement and fun, and we haven't a respectful attitude unless we are charmed into it.

I talked of this with one Englishman who is somewhat of a cosmopolitan and has spent a lot of time on this side of the ocean. "Yes, our way of doing politics isn't American at all. You get much more thrill out of your campaigns, and you shout and go on a lot, but you also get much more bossed. We have nothing like your Tammany Hall, your Chicago and Boston municipal machines, and your other invisible mechanism in national politics." It is true we are very different. How can we understand Europe's ways or do Europe justice while there is such a gulf between the two mentalities?

A new factor in the elections in England was the women's vote, and this had caused a number of surprises. Lord Askwith, who was watching developments with intense interest, told me that at Newport, one of the large labor centers, where time after time a Labor candidate had been returned to Parliament, this year a Conservative member had been elected by a large majority.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the women declared they were tired of seeing demagogues come around haranguing and influencing their husbands to strike; tired of work being stopped, tired of poverty, disorganization and trouble this propaganda brought into their lives. They had watched it all, and suffered from it long enough, so they announced and put through an almost unanimous feminine vote for the Conservative candidate. He was elected by a remarkably heavy majority, the men's poll having been divided."

I was much interested in the point of view of various women I talked with. One, the prominent head of an important club in London, gave me her opinion during a rather lengthy discussion one morning. She said she had always believed in and worked for woman's suffrage. Now that her son was running for Parliament she was, of course, deeply interested in his campaign. "Last night I went to a meeting where my son spoke. I saw him stand up and promise great things to his audience, things which I have been working for for years. He said if he was put in the House of Commons he would uphold the rights of women, push legislation to benefit the children of England, and work to solve the housing problem. I can't tell you how happy it made me to think he was making these promises seriously, solemnly, to that great crowd and to me. I felt he looked upon the power which might come to him as an opportunity to aid these women, children and laborers, as a chance to right wrongs of long standing. It seemed to me last night that life was well worth living!"

I asked how she and her club members felt about the Labor Party's proclaimed program, which had appeared in that morning's papers. The plan for a levy on capital and nationalization of mines and railroads which the Labor leaders advocated seemed to me Bolshevistic.

The Conservatives' Chance

Lady ——'s answer showed a curious mentality. She defended the whole program on the assumption that though it sounded so radical it would be modified by English tradition and character, always stronger than wrong ideas, at the turn in the road where theory became practice. She sincerely deemed it good, also, for those who had misused power to be frightened into better ways.

Then she ended up: "We have had an opportunity for generations to make good, and have failed in many ways. The Conservatives are going in now by a good majority. It is a chance being given them to redeem and reconstruct. I hope they will do this successfully; but a lot of us feel if this chance is not taken, and something definite isn't done to save our civilization, that the groups now running the world, as well as all the principles we built our world on, will collapse. Some new and unexpected order of things will then replace ours."

I attributed these sayings to mother love, an exaggerated faith in the power of tradition, and undue nervousness over the present state of affairs in Europe; but I had occasion to notice frequently a curious latent anxiety in the conversation about me which would appear, then hide again, in will-o'-the-wisp fashion. It was a fleeting impression, but returned during quite ordinary conversations on political or economic topics, both when I talked with unpretentious commonplace people and when connoisseurs held forth. They all seemed somehow to be turning over in their minds a possibility they felt was dangerous. Always they appeared to face it bravely, but I fancied their hope was built on their faith in the British nation's adhering to its traditionally good behavior in any crisis. I had a curious illustration of this in a chat before my fire late one afternoon.

L., of the Foreign Office, whom I had known for twenty years or so, dropped in for a visit. His first post had been at St. Petersburg, when we were all young. Since then he had represented England in many lands, married and become a widower, worked well and gone high in his profession. His distinguished figure was sunk deep in an armchair, and the light struck his handsome strong face as we discussed Bolshevism and England's policy towards the Soviets. I had repeated various things I had heard about the latter; told him of my encounters with several English people who traveled over to America recently to persuade our public and Government to follow the British example.

A Bulwark Against Bolshevism

I went on to say: "I'm glad America hasn't done it. It doesn't much matter to Russia's welfare now, since doubtless the malady injected must run its course; but I believe it is unhealthy for any nation to receive into its midst Bolshevist representatives or propagandists. England has gained nothing in a material sense; has obviously therefore made a bad bargain. Besides, it will take considerable explaining to put yourselves straight later with a reconstructed Russia, and I think for years you will be facing problems resulting from the Russian policy of Mr. Lloyd George's cabinet."

L. thought a little while. He is in close touch with the Russian division of the Foreign Office. Then he answered something which sounded like "We probably will!" but he went on to say he was not especially afraid of Bolshevism for England. "We are a people of traditions, and we love the land and our habits. If we had an English counterpart of Trotzky I believe he would rush to buy an estate or as much ground as he could afford, and would try to do his duty by it. Here everyone does that. The profiteer, the workman boss, the politician—as soon as they possibly can afford it—rush to buy a piece of ground, and do their duty by it. I can't imagine even a Bolshevik resisting this universal desire if he was here in England."

Three or four other men and women voiced this same sentiment in different words. They seem to feel their traditions are rocks to cling to in an otherwise shifting world. The love of the land, their traditional habit of steadiness are things they mean to keep, and one can't but admire them vastly in their determination. They are making such a tremendous effort to reconstruct, with everything to do and with the terrible disadvantages of unemployment, disillusion and war fatigue, all aggravated by four years of erratic peace government.

The English seem not a thrifty people, either, and they are far from being good workers like either the Continental Europeans or us Americans. The upper classes have been taxed to death, till all over London houses are for sale and for rent. Large ones can be had proportionately cheaper than small ones, as the latter are easier to run and everyone is so hard up. Country homes look run down compared with prewar days; even small cottages, it seemed to me, have grown shabby.

I found myself feeling very sorry for the English, who were disappointed in their hope of easy prosperity and pleasure which Lloyd George had promised them would follow peace. They are fairly staggering with their load of problems, and the high cost of living leaves no nest egg in anyone's bank or stocking. Everyone I questioned was paying about half his income to the government. Living has not come lower than

Jim Henry's Column

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You don't have to be a skin specialist to know that when your skin becomes dry and hard it cracks in cold weather. Also, any man who ever shaved with strong, harsh soap or cream remembers how dry and smarting his face felt afterwards.

When you shave with Mennen Shaving Cream your skin never becomes hard. It is soft and pliable after shaving and stays that way.

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And all the time Mennen lather is actually soothing, healing and invigorating the skin. This result is accomplished by our wonderful Boro-glycerol—a mildly antiseptic emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues. Boro-glycerol is an important element in Mennen Shaving Cream and is conducive to skin health, clear complexion and the freedom from sensitiveness or itching enjoyed by men who use Mennen's.

But to get back to the beard. I am not going to attempt to explain by what magic process Mennen creamy lather reduces the meanest, toughest beard that ever bristled, to the soft non-resisting consistency of the fur on a kitten's chin. I say it does it and you know it does it ten seconds after you lean a sharp razor against a Mennen chastened beard.

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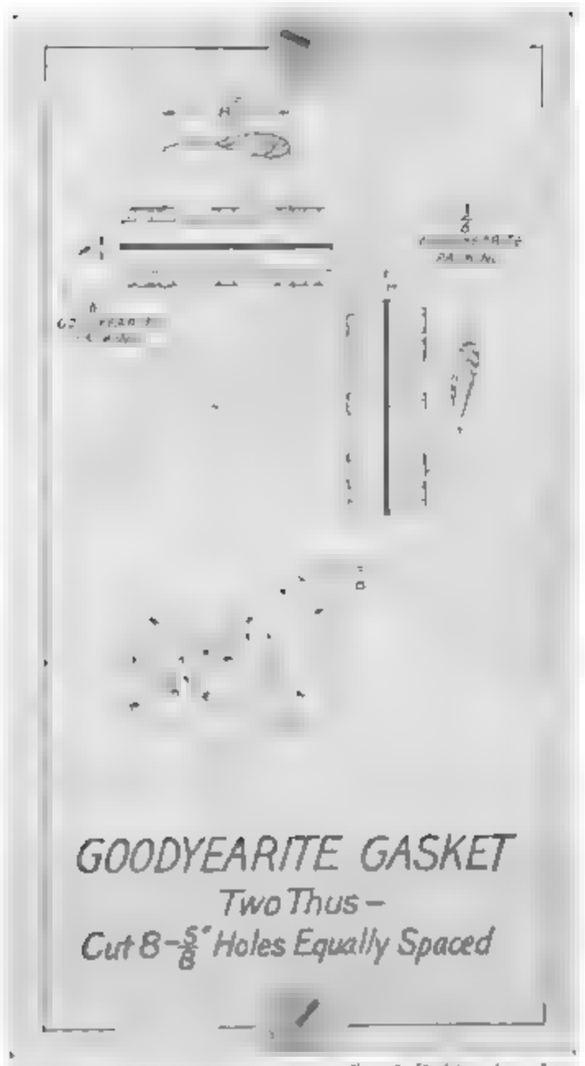

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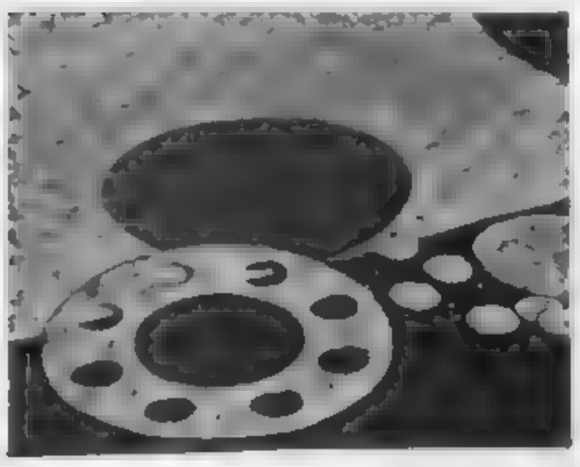

GOODYEAR
BELTS · HOSE · VALVES · PACKING

twice prewar rates, so it is as if one must live on a quarter of the money usual in old days. In spite of all this there is a definite effort to make good in various ways. Some of the work being done filled me with enthusiasm. England is trying to build up other nations. I like that, even if it is done to create markets for her own industries.

Down in the City of London among its economic forces one feels intensely the quality of England's quiet strength. The narrow streets and dark old buildings with their rather musty atmosphere seem very different from showy Continental centers for the transaction of business. Wall Street is much more a child of all this than of Continental Europe, though Wall Street is not in any way a conscious copy. In looking about, one feels our American business has its roots in Lombard Street's narrow spaces, even if American methods are often quicker and otherwise different. We are younger, more intense and considerably noisier in our activity always than is England. Faces always seem to me strained in Wall Street, men look overtired, everyone is rushed, while in the City of London quiet reigns, and the men of old England do their work with seeming indifference.

The mentality of busy London is far from visibly nervous, but in talking to different men prominent there the same curious feeling crops up that they are intently watching an approaching danger. Vaguely at first, strengthening with each day, I gathered that our American economic development in its present form is a source of distinct anxiety to those in London who count most. Finally it became a certainty. England, looking far into the future, is greatly fearing our possible attitude. For a long time the English have stood alone at the apex of the financial and commercial world. Has that splendid isolation grown too lonesome? Certainly her people talk to us constantly of general coöperation, meaning quite obviously coöperation between the United States and Great Britain. If you tie the speaker down he never includes coöperation with any other nation, on an equal footing.

The Economists' Viewpoint

Often I tried to analyze this small signal of distress I noticed, to decide from what it came. The English manufacturer's work has been of the best type always. Germany and Japan were in no sense therefore dangerous rivals, for they made a cheaper quality of merchandise and spread it far and wide before the war, while England held the markets of the world in first-class products. Since the great war America has been growing. England still holds her former place, but the industries of the United States have vastly progressed, and we also manufacture mainly first-class products. Besides, there is our possible merchant marine.

I've caught myself wondering several times: Can this be the cause of the feeling I notice? Is it because we are becoming so very powerful, because we might go beyond them in the financial, industrial and commercial game? Are they too great to be a little jealous? Are we too insignificant to make them anxious on this score? With them it is, of course, a question almost of life and death to hold their place, legitimately acquired through years of effort. The war made difficulties for everyone. The heavy weight of suffering is still smothering all Europe; the lack of funds and the need of reconstruction made the big men down in London's city face many new problems. They did so, fought, are still fighting, a desperate battle with generally bad conditions. They are building themselves up, aiding several other lands as well, but there is still such a lot to do! They must rise from all these crushing blows, to do over the economic life of a whole world, their own corner in it first. They are strong, wise and experienced. We Americans by comparison have had very little of such work in our short national life, although we have great wealth now, almost a legendary golden touch, which gives us a power immensely great. It makes seemingly an absolute obligation to wield our power well.

The Britisher knows he must get the rest of the world going soon, or he will himself go down. The average American knows we are good for some time yet, whatever happens, so he has time to act more slowly. Only a few men of the clear-sighted type here realize the extent to which danger for Europe really holds a common threat to all the Christian nations. Therefore, all the interests and ideas that we hold in common with England point us, I believe, in the same direction.

The solution? One wonders what it is. Let us coöperate by all means with our mother country, establishing on a new basis a friendship well worth having, working for good understanding based on truth and mutual interest instead of on hysterical propaganda. England owes us money, as does the rest of Europe. England has already paid a part of her debt and means to pay it all.

Every Britisher with whom I spoke in London on this subject criticized unmercifully the Balfour note. One man even went so far as to say that when Balfour's clumsy message was planned the wisest forces of the city had protested. But he said the Lloyd George government would not listen to reason, and the note was signed and published.

Continental Europe is hysterical from all it has recently been through. In England, though discipline is infinitely better and the national temperament much more sane, the nervous strain from the war years and since has really been as great. Now and then this shows in some stray word or gesture of impatience or in a criticism of another land or people; but I heard very few complaints.

I had a long talk recently in London with one of the recognized expert economists of Europe. We went over much of the economic situation, and I was proud to find we agreed on the above conclusions. He gave me a definite idea of England's need, of the good the two Anglo-Saxon nations might accomplish. I pressed him with my questions. I said frankly that the American people could not help sympathizing with the misery as well as with the ambition to put the world on its feet; that I thought American economic groups would like to take an active part in world reconstruction. I said I thought, however, they didn't feel in haste about it.

The expert seemed to think they would realize the need of haste if only they were rightly educated as to facts. He hoped America would act soon; in fact he pressed it. We then moved on to possible methods. Which nation should lead? What could be done? And what would be the natural rôle of each people? I claimed Americans felt grown up now, and would want some share of responsibility and initiative—a voice in decisions as to what the reconstruction plans would be, and that we would insist on American influence proportionate to our contributions. At first the talents, which are very real, of the great man I talked with were displayed in arguing that England should keep her old rôle, be the middleman between America and Europe, because of the superiority of British knowledge over ours in such work. To some degree I know that he is right; yet now that Americans have grown to realize their worth, both in ideals and in material resources, I fancy our business men would never agree to pass out money without due representation in any group that handled it. This I claimed was only fair. America, already so generous in charities, could give again as much and more towards rebuilding the business world of Europe, but she would and must claim rights. My opponent in the discussion said that was just; but he made the admission only after some persuasion. We were getting on, and I felt considerable satisfaction.

Who Should Take the Lead?

We next discussed who should take the lead in bringing about desirable coöperation. The English theory seemed to be that America now ought to do this, as she had held aloof when previously invited, and was a richer nation. From such a man, of course, the suggestion was well worth consideration. He thought the United States should take the initiative for two reasons: First, she would know how to propose a plan suited to her own mentality, and England would accept it without a doubt, so coöperation would be rapidly established; second, on one or two occasions England had made fruitless proposals to America. Wasn't it better for her to await America's lead after this experience than risk another such effort and a possible bungling of what it was a vital necessity to succeed in? Evidently he didn't think the English understood America's psychology. He did not insist, however, on his point after once stating the case, and I maintained that as England was the mother country and had already started with work of reconstruction the invitation must come from her to us.

A British banker who was sitting with us spoke up and seconded my view. Finally my claim was again conceded as just, with the reservation that England could act as the inviting party only after having put her whole debt to us on a business basis. Then she would be able to say to her sister across the sea: "Now that our mutual affairs are done with, and we Anglo-Saxons are free from any responsibility towards each other, let us drop all thought of future rivalry and stand shoulder to shoulder to put the economic affairs of Europe in order. America needs this done as much as we do. Now come on, let us work together."

I made a final inquiry: "Do you think England really wants cooperation? She is strong and has already done much with the means at her command. Several things you have said make me feel that unless you English take a dominating part you would not care to have America come into the game—would not allow America to make her own conditions when she came in, without having a feeling that we were unfair."

My companion hesitated before replying to this direct and rather bald question.

National Aloofness

"Well," he said, "I'm sure we would not want that to be thought, nor is it true. England hopes for your country's coöperation; wants it so very much that I am free to confess my belief that if the United States consented to come in and do with us this vast work which lies here waiting we would accept, and gladly, America's own terms. If America and England got together on this job they could do anything. There would be no more dangers to civilization, for the ideals of our Anglo-Saxon peoples would be the basis of a general policy of common sense, charity and sound business morality, which would save the economic life of Europe."

After that we talked of other things.

All the Americans who know the situation seem to feel strongly that we should do all we can for Europe, and do it on conditions fair to others as well as to ourselves. At home we are tempted to forget; our need of Europe isn't yet quite realized, and we seem to ourselves eternally young and full of the thrill of life. Our stay-at-homes necessarily will only learn more slowly and by experience the lesson of interdependence among the peoples of the world. It is just dawning on us that we are grown, and that we wield great power. We feel enthusiastic to do charity; we also feel enthusiastic about gaining good markets in the world. We want quite rightly to improve our business. Few of America's sons are conscious of being dangerous rivals to other peoples; most of us merely want an opportunity to do fair business, yet it hasn't occurred to us that our methods of doing business at home are not the same as those that must be used for international trade or foreign banking. England or some other older country has till now acted as our agent in foreign deals, but I fancy we soon must be prepared to walk alone and learn to use the new power we feel surging in us. We have not argued about this power. We only know it is there.

Little by little we shall discover that quite alone no man can live, much less a nation; and there is no doubt that for America as for all other lands there is real gain to be derived from fair coöperation. Sometimes even now puzzled America looks around to find a friend, someone older, wiser and more experienced than herself, ready to supply the training and advice she needs. Instinctively one turns to England for technic; and never before has England been so ready to offer it—even anxious. America with the sincerest spirit did her share of work abroad when she found not one but many nations weeping. They afterwards seemed hysterical, impatient, almost angry with her, apparently merely for her show of wealth and health. Here and there she was undoubtedly exploited—saw that somehow in spite of the best intentions she herself trod on someone else's toes, and that suddenly an enemy sprang up and snarled where she had meant to make a friend. Criticism was even expressed with America's ways. During the early years of war certain Americans had sold their merchandise to Europe at large profits. Though this was legitimate, and England always

(Continued on Page 36)

BODY by FISHER

We believe it is more than ordinarily significant that the greater number of exhibits which attracted most favorable comment at the National Automobile Shows were cars whose body equipment bears the emblem—Body by Fisher.

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Emery shirts are sold at better class shops—$1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3 and up. If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served promptly, on receipt of money order and name of your dealer. Give neckband size, sleeve length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

(Continued from Page 34)

did the same, it was none the less unpleasant to the buyers; perhaps it left a bruise. I cannot help thinking that among us, as well as among Europeans, there are men blamable by their light talk for the misunderstandings that have occurred.

Some of the foreign speakers who have come to America lately have scolded or made fun of us, too, and people here were naturally quite hurt. How could they know the speakers did not represent the best of England? On the other hand, the extravagance and light-heartedness of various Americans have hurt the Europeans' feelings—the feelings of those who were desperately weary and carried sad hearts. Each judged the other country by its own accepted standards. Each one lacked proper information.

Ability to gather real or useful knowledge seems terribly scarce. National pride refuses to parade sore spots, which rankle nevertheless. I don't see how a remedy can be found until representatives of the best in each nation gather to discuss with a fair spirit the world's problems and, using their common sense, are brought to make mutual concessions.

A Job for Business Men

I think it is not work for visionaries that there is to do in Europe so much as work for honest-hearted, hard-headed business men. The coöperation of Wall Street and Lombard Street won't pose for idealism, but it would mean the accomplishment of an immense amount of good. The British man of affairs has the reputation of honesty, ability and solid common sense with remarkable capacity for big constructive work in the world's markets. Financially, industrially, commercially he is good at his special game, as he takes a detached point of view, and has handled any proposition brought him with comprehension and adroitness. For many years people the world over have turned to the business men of England for guidance. Some legitimate vanity has doubtless crept into their estimate of themselves from this, and they stand confidently by their own conventions and traditions. But can't they fairly call themselves the first bankers of the world? We ourselves have turned to them to handle our foreign loans for years, and it seems as if we must give them the respect due their age and experience. When, therefore, one of them says they are prepared to accept our terms or make real concessions to hold us it is a weighty admission. It means pressure and anxiety, doubtless, but it also means a certain chivalry towards the grown child they would take into partnership at last.

Of course it isn't wrong to feel our own fine strength. Let us give ourselves due credit for what we have accomplished in our short national life. Let us demand equal rights with others, and negotiate to get them; but let us recognize the qualities and capacities of our British cousins, as well as the great strain they have recently been living under, and let us do our share towards ameliorating the atmosphere in which we must all live. There is no doubt America can survive much longer than the other countries if things go on as they are now. Proportionately she is in a stronger position, though eventually she also stands to lose, from a selfish point of view, if European civilization goes to pieces, or even if the markets of the world are bad. Aside, therefore, from talk of sacrifice and generous aid to Europe, there is our national interest, which should direct us to do our share of reconstruction, do it in the way that shows real leadership. The English may seem oversure of themselves, but at least they put their case clearly before themselves on occasion. While I sat watching developments in the recent political campaign I was struck by what seemed a new note in the London press, of complete understanding of English defects and a desire to correct them.

The old conviction as to their first right to the best the world can give is exploded in serious minds. Britishers are ready to admit their mistakes nowadays. Who was it that said that to acknowledge one's ignorance was the beginning of wisdom? Somehow I have never liked the English so well as in this, their time of trouble; for they don't complain and they talk not at all about a lot of admirable efforts they are making in different directions.

My visit was not all political. I had a lot of interesting sightseeing, and spent two or three afternoons delving into obscure corners of London, listening to some of the humble and really very splendid men and women who are helping humanity to carry on through the bad time. None of these were in the least conscious of any particular talent or virtue. Not one said a word about uplifting, but each was handling a big job effectively, and most of their activities were both useful and original.

Sir John H., to whom I had been recommended, was my cicerone on these tours. Surprised at my desire to see charitable or civic organizations when politics was in a seething condition and when restaurants or theaters attracted most other tourists, he nevertheless good-naturedly lent himself to making expeditions into unknown territory. He frankly acknowledged he had never visited any institutions of the variety I asked for, and he got almost as interested as I was in some of the things we saw and heard in our round.

We began our tour with the central office of the Women's Institutes, a tiny house with the barest necessities in the way of furniture, but where I heard a story of the establishment all over the rural districts of England of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, an association promoting healthier and better conditions of life.

There are about three thousand institute centers, with a membership of one hundred thousand women, whose activities include increased cultivation of field and garden, pig keeping, cheese making, jam and fruit bottling, glove making, communal kitchens; toy, hat and basket making, coöperative marketing and egg collecting. The secretary, Miss Ferguson, told me how the need had been felt for bringing together English countrywomen both for work and for play on a nonpolitical, nonsectarian basis. I was shown exceedingly good examples of their work. They have through these organizations the advantage of healthful distraction occasionally, since music, readings, lectures, and so on, are put within reach of the little units. The institute tries to make good housewives and good mothers of these rural women. Coöperative efforts and financial independence of the units are aimed at. The movement has spread and been a great success. Not once did the secretary mention herself or talk of vision, efficiency or reactions, but one could see from the intelligence with which she answered questions that she knew her business perfectly and was deeply in sympathy with the scattered groups whose interests she served. It was equally evident that success had attended this honest, helpful, sisterly effort to put a little brightness into dull lives all over England.

Next we visited the famous Toynbee Hall, which did not seem nearly so attractive to me. It is a settlement founded in 1884 and named after Arnold Toynbee, the pioneer in settlement work. It is still an important center of educational and industrial activity, and a meeting place of East End societies.

The English for Girl Scouts

Later I was taken to the Girl Guides central offices, and had a chat with the head woman in charge there. The Girl Guides are so nearly like our Girl Scouts that it is hardly worth describing their organization. It is doing fine work, the girls seem to wear blue uniforms instead of khaki, as with us, and their officer spoke with deep regret of our using the term "Girl Scouts" instead of the correct one, "Girl Guides." I inferred we had trifled with something traditional, but in spite of this break on our part, the whole desire of the present organization is to link up the two Anglo-Saxon branches as closely as possible.

Although an engagement had been made by telephone, there was a tremendous amount of red tape to get into the holy of holies at the offices. Various small girls, smooth of hair and fresh of complexion, ushered us to different points on our road and left us waiting for long intervals. We were quite twenty minutes getting from the front door to the presence of the pleasant, wholesome woman in command, and there seemed no good reason why the time need have been wasted, unless it was to impress me, as Sir John laughingly remarked.

I visited a splendid settlement in Canning Town, which is beyond Whitechapel. Sunshine and health, with protection and proper encouragement to clean living, are brought to the inhabitants of a large factory district. In a tiny, very simple sitting room I sat for a half hour or so, talking with two modest women. This visit stands out in my memory as among the most interesting experiences of my two weeks in London. We discussed many subjects that day: Hull House, in Chicago; the effort of women to aid the world; dances where men and girls might meet for healthy pleasure; hospitals and housing problems; tuberculosis, and a thousand other things. I came—too hastily perhaps—to the conclusion that this settlement was run on rather better lines than similar institutions are in America. It seemed to reach more sore spots and help more people than one would suppose possible; and none of the information I was given seemed empty boasting. Miss Towers, the warden, talked quietly of the nursery school, of the welfare centers, the courses for mothers at the hospital, the girls' recreation club and the classes for useful knowledge at handicrafts, accomplishments, hygiene, drill and sports, with a lot of other useful branches. The woman never mentioned herself or her theories, though she knew her people and her work thoroughly and answered all my questions clearly and in detail. I had heard much of her quiet but great power with wayward girls and her success at managing them; and I found her frail middle-aged figure and face both attractive and interesting.

A Visit to the Juvenile Court

Miss Mills-John, the secretary of the English-Speaking Union, had accompanied me to Canning. With her youth, energy, good looks, fine brain and strong character she made a delightful companion, and our two hours' drive going and coming gave time for comfortable talk. I found we agreed on a lot of subjects. We were equally anxious for a better understanding between the United States and England, and both of us hoped the women of each land would help towards it. I heard of the frightful housing conditions, of the malaria and tuberculosis doing hideous devastation, but the misery one sees going through Whitechapel seemed to me less than that visible in New York's lower East Side.

Sir John H. took me one afternoon for what turned out to be my most interesting tour in London. We sat for an hour or so in the Juvenile Court, which is presided over by a remarkable man, Mr. William Clarke Hall, magistrate. Full of sympathy and gentleness, he judges children from eight to sixteen years of age, both boys and girls. Some were new at crime, caught for the first time, and terribly frightened. Others seemed hardened in spite of their youth, or they seemed helpless and degenerate as they stood stolidly before the court. I had a lump in my throat as I listened to the details of most cases. The ruddy-faced, white-haired man behind the desk sat and dispensed justice or mercy, more frequently the latter, with fine wisdom. His court is a smoothly running machine, composed of kindly officials and matrons. The latter's particular duty seems to be to investigate the home life and surroundings, which may be so bad as to diminish the small offender's responsibility.

Judge Hall showed a quick sense of humor. One example of this occurred when a manly-looking boy of fourteen stood by him, accused of having run away from every school or home he had been placed in. An irate master of the final school said the boy had three times escaped and needed severe discipline. The boy looked sorely troubled and somewhat defiant.

"My boy, don't you see I can't help you when you play such tricks? Why do you always run away?" There was a whispered reply, ending, "Won't you give me one more chance, sir? I'll act straight." And tears stood in the little chap's eyes.

The master again clamored, and the boy drew himself up and did no further pleading.

"Have you ever stayed anywhere you were put? If not, how can I trust you?"

"I never gave my word before, sir." And there was pride in the eyes and pose of the boy.

A matron rose from her seat.

"What is it, Miss Smith?"

"Your honor, merely this: I wanted to say in the boy's favor that he appeared here today when he might have easily escaped, as he was unguarded in the neighborhood. He had, some days ago, given

(Continued on Page 38)

Is Your Wife Marooned During the Day?

Have you ever considered what is meant by the hundreds of cars parked in the business sections during business hours?

Most of them carried business men to work, leaving their wives and families at home, marooned because the family's one car is in daily use by the husband and father.

That is one reason architects and builders now find that all suburban and many city homes must be provided with twin garages.

for Economical Transportation

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Applications will be considered from high grade dealers in territory not adequately covered.

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For *wear*, for *cushioning*, and for *traction*, no other heavy-duty truck tire can compare with the Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Truck Tire. It is built of the toughest and livest materials. It has the famous All-Weather Tread.

GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth-surface solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

(Continued from Page 36)

me his word to come; and he was here promptly."

"Thanks, Miss Smith. I am glad, my boy, this is so; and I will put off your case for a week, pending further investigation of your conduct by Miss Smith. Only you must promise me to return next Wednesday at four o'clock. Will you?" Then turning to the complaining master: "I am deferring judgment. Please present your accusations this day week. Meantime it seems better and safer to trust to the boy's word rather than to iron bars, since yours have not managed to keep him twenty-four hours within your walls. He appeared at Miss Smith's request. You can go, my boy, and I shall expect you next Wednesday at four o'clock, sharp."

The boy's smile was a reward.

"Yes, sir." He said it with his heart in his voice, and made for the door.

I was leaving and his honor accompanied me to the motor. I spoke of the manly looking youngster and my great sympathy for him.

"Yes; I was determined we must save him from the humiliation of a reformatory. I am glad he inspired confidence in your mind too. He is made of good stuff, and by today week we shall have found our way, I hope, to making a very fine man of him."

I asked how the justice happened to be where he was. He answered he liked a square deal, especially for defenseless children. He had felt this effort at the source of much trouble to be worth while. Success is assured if only common sense is used instead of too technical an interpretation of the law. Justice Hall is growing famous for saving and building up virtue among the youth of England.

Another very absorbing talk I had was with Mr. McTavish, secretary of the Workers' Educational Association. The latter is a society engaged in promoting education among adult manual workers. Its efforts to promote education and prevent prejudice are being crowned with immense success after fifteen years. Organized and supported entirely by laboring men, nonpartisan in political and religious spheres, this is a unique movement. But it would be impossible to copy it in a country like ours because of the many foreign elements among our working people. A library and the association's central office are housed in a modest old building and are the background for the quite extraordinary personality of Mr. McTavish. At first he was either shy or suspicious of my curiosity, but he thawed rapidly. He said, among other things, it had been found that generally when the ignorant wanted to study, propagandists profited to exploit them for their own vicious ends. Now it was different. Any sort of class can be formed under the W. E. A. and through the cooperation of Oxford University and other similar agencies a professional first-class teacher is obtainable. The class from the beginning is in the best hands, which is conducive to the raising of moral and intellectual standards. Mr. McTavish hopes it will make the Labor Party wiser and better in its ambitions. He wants the Labor group to be worthy of power, whether they get it or not. An interesting newspaper is published by the Workers' Educational Association, one with articles on various subjects by prominent men in the economic and educational world.

To sit and listen to Mr. McTavish's talk of the Workers' Educational Association or to glance through its paper is an encouraging experience. One realizes at once on what a common-sense basis this effort is founded. No charity from above, nothing of propaganda or hysterical influence from outside, it is a movement led by the best of the workman group. The financial support comes from their own pockets, and means a sacrifice of material things for gain of intellect and character. It is a well-balanced conception, with results good enough to make one wish the system might be adopted the world over.

Besides this serious sightseeing, I did some of a frivolous nature: I visited one of the women's clubs, where an agreeable and interesting chairman was set off by a very grumpy and inhospitable secretary. I saw nothing to remind me of the comfort and luxury of our smart clubs in New York, Chicago or elsewhere; but from all accounts this organization is useful in educational lines and in politics, as well as playing a rôle of importance in giving a home, which seemed to me dingy and cold, to a number of women passing through London. It combines much greater variety of activities than our clubs do, and has a larger membership, but I should never want to lounge or live there. I had tea with some friends one day at the Bath Club women's annex, which is cheerful and pleasant, and which reminded me more of our clubs.

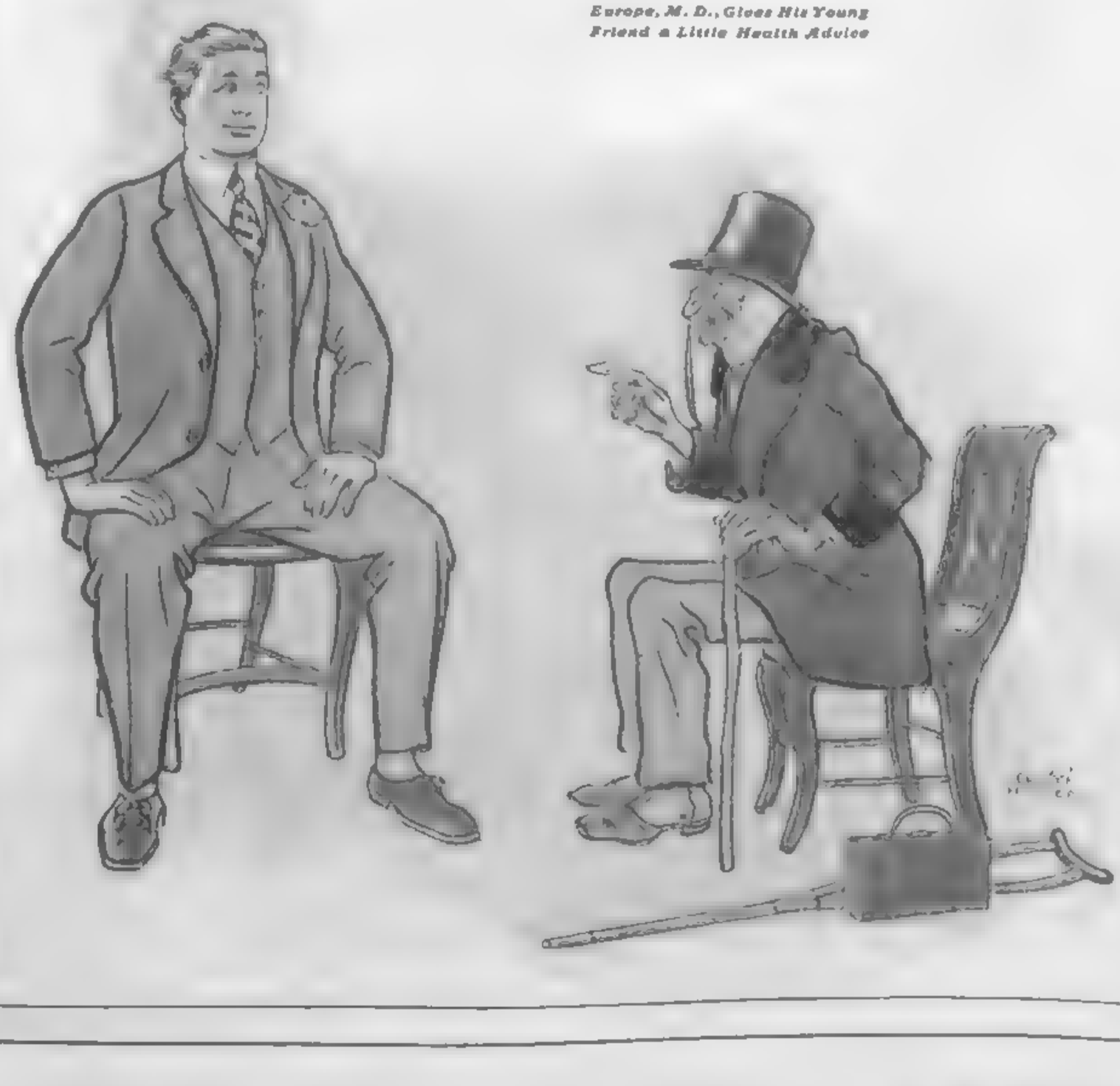
One evening I was even taken to see gay London amuse itself. We dined at Claridge's, and went on to the dance halls at the Savoy, but the dancers looked dull to me compared with Continental pleasure crowds. What I liked much better was the really worthwhile talk of the lunch and dinner tables. The English appear seriously interested in most world questions; and science, politics, reforms, with a thousand other topics, are discussed in low cultivated voices by men and women who never grow excited or overcritical of one another.

So many traits in the English are admirable that I wished more and more there might grow up a better feeling between the older and younger Anglo-Saxon nations; that we might work together for the bettering of our world!

Doubtless we don't agree, even on all main questiona. Certainly each land must guard its interests by proper clauses in any contract, for, alas, humanity is proved to be very frail, whether in groups or as individuals. But our aingle language is a real bond, and America and England have many qualities that sprang from their common roots. These should aid towards final understanding. Now Englishmen from different sides assert they would gladly meet our terms if we would join with them in the reconstruction effort. They are people who both keep their word and play a plucky game. We are the same about such things, and one is led to hope somehow that the day is not far distant when Anglo-Saxon cousins will decide to clasp hands firmly and for good across the seas!

AMERICA

Europe, M. D., Gives His Young Friend a Little Health Advice



"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

The Universal Desire for Packard

Even those who have in mind a delivery date several months away, will do well to bear in mind this fact:

There is a special reason why buyers are turning to the Packard in unprecedented numbers—a reason in no way related to general automobile activity.

That reason is an almost universal realization that Packard has at long last established a price precedent for cars of the very highest class.

Packard stands out sharply as the first example of a *super-fine product* in which the benefits and economies of large production have been awarded to the buyer.

Those who appreciate all that the Packard represents—those to whom nothing but the best is acceptable—are just as keen for value as any other motoring group.

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Single-Six Five-Passenger Touring Car $2485
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PACKARD

*fresh
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Time—and time alone—ages, cures and mellows the tobacco used in Tuxedo. Nothing can hurry it.

*But after it is blended and packed for smoking, the sooner you smoke it, the better it is.

Tuxedo is now delivered to your dealer in small lots—one dozen tins. The cartons are dated, showing the last day it can be sold.

This insures your getting Tuxedo FRESH From the Factory.

Buy a tin today—try a pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco can be.

Now 15¢

FRESH
Tuxedo
TOBACCO

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

Electrification of Railways

By B. S. BEACH

THE electrification of steam railroads in the United States on a more extensive scale than heretofore seems without doubt to be the most important and largest electrical development that immediately confronts us. Our railroads, it is estimated, are contemplating the expenditure of more than $150,000,000 for new electrification projects, and it seems likely that this money will be used during the next ten years, much of it within an even shorter time.

Approximately 1200 to 1500 miles of new electrified track is involved. There are thirteen railroad companies in the United States and Canada that are considering electrification all the way from big railroad terminals and suburban zones to mountain tunnels and long steep grades. One road plans an electrification to haul coal from the mines up out of a valley and will generate power from the coal at the mine mouth. Another, the Illinois Central, is actively engaged in planning the electrification of its Chicago terminal and a twenty-eight-mile stretch of suburban road leading therefrom. The New York Central terminal at Cleveland will also be electrified. Henry Ford has announced he will electrify 100 miles or so of his road, the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton, while a big Northwestern system is considering the electrification of a 125-mile stretch in the Cascade Mountain region. Another big coal-carrying road will probably electrify 100 miles of road through the Cumberland Mountains in order to handle more expeditiously its heavy West Virginia coal traffic. It has been estimated in connection with this project that 80 per cent more freight could be carried over the system at this point with electric operation than with the present steam engines.

The important point about all this is that most of the projects referred to have passed the talk stage and are being figured out definitely on paper. In certain cases engineering work has been started, while in others it seems only a matter of months before contracts for equipment will be let.

It is interesting to analyze briefly the reasons that have prompted electrification and the problems that are expected to be solved as the result of it. For the first time since the war the financial situation, so far as the railroads are concerned, is favorable for such undertakings. The inability in the past to finance any considerable electrification has been a stumblingblock in the way of progress. Every indication now points to the removal of this barrier.

The tremendous increase in railroad traffic and the problem of how to take care of it by increasing the capacity of the system without additional tracks are other factors that are compelling electrification in many places. This is especially true over the steep grades of mountainous regions. The electrification of such sections has always meant the indefinite postponement of double tracking and marked economies in operation; so marked, in fact, that one road expects to be able to pay for the entire cost of its electrification in five years out of the economies thus gained over steam operation.

Another important factor is the slowly rising cost of coal, the cost of transporting it and carrying it on the locomotive, and the tremendous wastes in burning it.

The United States already has electrified 1607 route miles of main-line railway and is today operating 375 electric locomotives. Eighteen other countries have also electrified a portion of their roads. Their total electrified mileage is 3567. Thus the United States has nearly one-third of the total electrified mileage of the world. The installed cost of the projects in the United States totals about $80,000,000. The balance of the world has expended $117,000,000 in main-line electrifications.

An engineer who has devoted many years to the study of railway problems makes a rough estimate of the cost of electrification per mile, which is of particular interest because the average person rarely learns of such things. He places it at $45,000 per route mile for single track, and $75,000 per mile for double track. The investment for power station and transmission to supply power to the railway is considered 40 to 50 per cent additional, making the total investment for a mile of single-track electrification about $60,000 to $65,000, and over $100,000 a mile for double trackage.

This may be one reason why the Utopian dream of complete electrification of our railways has not come true. Indeed it is doubtful whether all our railways will ever be electrified. Even the most fervent and enthusiastic electrical engineer will admit this.

Yet the proposed expenditure of $150,000,000 in projects of the immediate future can be justified only on the grounds of very real economic benefits. The fact that no corporation or large group of corporations would plan to spend this amount of money without very definitely foreseeing, weighing and calculating the advantages to be derived therefrom is a sufficient indication of the desirability of electrification.

As a matter of fact, though we lead the world in the extent of our electrification, we are lagging behind Europe in the rate of progress of new undertakings. France, Italy and Switzerland, for example, have begun plans that will lead ultimately to the complete electrification of all their steam railroads. Extensive projects are under way in Belgium, Norway, Sweden and England. Other countries are considering electrification very seriously. France and Italy particularly have been compelled to electrify because of the shortage of coal, its prohibitive cost, and because the water-power resources present a more economical way of generating power. This has been the dominating reason for the electrification of other roads, though in varying degree.

The coal saving by electrification is tremendous. The steam roads of the United States in one year consume about 175,000,000 tons. The chief protagonists of electric transportation have sharpened up their pencils and tell us that more than two-thirds of this amount, or 125,000,000 tons of coal, could be saved by universal electrification of all our railroads.

TUTT-TUTT, MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 13)

Beaton had all the books on etiquette beat a mile. He was, P. P. opined, the anonymous author of What the Man Will Wear. This quieted her for a time.

Came then that awful evening—Edna swore she'd never get over it as long as she lived, never!—when they went to Mrs. Morganthaler's evening reception and she discovered that he had on congress boots. That finished her. There was no use his trying to tell her that the right people nowadays ever heard of a congress boot, much less wore 'em! He must get rid of that man. He must get rid of that man! That was all there was to it! She'd never have the courage to look Mrs. Morganthaler in the face again. P. P. strove to pacify her with marked unsuccess. Her pride—it was her pride that had been hurt.

Pierpont found himself in an awkward position. If he admitted that Beaton was in no way responsible and that the congress boots were his own idea, he would pay the penalty of his uxoriousness and the vials of her wrath would be emptied down his neck. But if he put it on the valet the innocent would suffer for the guilty. So, like the honest chap he was, he told her the truth. Beaton had laid out his full-dress clothes, including pumps; and he, her Pierpont, had deliberately kicked them under the bed and not bothered to change his feet at all. What was the use? Just goin' over for a few minutes to Morganthaler's! It wasn't a dancing party. Beaton wasn't to blame at all. He besought her to promise that she would take his word for it and leave the poor feller be. She promised, because she wanted P. P. to give her a new thirteen-hundred-dollar mink coat, but in her secret soul she vowed to herself that she would "get" Beaton the first chance she had. There was something about him that wasn't right. She only half believed Pierpont about the pumps. He was trying to shield the man for some reason. Why?

Suddenly she saw it all! They were working together against her. A conspiracy! P. P. paid Beaton to let him wear what he chose! Beaton was a traitor to the cause of her social progress. The nerve of that man! What was a valley for but to see that one's husband put on the right sort of clothes before he went out? The trouble was he was too young; didn't have enough authority. She must get a man—a big, heavy man—who, if Pierpont rebelled, could shove him into a corner and willy-nilly put the right pants on him. But first she must get rid of this one. She began to hate Beaton. He had been unfaithful to her; he had got her in wrong at Mrs. Morganthaler's; he was working against her, no doubt stirring up trouble with the other servants—and she was conscious that he scorned her. That was the real secret of her venom. He was always respectful, but he never treated her as if she were what she paid him to pretend he thought she was.

But when she asked Pierpont to dismiss him he protested that Beaton was an excellent valet and perfectly satisfactory. He couldn't dismiss a man without cause. She begged him to do so, as a favor to her; but he was stubborn about it, and at length angrily refused. She could mind her own business. Edna had occasionally seen P. P. like that out in Athens, and the recollection of what had happened was not pleasant. She could not afford to have anything so undignified happen here in New York. So she subsided, nursing her hatchet. Then Cruce got a big contract for steel plates for a new fleet of Clyde-built steamships, and P. P. had to run over to Glasgow for a few weeks. Her opportunity! She did not dare fire Beaton right off the bat, but she made up her mind to get the goods on him and give him the sack before Pierpont came back.

Together, she and the housekeeper went on a still hunt to Beaton's room on his afternoon out. It was a dreary enough place, seven by ten, with hardly enough room for a cot bed, a bureau and a washstand. No chair. The housekeeper had said chairs gave servants the habit of sitting in their rooms, which was bad and used up electricity. Let them go to bed and get their rest so they could properly do their work. There were two photographs on the bureau: one of a middle-aged woman with tired eyes; the other one of a young girl with high cheek bones and a "bang." A hairbrush, a broken comb and an alarm clock were the only other visible evidences of crime.

"I thought maybe we'd find he'd been smokin' his old pipe up here," sniffed the housekeeper. "Most of 'em do. I don't allow it. They can go outside if they want to smoke."

Mrs. Pumpelly shrugged her shoulders.

"We ain't through yet," she replied, pulling open the top drawer. "Gracious me! I should say not!" she added triumphantly. "Look at here! If that ain't Pierpont Pumpelly's cigarette case I'll eat my hat! And there's the watch fob that belonged to my great-uncle Moses! Well, I never! The man's a thief, that's what he is! It was worth while coming up here! I wonder how many other things he's taken!"

A pasteboard box in the back of the drawer yielded an old-fashioned gold-plated watch, a heavy chain with an agate charm, two wiggly scarfpins, a pair of coral cuff buttons, a single one of onyx, and a pair of paste studs—all easily identified as belonging to the Athens period of their existence.

"Got him!" hissed Edna through her teeth. "Miserable thief! I knew he was crooked!"

Then she pulled out the other drawers. The first contained several new suits of clothes; the second socks, silk shirts and pajamas, together with haberdashery of the most expensive sort.

"Ain't it awful?" she gasped. "Those shirts must have cost at least twenty dollars apiece. I'm not going to look a step farther. Anybody can swear to those bein' Mr. Pumpelly's things. You go right down and call up the police station—the one

(Continued on Page 42)

Did Closed Cars Cost Too Much?

Thousands thought so. And prior to the Coach, they stuck to open cars.

That simply meant they wanted to put their investment in chassis quality and dependability, rather than accept lesser mechanical value in a closed car.

Yet closed car advantages are too obvious to need comment. Everyone wants them provided they do not sacrifice chassis value.

So a Great Welcome Awaited the Coach

Essex invented the Coach to meet this plain demand of thousands. It gives every essential comfort of the costliest closed cars. It is solid, quiet, durable and attractive in looks. Yet of course its greatest value is in the famous Essex chassis which world experts have called the finest of its size built. It fully has confirmed that verdict by official proof.

Insist on Lasting Value

Open car cost shows the mechanical value you get in any closed car. And the difference shows what the closed body costs. So consider well the two types of closed cars that sell around $1300.

The Essex Coach at $1145 gives all practical closed car advantages on a chassis that costs $1045 in the open model.

In no car can you get more than you pay for. It is for you to decide whether your money shall go for a costly body or for real automobile performance and lasting quality.

Touring - - - $1045 **Cabriolet - - - $1145** **Coach - - $1145**

Freight and Tax Extra

ESSEX MOTORS - DETROIT, MICHIGAN

SIX

ESSEX Coach $1145

Freight and Tax Extra

Watch This Column

The kind of pictures that please

CARL LAEMMLE

The world is full of romance. There is nothing beautiful in death. And so, UNIVERSAL is producing only those pictures which leave a sweet taste in the mouth. It is avoiding the gloom and the tragedy. *Life has enough of both.* Why harp on them?

• • •

We are choosing our stories from the best authors who write clean drama, absorbing love stories, thrilling tales of adventure, the roar of the elements, the eternal fight for supremacy, the triumph of the hero, the beauties of modern life.

• • •

We are making our pictures *to entertain*, not to point morals. We are trying to inspire our directors and actors with the truth that that which lingers in the mind sweetly is the type of picture that the great masses of humankind desire.

• • •

We want the people to say, when they see a UNIVERSAL picture, "It's a beautiful story; it is played wonderfully well. I enjoyed every bit of it." We never want to hang out the sign "For Men Only" or "For Women Only." We want *the whole family* to see UNIVERSALS. And we are making that kind of pictures.

• • •

Hence, I repeat that you can't possibly see all that is good in pictures until you see UNIVERSALS. Cut this out and hand it to the manager of your favorite theater. Tell him you want UNIVERSALS for your wife, your children and yourself.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 40)

where I gave the captain that humidor with all those cigars last Christmas—and have him send an officer to arrest Beaton the minute he comes back. I wonder what Mr. Pumpelly will think now! A fine return for all our kindness!"

The housekeeper vacillated for a moment between sympathy and discretion, for Beaton had always impressed her as an unusually honest young fellow, and it was possible that Mr. Pumpelly had given him the things—anyone could see that the jewelry was practically valueless. She was on the point of suggesting that possibly it was a bit rough to have him locked up without hearing what he had to say, but at the sight of Mrs. Pumpelly's face she changed her mind.

"Very good, madam," she said obediently.

III

THAT was how the great case of the People of the State of New York against James Beaton for grand larceny in the second degree had its inception—in the hatred, malice and uncharitableness of Edna Pumpelly's heart.

She had had one experience already, from which she had learned the undesirability of invoking the processes of the law against the rich and socially elect unless quite sure of one's ground; but she had not yet discovered that the law is no respecter of persons, and it did not occur to her that in its eyes she and the man she now accused were equally entitled to its aid and protection. From her point of view, this man was only her servant, a dependent. She could no longer, it was true, order him to be lashed or bastinadoed by her other menials—although theoretically, perhaps, it might be inferred from Section 1054 of the New York Criminal Code that such a proceeding might still be countenanced, since it proclaims manslaughter excusable when committed in the lawful chastisement of a child or servant. But all the same, she could have him locked up. That much at least was her inalienable right. Not even Pierpont could possibly criticize her for apprehending a thief, and it did away with the necessity of formally dismissing him and giving him a reference and all that bother.

Two plain-clothes men arrived in response to the housekeeper's summons, and after having searched Beaton's room thoroughly they arrested him as he was about to enter the house by the area entrance at half past ten.

At first, although naturally indignant, he was inclined to take the matter as a joke. Mr. Pumpelly had given him all the things and would gladly say so. The officers, however, talked as if he were already convicted of being a thief, and this so got on his nerves that he gave them some back talk, as a result of which one of them punched him violently in the stomach. Agonized and bewildered, he was then taken in a police wagon to the night court and arraigned before a magistrate, who held him in three thousand dollars bail. The pain, the rough way in which he was shoved about, his ignorance of his rights confused and filled him with apprehension.

He was locked in a cell, where gradually his bodily misery gave place to torture of the mind. For he now for the first time realized to his horror that the only witness who could corroborate his explanation of the possession of the alleged stolen property had sailed for Europe, to be gone for an indefinite period. Even if in the end he should secure his liberty, what misery might he not be compelled to suffer in the meantime! Coffee and bread were given him in the morning, but after his sleepless night he was too wretched to eat. Sick with humiliation, stiff and unshaven, he shook his head when asked by the sergeant if there was anybody with whom he wished to communicate. But later on he recalled the gossip of the servants' hall and the story of the affair in which Mrs. Wells had got the better of his mistress through the ingenuity of Tutt & Tutt.

IV

"MR. TUTT," remarked Tutt as the senior partner of the firm paused at the door of his office and skillfully decorated the hat-tree with his stovepipe from a distance of seven feet, "I have news for thee."

The office force of Tutt & Tutt could always tell the altitude of Mr. Ephraim Tutt's psychological barometer by his ability to stand on the threshold of his room, send his tall hat spinning through the air and hang it on the top of the mahogany tree. When he could do that it showed, as Bonnie Doon asserted, that he was full of beans and that the devil had jolly well better keep his head down. The old lawyer stood now in the middle of the office, rubbing his hands together and smiling a good morning at them as benevolently as a Sunday-school superintendent about to announce a chicken-pie supper in the church vestry next Friday evening. Yet because he had hit the bull's-eye with his hat, they all knew that underneath the benign exterior there was coursing through his arteries that ectoplasmic ichor which at times made him act more like Pan or Puck than Saint Thomas Aquinas or General Booth.

"Ha!" cried he, sweeping the assembled Tutt family from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, and scenting, like Job's war horse, the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. "What news, watchman, of the night?"

Then without more ado both partners simultaneously produced their joint and several implements of intellectual labor—Tutt his cigarette, Mr. Tutt his stogy, and therefrom arose the smoke of council. It was characteristic of them that in every aspect of their professional life their relations to one another, whether physical or psychologic, were inevitably the same. Thus Tutt prepared the cases and dished them up carefully for Mr. Tutt to try; and thus—when Mr. Tutt smoked Tutt held the match. Accordingly, having on tiptoe assisted in lighting the sacred fire upon the altar of his partner's mind, he applied the match to the end of his own cigarette and turned to the legal group about them, consisting of Miss Minerva Wiggin, Miss Sondheim, the stenographer, Ezra Scraggs, the alcoholic scrivener, the ubiquitous Mr. Bonright Doon, and Willie Toothaker, erstwhile office boy, but now a near-lawyer on the point of taking his examination for admission to the bar.

"Yea, verily and of a truth!" quoth Tutt, conscious that his words would arouse delight if not enthusiasm. "Lady Edna Pumpelly has been getting gay again."

"You mean the one who got a summons for Mrs. Rutherford Wells for blocking the street with her motor?" asked Miss Wiggins reminiscently.

"The same!" replied Tutt with a grin. "You remember, of course, how we sent Bonnie up to her house and found she'd been consistently violating every ordinance passed by the city fathers since the town was bought from the Indians. Bonnie summoned her for over a dozen trifling offenses, and she lay down, dropped, reneged, or whatever the expression is, in a hurry! Tit for tat! Eh, Bonnie?"

The redoubtable Mr. Doon nodded carelessly.

"Tutt for tutt, you mean," he corrected. "She's just an ostentatious idiot! But the old man's all right—a good sort. I found out afterwards he was a Sacred Camel. Gave me a shot of the best hooch I've had since Michaelmas."

The dry lips of Scraggs clicked involuntarily.

"What's her grace done now?" asked Mr. Tutt, twirling his swivel chair and then adjusting himself in the characteristic pose which he found most conducive to mental effort; that is to say, with his body tilted back at an angle of approximately one hundred and seventy-five degrees and his legs crossed on the desk in front of him. "How has her individuality expressed itself this time?"

"By getting one of her menservants arrested for stealing a few old hand-me-downs, a tin watch and some anide breastpins her husband gave him. She had it in for the man for some reason, and as soon as she found that this old junk was up in his room she sent for the cops, had him yanked to the police station and locked up—just like that! He was a pitiful sight to see, poor chap, this morning. They had treated him pretty rough, he was scared blue and was nearly all in. So I bailed him out and sent him over to the Commodore to get some breakfast, and, if I do say it, he was ready to kneel down and say his prayers to me. Beaton's his name."

"But where's Pumpelly?" asked Mr. Tutt. "How could she get the man arrested unless her husband disclaimed giving him the clothes?"

"In Europe!" answered Tutt with a flourish.

Mr. Tutt gazed at Tutt incredulously.

"In *Europe?*" repeated Mr. Tutt.

"In EUROPE," nodded Tutt.

The elder partner swept his long legs from the desk and sprang to his feet with the agility of a two-year-old.

"Then, by Coke, Littleton and Max D. Steuer," he exclaimed, shaking his fist in the air above his head, "she hath digged a pit for herself into which she shall surely fall! What sort of person is this manservant?"

"I thought he was a corking good fellow!" answered Tutt. "Served in the ranks during the war, was gassed and entered domestic service over here after his discharge because there was nothing else he was fit for. Had no object whatever to take any of those old duds. He was making ninety a month, sent seventy-five of it home to his old mater in Devon, is engaged to marry a girl from his home town as soon as they can save enough money to start 'a public' as he calls it, and is altogether the stuff you'd expect. In fact, he's worth about ten thousand of Edna Pumpelly and some few of her husband."

"But why did she do this?" demanded Mr. Tutt, his jaw stiffening in a way that boded no good to the Duchess of Athens, Ohio. "How could she do such a thing?"

"Just out of sheer cussedness," replied Tutt. "She's a cheap skate and a snob. This poor guy was, as she thought, her social inferior and she had it in for him probably because he didn't kotow to her enough."

For a full half minute the senior partner of Tutt & Tutt stood in silent indignation; then the lines about his mouth softened, his face twisted itself into a whimsical smile and he brought down his fist upon the desk so that every stogy in the box leaped for very joy.

"Won't I everlastingly swangdangle that woman!" he cried.

"Do wha-a-t to her?" exclaimed his partner.

"Swangdangle her!" repeated the greater Tutt.

"Who ever heard of such a word!" grunted Tutt the lesser.

"Just because you never have ——" countered Mr. Tutt. "It's from the—er—Aramaic."

"More likely from the Eskimonian!"

"Look here, Tutt!" cried Mr. Tutt with sudden irascibility. "If you had a little more culture! Why don't you educate yourself? Some day I'm going to write a book to be called Half Hours With the Best Dictionaries."

"Humph!" grumbled Tutt suspiciously. "What does this swangdangle word mean?"

Mr. Tutt solemnly placed his right hand on the top of his partner's head and turned the latter's face upward towards his own.

"Don't you know all-fired well what I'm going to do to her?" he demanded.

"Ye-e-es," acknowledged Tutt. "I—guess—I do."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Tutt enthusiastically, "that's *exactly* what it means!"

V

MRS. PUMPELLY having, as she supposed, in thus ordering the valet-varlet to prison, vindicated her importance in the eyes of her other domestics and vented her spleen upon her husband's co-conspirator, began on second thought secretly to wish she had been a trifle less hasty. She had acted on the impulse to make a lordly gesture, but now she wondered whether it might not have been better to have consulted a lawyer before doing anything. She had no intention of going into any nasty police court herself—no, indeed!

However, she reassured herself, Simmons the butler could identify the objects found in Beaton's room as belonging to her husband, and qualify as complainant on the theory that they were in his care and custody and had been feloniously removed therefrom. That would let her out. All the same ——

A vague disquiet filled her ample bosom. What would happen next? Suppose by some mischance the valet were acquitted? Mightn't he sue her for damages? She remembered the trouble she had got into in summoning Mrs. Wells, but, of course, that was different. This man was a nobody, and a thief at that. Nevertheless, as the hours passed on the day following Beaton's arrest, and Simmons still absented himself, she began really to worry. It was annoying not to know just what

(Continued on Page 44)

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"Have weighed on a FAIRBANKS, there's no argument

(Continued from Page 42)

Simmons was doing, how long he'd have to be away, how many times he'd have to go to court and all that. It might upset the house dreadfully to have him hanging about a police station all day long when she could not count it as part of his time out; particularly on account of her bridge party next week to raise money for building the Inns for Indigent Indians. Anyhow, there was no reason why Simmons shouldn't have sent some word to relieve her anxiety.

To her exasperation he did not return until nearly six o'clock. They had kept him there, he ruefully explained, against his violent protest in order that he might make a statement to the deputy assistant district attorney in charge of those cases where the complainants were not represented by their own lawyers. Mrs. Pumpelly had not engaged any lawyer, so it had been necessary for him to wait to explain the matter to the district attorney, who had been very busy all morning and had gone out to lunch at a quarter to one and had not come back until long after three. The latter had then amused himself in trying a bigamy case in utter disregard of the butler's convenience. Mr. Simmons consequently had not had any lunch at all! Worse still, after the conclusion of the bigamy case the district attorney had utterly disappeared, oblivious of the presence of Simmons.

"You mean that after keeping you there all day the man didn't even take the trouble to speak to you?" demanded Edna.

"Exactly so, ma'am," said Simmons in a faint voice. "'E hevidently forgot me hentire."

"Well!" snapped Lady Pumpelly, "that's a pretty how d'y'do! What happens now?"

"I don't know," confessed Simmons, whose dignity had suffered severely. "They all seem a very hordinary sort of people, madam. Very hordinary! They pay no hattention to one at all. Brush one haside, as one might say. I call it plain himpudent."

"Where's Beaton now?" inquired his mistress, drawing in her lips.

"I don't know, madam. I didn't lay heyes on 'im!"

"Simmons," cried Edna wrathfully, "you're a fool! Haven't you any idea what's got to be done next?"

"No, madam," he replied. "But I ventured to hask one of the minor hofficials and 'e hinformed me that I had better return again tomorrow morning."

It was at that point that Mrs. Pumpelly concluded to retain Tutt & Tutt right off and have them attend to the whole matter for her; but to her surprise and dismay when she telephoned to their office she was politely informed that they had already been retained upon the opposite side.

Beaton retain lawyers! And Tutt & Tutt at that! She cursed herself for her delay. The thing might prove serious. She could just as well have retained them herself before taking any steps whatever. Now she wished that she had. In genuine trepidation she called up her husband's law firm, Edgerton & Edgerton, got Mr. Wilfred, the elder of the two brothers, neither of whom she liked, on the telephone and explained the situation to him to the best of her ability. What should she do next? She couldn't just let the thing go at loose ends! Mr. Edgerton was somewhat vague, the truth being that he had never been in a police court in his entire life. Neither, for that matter, had Mr. Winfred, his younger brother. They were—Edgerton & Edgerton—very high class and always went to lunch together at the Downtown Association on Cedar Street, where they could see other lawyers equally high class and be seen by them in return. They were the variety of Wall Street attorneys who wear dickies and tall hats and are supposed to sleep in them.

Mr. Wilfred "smeared" the unfortunate truth as well as he could and told Edna he'd take the matter up immediately. Then Brother Winfred asked Brother Wilfred what to do, and Brother Wilfred asked him how the hell he should know to with Brother Wilfred replied that there was no sense in being snorty about it, for P. Pumpelly was their chief client and Cuban Cruce their one best bet. In the end Brother Wilfred put on his tall hat and, swallowing his pride, went over to see Mr. Tutt, who received him kindly and informed him that Mrs. Pierpont Pumpelly's impulsiveness would cost her exactly ten thousand dollars. This seemed very curious to Mr. Edgerton.

"But, sir," protested the elegant but baffled lawyer, "you do not seem to understand the situation. It is *my* client who has had *your* client arrested for a criminal offense—grand larceny in fact. I am—h'm!—not very familiar with such matters, but I suppose the easiest way to dispose of this unpleasant case is for *your* client to enter a plea of guilty and throw himself upon the mercy of *my* client and of the court."

Mr. Tutt smiled amiably, tendering Wilfred a stogy, at which the latter shuddered.

"Undoubtedly," he agreed, "that would be the easiest way to dispose of it—for *you*. But, unfortunately, from our point of view it would not accomplish the ends of justice. You say quite truthfully, Mr. Edgerton, that you are not very familiar with these matters.

"I do not wish to take any unfair advantage of you. Let me suggest that you retain someone who is familiar with criminal procedure to handle this case for you."

"Thank you," said Wilfred rather stiffly. "My office is quite capable of handling a simple case of theft. May I ask what date has been set for the hearing?"

"Next Tuesday, in the Fifty-seventh Street Magistrate's Court," affably replied Mr. Tutt. "Shall I meet you at Philippi?"

"Er—possibly," stammered Wilfred, not entirely sure of the allusion. "At any rate we shall be represented by counsel."

They shook hands formally.

"I wonder what he meant by saying it would cost Mrs. Pumpelly ten thousand dollars!" pondered the lawyer as he went down in the elevator.

VI

IT IS certain that Edna Pumpelly had never heard of the verb "swangdangle." It is even possible that nobody else ever did and that Mr. Tutt may have made it up. It may never become part of our national vocabulary until the publication of Ephraim Tutt's Half Hours With the Best Dictionaries. But even if Edna had never heard of it, she certainly was everlastingly swangdangled to the end that she decreased markedly both in weight and cubic contents.

In the first place, she had always supposed that if one had a person arrested for a criminal offense, the police, somehow or other, saw to it that he was immediately sent away to prison. It was like calling in a plumber or a paper hanger. You pressed the button, they did the rest. You had nothing more to think about except to pay the bill. So, here, you sent for a policeman and that was the end of it!

End of it! Many a night during the succeeding months Edna Pumpelly lay awake in her blue-silk bed wondering if the case of the People of the State of New York versus Beaton would ever end. For she had long since discovered to her disgust that when a person was arrested that was only the beginning of it. Mr. Wilfred Edgerton had explained fully, and with much decorously suppressed irritation, how after he and his brother and their entire office staff had spent the greater part of a week briefing the law on the subject of grand and petit larceny, burden of proof, presumption of innocence, presumptions arising from possession and exclusive opportunity, reasonable cause, and the proper procedure in magistrates' courts and had personally appeared in support of Simmons and had waited, from nine in the morning until half past twelve, to lay the whole case properly before the judge—that Mr. Tutt hadn't even turned up at all! He had merely sent a casual and dilatory message that he was busy somewhere else. The judge had accordingly, and with what seemed to Mr. Wilfred suspiciously like alacrity, put it over for two weeks, as Tutt & Tutt had requested. This had occurred four times! The Beaton case had, it appeared, simply played heck with the law offices of Edgerton & Edgerton. Mr. Tutt kept them marching like Humpty Dumpty up to Fifty-seventh Street and then marching back again—books, briefs, bags, papers and all.

As for Simmons, it had destroyed his usefulness as a butler in toto. He had become an aged man, worn to a frazzle. Meantime Beaton had got another job—a very good one, it was said. He had gone to work for one Mr. Ephraim Tutt.

Thirteen weeks had now elapsed, with Enda Pumpelly on tenterhooks, and nothing whatever had happened. But then something happened with a vengeance! She was served with a summons and complaint in an action for malicious prosecution and false arrest—Beaton versus Pumpelly, in the Supreme Court of New York County—in which her husband's former valet demanded judgment against her for ten thousand dollars' damages. This shocked and alarmed her, although she pretended that it merely made her tired. Mr. Edgerton now duly perceived the significance of Mr. Tutt's allusion. Edna was furious. The man might just as well have asked fifty thousand, she said. What was to be done about it?

Mr. Edgerton answered that there was nothing to do about it, so far as he could see, but to wait until twenty days were up and then put in a "general denial." It couldn't be tried for a couple of years, anyway, on account of the congestion of the calendars, and delay was always a good thing. Edna said she didn't want any delay, that she wanted the matter disposed of at once. Why should the man be allowed to hold a baseless claim over her head for two years? Wilfred patiently explained that it wasn't his fault. Usually, he said, people who had actions brought against them wanted all the delay they could get, to tire the plaintiffs out.

At that, Edna saw a great light. That was just what Beaton was trying to do to her in the criminal case—tire her out! Well, he'd see! He'd see! Tire her out! Ha! Ha ha! Ha-ha-ha!

The worst feature of it to her mind was that P. P. might come back at any moment from Glasgow right in the middle of everything. Her idea, of course, had been to have it all over and done with, ages before he came home. The row had started just after Christmas, and already it was March! And as yet not even a police-court hearing! For every time the case came up, that old Tutt, using Pierpont's absence as an excuse, asked for and secured another adjournment on the ground that he, as owner of the goods, was a necessary witness for the defense. She blamed the Edgertons for it, declaring on her biweekly visits, in a tone audible to their entire office equipment, that they were a pair of "bum lawyers," flossy little silk-stocking attorneys, who let Tutt & Tutt put it all over them. Couldn't they even bring the case to a preliminary hearing? What worried her was the possibility of P. P.'s coming back before it should be held and testifying that he'd given the things to Beaton. But she was saved that humiliation.

To her relief and, indeed, somewhat to her astonishment, the Edgertons called her along in April and announced that Mr. Tutt had at length stated that he was ready to go ahead with the case. Would she please be at the police court the next morning and bring Simmons, the housekeeper, the clothes and the jewelry along with her? She stormed over the wire that she'd do no such thing. *Her* in a police court? And she was no express wagon either! However, in the end she went, terrified to her deep heart's core lest old-fox Tutt should cross-examine her about P. P.'s friendly attitude towards his valet.

She sat with her French maid in a fetid crowd of Italian women whose husbands had vanished into the void, of Slavonian bigamists, fatherless babies, drunkards' wives and sweethearts, evicted tenants, police officers and miscellaneous ladies without visible means of support. "Move along there, you!" Thrice she was on the verge of committing assault on a policeman—once of murder in the first degree. For three hours she breathed air like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. But she stuck it out bravely, because she intended to let the judge see just what sort of a miserable crook this Beaton was!

"James William Beaton to the bar!"

Edna's internal mechanism suddenly went into reverse gear. She arose shakily. So did Beaton. It seemed that he had been sitting right behind her—no difference between them! The valet looked well-dressed, carefree; even smiled slightly. The impudence! Simmons also moved forward.

"Well, now, step up here—all of you!" said the judge sharply. "What do you want to do with this case, Mr. Tutt?"

To her great disgust she saw old Tutt leaning over the bench. Why should the judge address him and not her? It looked suspicious. The whole thing was crooked! The judge appeared to be sneering at her.

(Continued on Page 46)

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Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, [illegible]
Dwellings $[illegible] and upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	[illegible]
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Flat roofs, all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame [illegible]*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel [illegible]	Asbestos Protected Metal
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*Note—Industria[illegible]

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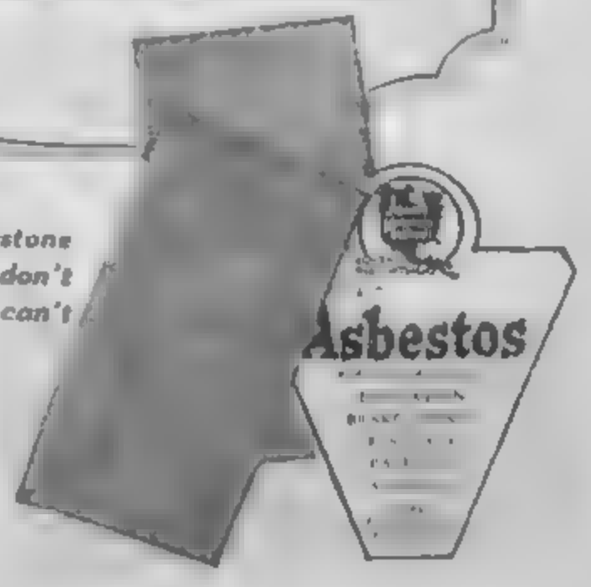

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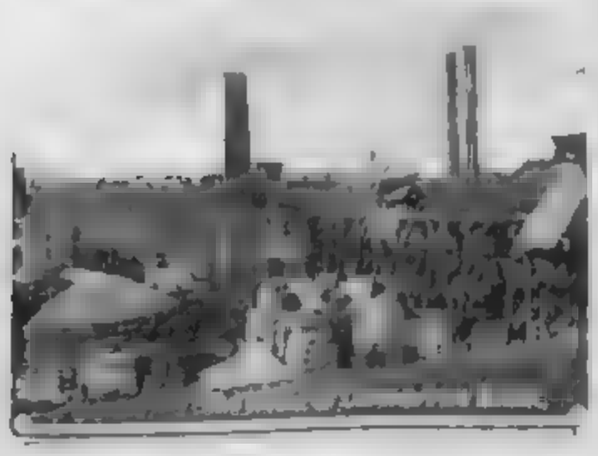

(Continued from Page 44)

Mr. Tutt peeked quizzically over his lank shoulder in her direction as if he were looking over the top of a flight of steps.

"Your honor," said he dryly, "we have decided to waive examination."

"Well, what's the meaning of that?" panted Edna indignantly when they were all outside again.

"It means," said Mr. Wilfred Edgerton, "that the defendant is willing to have the case sent to the grand jury without any preliminary hearing in the magistrate's court. You have won your case—in a sense."

"How d'ya mean—'in a sense'? Isn't the judge going to send him to Sing Sing?" she persisted angrily.

"This judge can't. The man's got to be indicted first and then tried by a jury. If the jury find him guilty the judge presiding will send him to prison."

"Oh!" Edna showed her disappointment. In her excitement she had forgotten about the grand jury.

"But this judge might have found the evidence insufficient and discharged the defendant here and now if he'd wanted to," explained Wilfred proudly. "By waiving examination and consenting that his client be held for the action of the grand jury Mr. Tutt has, in effect, conceded that we have a case."

"I don't want any concessions from that old scalawag!" she snorted. "I can get along without any help from him. What's back of it all?"

Mr. Wilfred rubbed his hands together after the manner of a curate seeking to register humility.

"I cannot say," he breathed. "I cannot say. But ——"

"But—what?" she exploded.

"It is just conceivable that Mr. Tutt *wants* his client indicted, so that he can—er—get more delay. If the man is once indicted and let out on bail it may be several years before he can be tried."

"Is *that* so?" queried Mrs. Pumpelly in a high sarcastic voice. "Listen here! I've had about all of this shilly-shallying and diddle-daddling I'm goin' to stand! If you don't get busy and *do* something I'm going to get another lawyer—little man!"

That "little man" finished Edgerton & Edgerton. Edna got another lawyer, a Mr. Delancy, and was quite delighted with him—until he sent her a bill for a thousand dollars. But when in a rage she took a taxi to his office and demanded the reason for any such charge, he told her quite calmly that unless the matter were handled with the utmost care and skill the case might be thrown out by the grand jury, or dismissed by the district attorney, or the defendant acquitted by the trial jury; and that on the disposition of it hung the possibility of her having to face a ten-thousand-dollar judgment in Beaton versus Pumpelly. She turned rather faint at this. What were the chances, she asked, of any of those things happening? Mr. Delancy looked at her significantly. The first two—a dismissal by the district attorney or grand jury—were unlikely, he said, because of Mr. Tutt's attitude, which seemed to be rather as if he wanted his client both indicted and tried. As to the result of a trial, it would all turn on what Mr. Pumpelly might testify to. Edna stared at him. But Mr. Pumpelly was in Glasgow! Well, he was coming home sometime, wasn't he? suggested Mr. Delancy. In the end Edna paid over the thousand. That, with her bill from Edgerton & Edgerton, made twenty-five hundred that her malice had cost her.

It was about this period that she got a letter from P. P., saying it looked as if he'd be tied up over across there for some time yet. Afterwards he might have to go to Cracow, he said. Edna had lost thirteen pounds and a lot of her self-confidence. Beaton had been indicted, had pleaded not guilty and had given bail in five thousand dollars. Then The People versus Beaton disappeared off the map. Towards Easter she inquired of Mr. Delancy when it was probably going to be tried. He said gruffly that it wasn't probably going to be tried any time; it would be tried when the "D. A." got good and ready and not before; that it was a bail case and in the usual course of events would come up in a couple of years; there was nothing either he or she could do but possess their souls in patience—two hundred and fifty dollars, please.

It was then that Edna Pumpelly, née Haskins, wife of Vice President Pumpelly of Cuban Cruce, awoke to the miserable consciousness that she had really started something. She had really supposed that Beaton would be cast into prison merely on her say-so; or, if she so preferred, on Simmons' say-so. But she now perceived that it wasn't so easy. Beaton had rights that the law was bound to respect, even if she wasn't. It was clear that no judge was going to force the case to trial in P. P.'s absence. Meanwhile it slumbered in the pigeonhole of Deputy Assistant District Attorney William Montague Pepperill, who privately intended in due time "to shoot it in some day with a lot of other stuff and try it off the papers."

"Came the merry month of May, when all Nature," and so on. But Nature seemed naught now to Edna but a pestilent congregation of vapors. She was down to one hundred and seventy-nine; absolutely off her peck; wished she was dead, she did. If she could have dropped the case against Beaton she would have done it like a shot, but Delancy had told her that such an act would be absolutely fatal in the civil action of Beaton versus Pumpelly. After she had had the man arrested, thrown into jail, indicted and put on bail, to lie down now would make it impossible to defend the false-imprisonment action—cost her ten thousand. Doctor Crass, the w.-k. gastro-intestinal specialist, insisted that she ought to travel; and not knowing what else to do she took a flying trip out to Athens to visit Mother Pumpelly, who always disagreed with her violently. It was here that she got a cable from P. P. saying that he would be obliged to spend the summer in Italy and suggesting that she join him in London. It really came to her as a great relief.

Up to this time she had not written a word to him about her troubles, but now she looked forward with eagerness to the time when she could lay her head on his shoulder and pour forth her sorrows.

The mere thought of going abroad and getting away from everything filled her with delight. After all, the case wasn't coming up for a couple of years and she might as well eat, drink and be as merry as possible in the meantime. She made up her mind that she just wouldn't do a thing to Paris!

Simmons got her the Presidential Suite on the A deck of a crack boat for thirty-five hundred—French Salon brass bed, hot and cold, fresh and salt—and then called up the society editors and asked each of them to run a stick to the effect that Mrs. Pierpont Pumpelly, wife of Vice President Pumpelly of the Cuban Crucible Steel Company, was closing her house in East Seventy-third Street and was sailing on the seventeenth inst. to join her husband in London for the season.

"Later on Mrs. Pumpelly expects to spend some time touring in the Tyrolean Alps."

VII

MRS. PUMPELLY passed the period intervening before the sailing of the steamer in delightful anticipation. She hadn't been so happy and carefree since that miserable day she had had Beaton arrested nearly six months before. There were a lot of people she knew going over for their annual spring spending, including Mrs. Morganthaler, and Edna made up her mind that this would be a grand chance to make up to her again and square the bad impression which P. P.'s congress shoes might have made. Indeed, she felt so bobbish that she moved down to the Waldorf for a couple of days before the seventeenth so as to give the servants a better chance to close up the house and be a little nearer the dock herself. The night before the ship was to sail she gave a good-by party, ostensibly for Mrs. Morganthaler, dinner in private dining room, with small orchestra, theater afterwards, dancing at the Crystal Room and all that, and didn't go to bed at all. A real party! So she was a little peevish when she started for the ship at half past ten, for although the steamer was not to sail till noon she thought it wiser, considering the Pomeranians and everything, to get to the pier promptly by eleven o'clock.

The crowds of motors and taxis moving slowly to the entrance of the pier, the lines of longshoremen trundling bales and barrels, the stewards swarming about everywhere, the throngs of passengers—such nice-looking people!—the bustle, the activity, the gayety of it all, thrilled and excited her. Assisted by Thérèse, she got her passport stamped, deposited Pompom and Poopoo in the stateroom and then strolled back upon the pier to watch the last arrivals. She did love ocean travel, particularly on English boats! Everybody treated you so nicely! The English were the only servants who know how to be properly deferential!

"Excuse me!" said a voice suddenly at her elbow. "This is Mrs. Pierpont Pumpelly, is it not?"

Hardly looking round to see who it was—since she supposed it must be a reporter—she simpered with importance, "Yes, I'm Mrs. Pumpelly. I'm going over to join Mr. Pumpelly in Rome, you see."

Then she choked—sawdust in the epiglottis or something. She'd seen that young man before somewhere.

"Yes, so I read in the paper," smiled Mr. Bonnie Doon. "But all the same ——"

For an instant the pier seemed to be rolling in a high sea. Automatically she received the paper which he shoved at her.

In the Name of the People of the State of New York:

To Edna Pumpelly: You are commanded to appear forthwith before the Court of General Sessions of the County of New York, Part V thereof at the Criminal Court Building in the City of New York, New York, on the seventeenth day of May, 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, as a witness in a criminal action, prosecuted by the People of the State of New York, against James W. Beaton.

Dated the City of New York, N. Y., the 17th day of May, 1922.

JOHN J. CARROLL,
Clerk, General Sessions of the Peace.

The pier was sinking beneath her feet. Already the Hudson was roaring in her ears. It was some horrible mistake!

"I—I thought this case wasn't coming up for a year or so," she stammered.

"Oh, dear, yes!" answered Bonnie blithely. "Mr. Tutt told me to put it on as soon as he heard you were going to Europe."

"He did, did he?" snapped Edna. "Well, I'm not a witness in it, anyway. My butler, Simmons, is the complainant. The district attorney can prove his case without me."

"But this," replied Mr. Doon, indicating the paper in her hand. "It is a subpœna on behalf of the defense."

"For the defense!"

"Precisely! We want you as a witness to the friendly relations between the defendant and your husband."

"But I thought Mr. Tutt didn't intend to try the case until my husband got back!"

Bonnie coughed slightly.

"I guess Mr. Tutt must have changed his mind."

Then she saw it all!

That horrible old man! He'd waited until the very minute she was starting for Europe and then somehow got the case on for trial just to spite her, to prevent her going. But he'd been a little too smart! He couldn't stop her now! Nobody could stop her now!

At that moment the ship's whistle began to blow thunderously.

"I s'pose you all think you're pretty clever!" she said venomously, edging toward the gangplank. "But you're too late. You'll have to try the case without me or adjourn it until I come back."

The swell officer at the head of the gangplank touched his hat.

"All aboard, madam!"

It went to her head.

"Do you refuse to obey the subpœna?" demanded Bonnie, moving along with her.

Edna turned and faced him.

"You've said it!" And she laughed harshly. "Tell the old judge that if he wants me he'll have to take me off the steamer!"

"Very well," replied Bonnie quietly, "I will."

Something in his manner terrified her.

The smoke was pouring in a black cloud from the funnel and the air was pulsating with the hoarse diapason of the whistle. Two sailors were loosening the gangplank. It wasn't possible that there was anything he could do, was there?

"Move along, madam, please!"

"If you board the steamer I shall go up to the courthouse, get a warrant of attachment for your arrest and have the sheriff take you off the ship before you get past the Statue of Liberty!" he shouted after her.

She was glad that nobody else could hear on account of the noise.

(Continued on Page 48)

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Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

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He who smokes last smokes best

Wherein our correspondent takes a long shot at Zanesville, O.

When we printed a letter from a smoker who professed a preference for the early morning smoke, apparently we started something. Almost the next mail brought along a batch of letters, among which the following is a fair sample:

Dear Sirs

Will you allow me to take issue with your A.K.K. from Zanesville, who insists that the best pipe of the day is the one smoked right after breakfast?

Of course, I have no intimate knowledge of local conditions down in Southern Ohio, but up here the majority of us regular pipe smokers have a decided leaning towards the last pipe of the evening.

Take a night when you are sitting in front of the fire after the neighbors have gone. Your wife suggests it is bedtime, and while you admit it is, you have a craving for one last smoke. She goes on upstairs and you promise to follow directly. But instead you take out your pipe and light up. You smoke slowly and peacefully, calling out at intervals that you'll be there in a minute. Only you don't go until the last ash has died in the bowl of your pipe.

That's my idea of the best smoke of the day.

Or suppose you've been out to a stiff, formal party, where all they gave you were cigars and cigarettes. You get home about 12 G. M., take off your glad rags and jump into something cool and comfortable. Then you find your old pipe, hunt up the blue can of Edgeworth and light up for a real smoke.

Yes, sir, for every smoker A.K.K. can produce who likes his after-breakfast pipe best, I'll guarantee to name a dozen men who prefer the last smoke of the evening. And most of us are Edgeworth smokers, too.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) T. S. Flint,
New York City.

Yes, as we suggested above, when we gave space to an expression of opinion about which is the best pipe of the day, we started something. But we are glad to open our columns to friendly discussions about pipes and smoking in general.

So if you have any particular notions, fads or fancies, send them along. We are taking a neutral standpoint ourselves, not even acting as referees in the debate.

And if you aren't an Edgeworth smoker, be sure and tell us about it. For we want to send you free samples, generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth has made friends all over the World. Some smokers may not care for Edgeworth, but those who do, we believe, settle down and never smoke any other tobacco the rest of their lives.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name of the dealer to whom you will go if you should like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid on parcel post a one or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber

(Continued from Page 46

"Nonsense!" she yelled at him.

"In a breeches buoy!" he flung back at her.

Mrs. Pumpelly felt her way cautiously down the gangplank. A moment later a crane lifted it into midair and it floated off like a feather. Another ship of the same line was also leaving, and the noise from the two whistles as they answered each other was deafening. Everybody was pressing to the shore side of the steamer. A crack of swirling water appeared between it and the pier. They were off! With immense relief Edna realized that she was no longer connected with dry land.

She craned her head at the crowd on the pier. Bonnie Doon had disappeared. Could they do anything to her? she wondered. Fine her a hundred dollars, maybe. But that wouldn't be until she got back. She would be safe for many a long month, touring in the Tyrolean Alps, before that could happen.

The bugle sounded lunch, that early hearty lunch so generously supplied by the transatlantic navigation companies while their vessels are still in the North River and on an even keel, and Edna thought she might as well find her table number, absorb a cup of bouillon and a caviar sandwich, and give her companions the once-over. She was feeling so much encouraged that she did not come up on deck again for nearly three-quarters of an hour.

The great liner was in midstream by this time, and slowly gathering headway, slipping along at about fifteen knots opposite Ellis Island. The city really looked too lovely, she thought, as, having made sure the dear little dogs were getting along all right, she lit a cigarette and strolled to the rail of the A deck just outside her stateroom door. Somebody was already there, pacing slowly along, with his hands behind him. There was something vaguely familiar about the shape of his back, like the top of a stepladder. Then he turned, and in her excitement she dropped her cigarette.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Pumpelly," said Mr. Tutt, removing his stovepipe with the grace of a Sir Walter.

The erstwhile Duchess of Athens leaned heavily against the bulwarks. To use her own picturesque diction, it was "a knockout."

"The city looks rather well from here, doesn't it?" went on the old man affably. "There's the Woolworth Building over there, and the Butterick Building over there, and the criminal courts there; and let's see—the Tombs ought to be somewhere about *there*. A wonderful panorama!"

But Edna made no reply. There was a frog in her larynx. In spite of her terror she noticed that several other people had stopped and were gazing towards the Battery at something. A paralysis seized her limbs, but she raised her eyes in the same direction. A fast launch was tearing across the harbor from the direction of the Aquarium.

In the bow stood a young man—that same horrid young man! with a paper in his hand. He waved it at Mr. Tutt as the launch raced alongside. There was another horrid-looking man with him too. "Police Boat No. 7" was painted on the pilot house.

Mr. Tutt stepped to the rail and made a funnel of his hands.

"Hello, sheriff! Everything all right?"

And the unknown, horrid-looking man grinned.

The launch was now hanging expectantly in the current alongside. To Edna it looked as if it were at least a thousand feet below. The crowd had greatly increased. No breeches buoy for her! The old lawyer sauntered slowly towards her, stovepipe in hand. He seemed to be saying something to himself. What was he muttering about?

"'Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.'"

The world went bad on her. She was called and she knew it. Aces!

"How much is it going to cost me to square this thing so's I can go to Europe?" she faltered.

"Exactly ten thousand beans," whispered Mr. Tutt. "And then you can forget it for the rest of your life."

Thérèse, who had been trying to get Pompom and Poopoo to go to sleep, was surprised to see her mistress hurriedly enter the salon with a very red face and sit down at the Louis Seize writing desk.

"And cheap at the price!" she heard Edna Pumpelly mutter as she signed her name to whatever it was.

PASCAL'S MILL

(Continued from Page 21)

room in which he sat; it seemed oppressively narrow and confined. The sheets beneath his hand felt damp; he saw where blue mold had formed in small spots here and there upon the walls. He began to feel trapped, imprisoned, a captive waiting some hideous yet unknown fate. The room seemed to him strangely like a cell. Little sounds still came to him: the old millhouse was full of small creaks and groanings. The wind had freshened again. A train passed by on the other side of the gorge, and he wished he were aboard it, but put the wish aside. "Maybe I can do something," he thought uncertainly; then remembered how formless all his fears were. "But what about?" he asked himself. "What about? What is there to be done?"

He tried to tell himself that Jude Pascal was simply a queer old recluse; that his actions, which seemed to Rob's sane eyes astonishing, were normal in the man. But this hypothesis would not stand; for Dora herself was disturbed, was terrified by the manifestations they both had witnessed in her uncle. No, in the grim man's still soul some cataclysm was taking form—or had already passed, leaving this wreckage behind. Rob tried to assure himself that he was thinking clearly and clearly, but the spell of the grim old house was upon him. His thoughts were not thoughts: they represented the frantic circling of a trapped mind.

He flung to his feet. "I can't stand sitting here indoors," he thought. He put his pipe in his pocket to dull his fingers and he dragged it forth. "Go out. Take another smoke." He bore the lamp, lighting his way with it. Below stairs he found the kitchen dark. He set the lamp on the table and Jude's door opened, and Jude, still dressed in his loose old working garments, looked out at him.

"Disturbed, Mr. Druce? Can I do anything?"

"I'm not sleepy," Rob told him. "I'm going to take a smoke, outside."

"It's late."

"I'm used to late hours, sir. And I drank coffee. I'll just take a look around. The door isn't locked, is it?"

Jude hesitated. "No, you'll find it open."

"You needn't wait up for me," said Rob, and shut the door behind him.

The open air welcomed him, he found it grateful as a warm bed on a cold night. The moon had set: it was darker, yet still light enough so that he could pick his way across and through the fringe of trees to the bowlder where he had sat with Dora. Seated there, his pipe going, the mosquitoes already thick about him, he looked toward her windows and saw they were dark. How could she sleep? he wondered. His own eyes were wide and staring; there was an actual prickling up and down his spine. Tragedy in the very air of this place, it seemed to Rob; grim and ugly and moldy and cold.

Alone here in the night, with no damp walls around him, his imagination had fuller play. He lived over the incidents of the day, each in itself inconsiderable, but all of them together fitting into a pattern that seemed to him ominous and threatening—and bewildering in the extreme. "There's certainly something wrong," he told himself matter-of-factly. "A blind man could see that. But what is it? And is it any of my business anyway?"

A long Pullman train, its lights dim, passed down grade: he watched it go, and thought of the people warm and comfortable and secure within; their sheets were not damp and moldy! He wished for a moment that he were aboard that train. He thought that this millhouse in the deep valley was the most solitary place he had ever seen. "Yet hundreds of people pass within seventy-five yards of it every day," he reminded himself. "I guess that just makes it all the lonesomer. It's no wonder old Jude is half crazy. It would be a wonder if he weren't."

But Dora was not crazy, he reminded himself; and perhaps Jude himself was not so utterly mad, after all. There could be sane explanations of his apparent madness; Rob constructed a dozen of these explanations, any one of which might have fitted. Yet none of them were convincing.

The night about him was full of sounds. Twigs rustled, dead branches cracked in the woods, the frogs occasionally woke to their chorus again. He heard the quacking of wild ducks, somewhere upstream, as they fed among the grasses along the marshy shore. The domestic ducks in their house between him and the mill stirred and faintly answered these calls from the wild. The air was full of the hum of insects. Owls were not far away, almost monotonously. In the barnyard he could see a dim glow from the still smoldering embers of the fire Jude had built; that fire into which he had fed, with such a still fury of destruction, the owl pen, the stave and the skiff. Rob thought he could understand the destruction of the owl pen; he knew that for some reason Jude wished to see the end of that oak staff. The burning of the skiff seemed to have no possible explanation.

It was growing late; the dampness of the night seemed to intensify. On the wind, which blew with a steady persistence, moldy odors drifted to and fro. As he sat on the bowlder, puffing his pipe, leaning back upon his hands, something softly touched his wrist. He started up, heart pounding. The cat, prowling in the night, had discovered him and wished to be friends. Its eyes glowed at him. He heard its throaty purr. He took the creature into his arms and fondled it, enjoying the friendliness of its response, laughing at his own fears.

The trickle of running water, percolating through the dam, came to his ears; that sound which filled the old millhouse. He judged that the leak was located somewhere under Dora's room.

Dora! His thoughts pictured her with sudden and extraordinary clarity. Was she the sort of girl he could love? Jude's questions returned to his mind. A strange scene, that! A strange catechism! But Dora? He thought her beautiful, and he loved beauty. Further, he liked her, sympathized with her, wished to help her. Was this the stuff love could spring from? Could he imagine himself married to her? He considered the picture dispassionately. He had thought of marriage occasionally, thought he would rather like it. It would be pleasant to have a home of his own. But he had never found a girl to fit into the scene of his imaginings. Would Dora fit into this picture? He didn't know, put the question aside.

She interested him extraordinarily, if for no other reason because of the strangeness of her life here. Remote, secluded, her only companion this grim old man. Her friends, figures from old books. Her life, a round of small chores, and intervals of reading. Her heart half guessing the beauties and wonders of the outer world, and yearning toward them. Yes, she interested him. Jude too. There, beyond mistake, was a figure of tragedy. His wild youth, followed by the asceticism of his religious training; that in turn shattered by the blaze of his passion for Dora's mother. The first conflagration passed, repentance had driven him back here to the life of a recluse, where Dora came, to grow up in her mother's likeness, to be all his world. Dora, whom now he had told Rob he was to lose. Rob felt a gripping sense of pity for the gaunt and tortured figure of the austere old man.

His pipe was, he perceived, burned out. The cat, when in his abstraction he ceased to stroke it, had wandered off into the wood in pique. There was a light still in Jude's curtained window.

Rob watched it with a curious and inexplicable feeling of expectancy, like a man waiting for a clock to strike.

(Continued on Page 50

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Sherbrooke, Que.
Sydney, N. S.
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SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

(Continued from Page 48

But nothing happened. By and by he became conscious that he was cold; and he rose and started back toward the house.

XI

TRAINS, it seemed to Rob, were forever bellowing up or down this valley, as though by their roar and rumble and rush and their vomiting cinders and their stifling smoke they derided the weather-beaten old structure hidden away in this recess among the hills. You could imagine them shouting jeering remarks: "Old stick in the mud! Old bump on a log! Why don't you travel, see the world, see life? As we do!" And a flirt of their rear vestibules as they swished around the curve down brook. A train passed as he started from his seat on the bowlder back toward the house. He paused to watch it go, noticing again, as he often had noticed before, how much faster the engine seemed to go than the rear car. The locomotive was come and gone, with a flare of light from the fire box, a great spit of steam, a scream of steel; the last Pullman came trundling along behind like a fat pug dog, long accustomed to follow a sedate barouche, trying to keep up with the first automobile that ever came to town. There was, Rob thought, something ridiculously humble and scurrying about this last Pullman, as though it whined and pleaded: "I'm coming. Honest I am. Please wait for me." He thought, smiling: "I'll never ride in the last car again. Wouldn't associate with a Pullman car that carries its tail between its legs."

His own imaginings pleased him, lifted some of the perturbation which had weighed down his spirits. He went on toward the house more swiftly; and the more intense silence which always followed the passage of a train settled down about him as the last reverberations from its going ceased.

In this silence, and as his path led him near the corner of the house where Jude's room was, he heard the murmur of voices from behind the lighted curtains. His first thought was that Dora must have come downstairs to talk with her uncle. Not with any intent to eavesdrop, but because he hesitated to go into the kitchen and perhaps disturb them, he stood for a moment still. In this moment he perceived that the voices were whispering; which was strange if it were only Dora and her uncle. This new mystery revived the old ones. Who was it who whispered with Jude so late at night in his room in the corner of the mill? Rob had a momentary and entirely unreasonable feeling that this whispering threatened Dora; he listened, forgetting that he listened.

And he found that there were not two voices, after all. There was simply one voice, modulated and modified by the emotions that swept Jude Pascal as he spoke. He even heard a phrase: "O God!" Not profanity, but a prayer. Jude was praying, half aloud; and the tones that Rob heard told him that the man was abandoned to torment and travail of spirit. This was the voice of a soul ground and tormented. Rob drew back, flushing with shame because he had overheard; he drew aside, leaving the suffering soul to its solitude. He approached the kitchen door as quietly as he could, and opened it gently, and stepped into the kitchen. He would slip upstairs and to bed, pry no more into the business of this unhappy house.

The cat brushed past his feet as he held the door open; he saw it glide across the floor and into the shadows of the pantry. Rob thought he had made no sound, but Jude must have heard, for he opened his door and, with the light behind him, looked out. Rob's own lamp, on the center table, revealed the man's figure more clearly; and Rob saw that Jude had put on dark trousers of some decent stuff, and that he wore black shoes, which faintly reflected the light from a polished surface. He was in his undershirt.

Jude said gently, "I thought I heard you coming in."

Rob assented. "Yes, I was afraid I would wake you, but your room was still lighted."

"I sleep little," Jude explained.

Rob found himself saying, "You look as though you were going somewhere."

Jude looked down at his trousers and shoes, and smiled.

"Going on a journey!" he said mildly. "Well, I thought it might be possible that I would have to go to Boston. This is a suit I haven't worn for more than a dozen years. It's my best suit, though; and I took it out to find whether the moths had been in it. It seems all right."

Rob felt something within himself alertly on guard. In Jude's casual and amiable tone there had been that suggestion of determined emphasis which he had heard once before. On the other occasion he knew that Jude had lied; was he lying now? And why? This explanation he had given was simple enough. But—he need have given no explanation at all. It was not demanded of him. Yet if he lied, what was the truth which he concealed?

"It looks all right," he said weakly.

Jude nodded. "Well, good night to you," he suggested.

"Good night," Rob replied, and took his lamp and started for the stair.

Over his shoulder as he climbed he saw Jude still standing in the open door of his room, the light behind him throwing his gaunt stern figure austerely into silhouette. The man made a motion with his hand, as though, Rob thought, he said farewell.

At the head of the stairs Rob looked at Dora's door, and stood still for a moment. He was not frightened; but his nerves were on edge, he was ready to start at the least sound. He wished he had someone to talk to; thought, with grim amusement, how interested his father would be in the tale of his curious intangible adventures in the old millhouse. It would make a story worth telling, whatever the end might be. He felt instinctively that there would be an end, a climax, a culmination. He tried to put the thought aside. "You'll wake up in the morning and find the sun shining, and wonder what got into you," he told himself reproachfully. "Shake out of it, old man." Nevertheless, it was with some regret that he turned away from the door of the room where the girl slept, and went to his own quarters.

When his door was shut behind him he had a momentary feeling of security. Then the cold and dampness struck in to his bones; and he found himself shivering, and stripped off his clothing and got into Jude's rough nightshirt and into bed. The coverings were plentiful; he heaped them high, drew them close about his chin. He had opened no window; had no appetite for the moldy air of night in this valley. He closed his eyes determinedly. He would sleep.

But his thoughts returned to Jude; to Jude, attiring himself in his best clothes in his room at midnight alone. Was this some quaint vanity in the grim man? It seemed to Rob unlikely; he was sure Jude was not vain. Probably just a device to while away the sleepless night; no doubt he busied himself with every task his mind could contrive, at such times as this. Rob was sorry for him; the thought of the poor old man sitting down there, lonely and alone, brought a lump to his throat. His feelings toward Jude were always contradictory. Part of the time he feared the man; part of the time he was near loving him. And always he was sorry and pitiful at thought of the torture Jude was so manifestly enduring.

Rob tried to sleep; devoted himself with some vigor to this task of getting to sleep. He began with the letter "A" and remembered a vegetable, a city and a river beginning with that letter; so went down the alphabet. He had played the game before, once or twice, and went glibly enough for a while. Asparagus, Athens, Amazon. Greens, Georgetown, Ganges. Melon, Minneapolis, Mississippi. The letter "V" always stopped him; he could never think of any vegetable except "vegetable," and that always seemed like an illegal short cut. He used to grope sleepily for a while on "V" and then go to sleep. But this night before he got to "V" he became conscious of a sound, and forgot his self-imposed task in trying to identify it.

It came from no particular direction. He had already observed that the acoustics of this old building were peculiar. This sound seemed to come from overhead; it might come from Jude's room underneath his own; it might come from somewhere outside. He could not be sure. It was very faint, and it was a measured, rhythmic sound, coming on regular beats at intervals of about a second. A scraping, rasping sound, like a man scraping mud from his boots on an old-fashioned iron boot cleaner. Like sailors holystoning the deck over your head when you slept late of a morning at sea. Like a pendulum in an old clock whose bearings have become rusty. Like the creak of a hammock hinge as the hammock swings in the wind. Like Shylock sharpening his knife in the trial scene. Sharpening his knife! That was the sound! Rob was immediately sure of it. Jude, downstairs, sharpening his knife. Or perhaps honing his razor. To another man this sound might have been ominous. But it happened that one of Rob's hobbies was to keep his penknife razor-sharp. He had a little whetstone in his desk; and when his hands were idle, though his mind might be occupied, he was apt to take out this stone and stroke it with his knife blades, rubbing them keen. This habit on his part enabled him to interpret the sound which he heard; he could see old Jude as plainly as though they were in the same room. Poor lonely man, unable to sleep, filling the night hours with little tasks, inspecting his clothes, sharpening his knife. He had, abruptly, a feeling of kinship with Pascal; felt closer to him than he had ever felt before. An immediate result of this discovery was to bring a fitful slumber; his eyes remained closed of their own volition, his thoughts became confused and uncertain, and he slept.

This sleep of his was light, however; it was no more than a doze. The sound of an opening door brought him halfway back to wakefulness. Without opening his eyes he listened, and heard slow footsteps. Jude, in the kitchen, moving to and fro. Sounds more remote told him that Jude had gone into the shed. Poor fellow! Rob's bed was by this time warm and snug; he was full of sleep, full of the indolence of slumber. He did not greatly concern himself about Jude now. Perhaps the man had gone out to see to the cattle; perhaps a cow was going to calve this night. Jude, dressed in his Sunday clothes, to tend a calving cow. Rob smiled in his half sleep at the thought. Besides, there was no cow near calving. He remembered Jude had said one of the cows was to come in, sometime in the future; certainly not tonight. No, no cow. Something else. Jude attired in his best clothes —— The sounds no longer penetrated Rob's consciousness. This time he fell seriously asleep.

By and by, sometime later—his watch was on the bureau and he was not sufficiently interested to consult it—he woke again. Something had jarred the bed, jarred the room. He was able to remember back into his sleep; to remember the sound or the sensation that had waked him. A sort of thud, as though one of the old timbers beneath the house had slipped an inch or two. As though a bag of meal had dropped off the feed box in the barn to the floor. The mill was full of these sounds, he remembered. Dora had told him so, and he heard them for himself. Even now, as the wind blew, he could hear a rhythmic creaking somewhere; could hear, far away below his room, the trickle of running water; could hear the night sounds outside. How the wind blew! Gusts, now and then, rattled worn weatherboards outside his room. "If I start listening for noises I'll never get to sleep," he told himself, and buried his ears in the pillows, drawing one half over his head, turning on his side. The pillows muffled him in drowsy silence. He slipped easily into a world of dreams.

XII

OUT of sound sleep Rob came wide awake with no drowsy intermission, and sat up in his bed. His senses were thoroughly alert; he had waked as an animal does. He wondered what time it was, and got out of bed and scratched a match to look at his watch. Unwound, it had run down at twelve minutes past three o'clock. Outside the window there was no sign of dawn. It must be between 3:15 and half past four; probably nearer the latter. The first light in the east would probably be visible even now, but for the intervening barrier of wooded ridge.

He was not sure why he had wakened. The wind outside had ceased; a hush seemed to have fallen upon the world. It was true that his ear could still distinguish the sound of trickling water which always filled this old house; he heard the occasional hoot of a hunting owl. A mouse or rat scratched and ran and squeaked in the plastering above his head. And here and there in the structure of the mill a board creaked or a beam groaned.

Just now a board above his head was creaking; a persistent sound, recurrent. It might be disturbed by the pressure of a careless foot; he gave the sound his attention, and his imagination amplified it. Someone was moving slowly to and fro in the attic over his head. He was, after a

(Continued on Page 52)

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(Continued from Page 50)

little, sure of this. He knew the agony of listening for the board to creak again, found himself standing in the dark, holding his breath, his mouth open, his ears alert. Creak! Creak! A chill of apprehension crept upon him; it was purely physical. He was not afraid, but his body was. He laughed grimly at his own fright, and whispered, "Knees, be still!" His teeth were chattering with the damp and cold.

He became conscious of another sound. It is not accurate to say he heard this sound; it was not audible. It was merely a cessation of silence; it was a hiatus in the stillness, like the numbness of a gum filled with cocaine. It came again; he located it with some accuracy. It was, he felt, near by—perhaps in the hall outside his door, perhaps a little farther away. Somewhere near his room. It was difficult to be sure; sounds traveled readily through the stout structure of the millhouse. He ached with waiting to hear it again.

The air about him seemed to prick his flesh; to tremble and shudder and stroke his cheeks with cold hands. To his stimulated imagination the house seemed full of furtive movements, seemed peopled with hostile beings who moved silently to and fro, preparing and preparing. He had a sense of imminence; a shrinking from some unseen but potent threat. A train puffed slowly by, upgrade. A long freight with two engines. The beat of their exhausts now merged, now divided, so that the tempo was first slow, then uneven, then fast. He thought the sound like the beat of hoofs when a pair of unevenly matched horses trot on asphalt. He could hear the train coming a mile away, could hear nothing else till it slowly drew level with them, climbed beyond; till the bark of the exhaust was muffled by an intervening spur of hill and finally was lost in the distant stillness of the night.

When it was gone he thought for a moment there was sound in Jude's room below him, and lay on the floor, his ear pressed to the cold boards, the better to hear. But he heard nothing. The silence seemed to him more ominous than sound would have been. Recklessly he scratched another match, welcoming its scrape and hiss in the silence, welcoming the sudden light it cast. He lighted his lamp on the bureau; and sight of himself in the glass, shrouded in Jude's nightshirt, startled him. He decided to dress. It must be nearly dawn, he reminded himself. And—he was no longer sleepy.

He dressed, taking some precautions to make no sound. He hesitated whether or not to put on his shoes; decided against it. Fully clad except for his shoes, he lay down on the bed. The springs creaked under him; and he listened for the sound of movement anywhere, wondered if anyone had heard them creak. The light in the room, striking full upon him and leaving the corners in shadows, made him feel naked and defenseless, easy prey for prying eyes. He yearned for the comforting cloak of darkness, in which he might crouch and hide; stilled the longing and left the lamp burning on the marble slab of the bureau.

After a while he became obsessed with the idea that someone was listening outside his door. He tried to put the fancy aside, laughed at himself for imagining it. Yet his eyes watched the door steadily. It was unlocked; he had thought of locking it before he came to bed, but refrained from doing so in order to prove to himself that he was not afraid. He wished, now, that he had turned the key. If anyone wished to come in there was nothing to hinder. Someone was surely there. He imagined he could hear faint breathing; imagined he saw the handle turn; imagined he saw a panel yield to some pressure from without; imagined that the door creaked against the jamb under this pressure. In the end he got up to open it.

"There's no one there," he told himself, "but you won't be satisfied till you look and see." He took the lamp in his hand when he started toward the door; then stopped and looked around wistfully to see if he might discover, anywhere, a weapon—in case of need. There was nothing except a chair; he thought poorly of this. He shifted the lamp to his right hand and planned to hurl that in the intruder's face if the occasion seemed to demand. He grinned again at his own fancy, and with teeth clenched to stop their chattering he laid his left hand on the knob. Even then he hesitated whether to open the door furtively or swiftly; finally turned the knob and wrenched it open with a single gesture. Of course no one would be there.

But Dora was there, crouched at his feet.

She must have been half sitting, half kneeling, her back against the door itself. When it opened she was thrown off balance, caught herself and came to her feet, facing him. She wore, he saw, a blanket robe over her nightgown. Her hair was loosely braided, her eyes dull with lack of sleep and red with weeping. There were tears on her cheeks and her lips twitched in a sob. He perceived that she was trembling.

He was astonished, then commiserating. She seemed so pitifully small and frightened; she shrank away from him so hurriedly. Yet her shrinking was more spiritual than actual; actually she leaned a little toward him. He stooped and set the lamp on the floor and put his arms clumsily about her. He thought, even in that moment, how small and soft and warm she was in her night garments. She seemed glad to come to him, clung to him, not in an embrace, but in a panic of terror, as though he offered her refuge against all that threatened.

He felt her trembling with waves of shuddering fright. They swept her and shook her; and he whispered, "It's all right, Dora. Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid!"

Himself, in presence of her fright, with her as a charge upon him, was no longer frightened at all.

"I am afraid! I am afraid!" she insisted.

"There's nothing to be afraid of." They both spoke in whispers, and Rob's eyes tried to pierce the darkness behind her.

"I couldn't go to sleep," she told him wistfully.

"But what's the matter?" he asked. "What is it? What frightened you?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. Something."

"You're just imagining things," Rob said bravely. "It's all right. Go back to bed now."

"I've been hearing people moving—all night," she insisted.

He laughed at her fears, as though he were a stranger to them. "That was me," he said. "And your uncle. He's been moving about downstairs; and I've been up two or three times. I didn't come to bed till late."

"I heard you," she told him. "It's been since then."

"What did you think you heard?" he asked. "Come, now."

She looked up at him for the first time, not answering his question. "I was afraid to be alone," she said. "That's why I came out here—to your door—so I could call you if I wanted to. And I started crying and couldn't stop."

She trembled again; he perceived that she was on the brink of a hysterical outburst, and he said roughly, "Stop it! Don't be silly now. You know better."

"I heard Uncle Zone," she whispered.

For a moment he could not speak. What she had said seemed, curiously, to bring together so many pieces of the puzzle. He himself, he realized, had felt the presence of that sinister man; that man whom he had never seen, yet hated and abhorred. Yet he tried to persuade her she was mistaken.

"You couldn't," he insisted. "He went away days ago."

"He's come back," she urged.

"He wouldn't come back."

"I didn't tell you," she confessed. "But he and Uncle Jude fought. I heard them that night. And Uncle Jude whipped him; and Uncle Zone cursed, and said he would come back and get even. Threatened horribly. I didn't want to tell you."

He glowed a little with pride that she should confide in him. He sensed the habitual reticence that she had put aside in his favor; felt that between them a bond had been created.

But he told her, "That mustn't worry you. Such men always bluster!"

"I heard him tonight," she insisted. "A sort of cry!"

He shook his head. "He wouldn't come at night."

She clutched his arm, whispered up to him, "I think he's hiding in the attic. I heard someone up there."

He, also, had thought he heard someone in the attic, but would not tell her so.

"Now, Dora," he urged, "you're just imagining things—because you couldn't get to sleep. Go back to bed. Go to sleep. Everything's all right. You mustn't act this way."

"I can't, I can't!" she cried, and began to sob. "I'm afraid."

"I'll stay outside your door," he offered. "I'll take care of you. You go back to bed."

"He hated Uncle Jude," she insisted. "I was afraid of him when he went away."

"Now you just forget him," Rob begged. "This will all seem mighty foolish to you in the morning. You'll see. And it's almost morning now. I promise to stay right outside your door."

"He's in the attic," she persisted. "He's up in the attic, hiding!" He felt her shiver and shudder within the circle of his arm.

"I'll tell you," he offered, humoring her: "You go back to bed, and I'll go up there and take a look around. If he's there I'll soon rout him out."

"No, no!" she whispered fiercely. "No, no!" Her hands gripped his right arm fiercely. "I'm afraid to be alone."

"You'll be all right."

"I'll go up with you"

"You can't," he said sternly. "You're freezing now. Cold. Go back to bed and get warm, and I'll take care of you."

"I'll put on my slippers."

"See here, if he was up there you'd just be in the way."

"He may be in one of the empty rooms—here, right beside us"

"Pshaw! He ——"

"I'm afraid."

"I'll look through these rooms first."

"He's in the attic. I know he is."

"I —"

"I'm going with you," she insisted; and her grip on his arm could not be shaken. "I'm going with you."

He was so sorry for her that he yielded. "But you'll have to put on some clothes," he insisted. "You'll be sick with cold."

"I will," she promised submissively—having gained her point. "I will." She permitted him to guide her toward her room. He carried the lamp, gave it to her. "Wait for me?" she pleaded when he left her.

"I'll wait right here."

She closed the door reluctantly. He stood in the darkness, leaning against the wall, his senses alert. He could hear her swift movements in the room behind him; no other sound. Was it possible that Zone Pascal had come back here, with what ugly purpose in his mind? A threat against Jude; against the girl. If Jude were gone how helpless she would be in this remote spot! And if this man were evil as he seemed. The horror of the thought chilled him.

Was this what Jude had feared? Was this the key to the riddle of his extravagances? It fitted some of the closed doors, but not all. Not all. There was something else besides fear of what Zone might do.

He stole back to his room and got his shoes and put them on, still wondering. Would they find Zone abovestairs here? He had certainly heard someone in the attic. So, also, had Dora. They could not both be mistaken. He raised his eyes, as though expecting the ceiling to open over his head. When the door beside him did open he started involuntarily. He saw Dora, fully dressed now. She carried the lamp in her right hand; in her left a revolver, which she thrust to him.

"Here, here," she said whisperingly.

"Lord, I couldn't hit a barn with it," he laughed. "Can you?"

"Uncle Jude taught me," she replied.

"Then you keep it," he told her. "I'll take the lamp. But don't you think you'd better stay here—in your room?"

"No, no."

He surrendered. "All right. Now how do we get up into the attic?"

"Around the hall, toward the shed," she directed. "There are stairs there."

He led the way, the lamp in his right hand. The hall ended in a door, and he lifted his hand to the latch, but she drew him back. "That leads to the shed, down some stairs," she told him. "Here is the way to the attic."

She touched another door in the left-hand wall. He opened it. Stairs led steeply upward at an angle. "You better wait here," he urged again.

Courage was returning to her. "I'm coming with you," she reiterated.

So, Rob ahead and the girl at his elbow, they began to climb the steep and narrow stairs.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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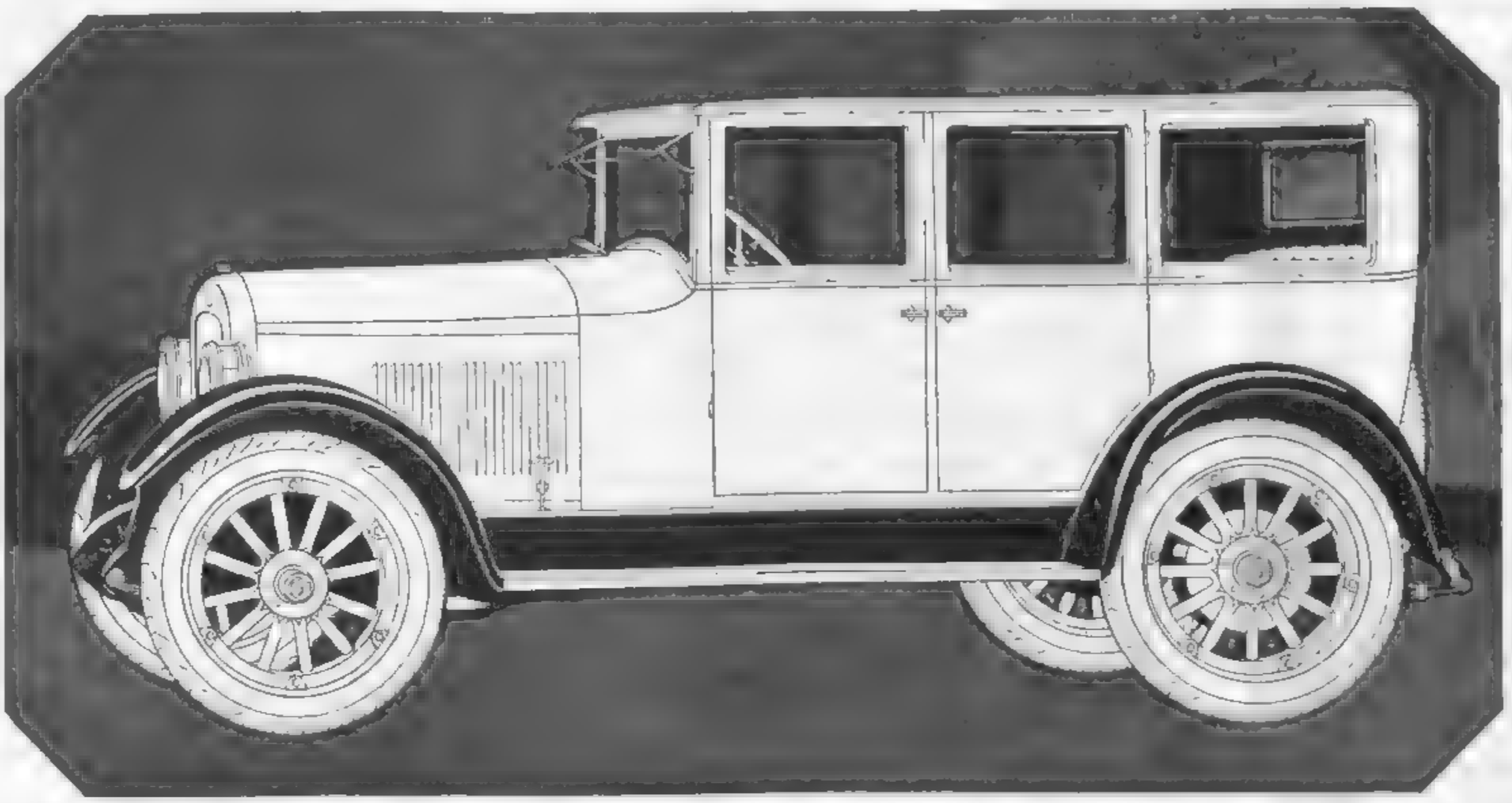

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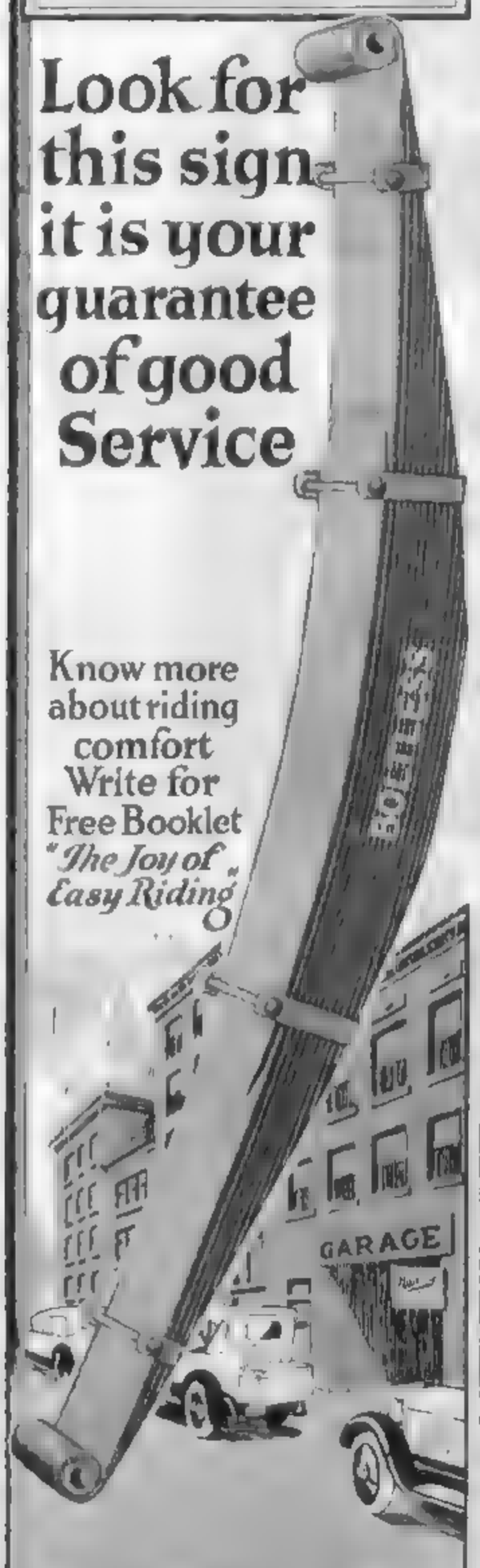

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THE HOG

(Continued from Page 11)

"I hear you've invented a wreck-proof hog."

"Oh!" said Archie, sparring for time. "Who was tellin' you?"

"I'm afraid I didn't get it very straight," said the girl, "because I didn't understand it myself. I only remembered you said it wouldn't break like that one did today."

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Carey. "Archie, the boy inventor!"

Archie remembered that he didn't like Mr. Carey, had never liked him; and this was odd, because he had never thought about it one way or another.

"Me and Edison," he grunted.

"Tell us about it. You oughtn't to be so coy about these things," urged Mr. Carey. "If you've got a wreck-proof hog you shouldn't keep it from us. Look what you could have saved us!"

"Oh, it may not work," said the modest Archie.

"Even if it doesn't," said A. G., "I like to see a young man use his brains. That's fine, Archie, that's fine! Tell us about it. You may have something. Have you worked out a model?"

"No, sir," said the badgered Archie, "not yet."

"Want to let us look over your drawings? We might help you."

"I'll have to get 'em in shape," muttered Archie.

"Do that!" said Mr. Carey, and smiled. "Don't forget!"

Very few people ever got by Mr. Carey with an empty bluff.

Returning to the boarding house, Archie dropped in to inquire about Two-Finger's legs. They hurt, and Two-Finger was willing to talk about them; but Archie didn't listen.

"Say, dad," he broke out after abstracted silence, "why wouldn't this work? Set your boxes in sliding guides with springs ——"

"Huh?" said Two-Finger, being no mind reader.

Archie explained and Two-Finger indulgently told him why it wouldn't work. Two-Finger had been a good mechanic in his day.

"Gears, then, and hook 'em up to a governor, so as to pull the cylinder back when it drops below a certain speed."

"Son," said Two-Finger, "it can't be done. You got to have two bearings, and the strain ain't never the same on both—never. Warp your journals fifty times a day. If it could be done somebody would 'a' done it long before now."

"That's right," sighed Archie, and went to bed and dreamed—no, not of hogs, but of brown eyes and slim delightful hands. He remembered the hog next day, though, because steam was very low, and Mr. Carey took pains to remind him.

"Got those plans about ready, Edison?"

"I'll let you know," said Archie.

"I bet you will!" said Mr. Carey, and smiled.

Archie wondered why he was so tired that night. He hardly even had the energy to scrub his hands; but once started, he forgot all about it and went on scrubbing. There is this difficulty about working with your brain as well as your hands: Your brain won't always stop when the whistle blows. Endlessly he visualized the massive spool-shaped, knife-studded cylinder of the hog, spinning in its iron casing, devouring what came down the chute—yet jerking back to save itself when it hit anything it couldn't cut. But how? How could you move two independent bearings without warping the journals?

"Say, dad," he demanded, sticking his head in at Two-Finger's door, "how about casting your whole frame solid?"

"Fine!" snorted Two-Finger; "only take about forty horsepower to move it! You still frettin' about that fool hog?"

Then he saw Archie's expensive trousers, his expensive shirt. Two-Finger was old and lame, but he was neither deaf nor blind.

"You goin' into sassiety, Archie?"

"Nump," denied Archie with fine carelessness. "Just freshenin' up a little. Rests you to change your clo'es."

"Umph!" said Two-Finger. "Son, you take my word for it. Don't you go foolin' around no girl that was raised soft like that. They're mighty pretty to look at, and they can be mighty sweet and lovin' while you're young and free with your money. But they git terrible tired of bein' married to a sawmill man."

Archie grinned.

"Yeah? How many of 'em you married, dad?"

"One," said Two-Finger, stolidly puffing at his pipe.

Archie was silent, embarrassed by this exposure of a past. It had no application to him, though. In the first place, any girl who could love old Two-Finger would be very different from Mary Ellen; in the second, he hadn't exactly presumed to think of Mary Ellen as loving anybody. He hadn't exactly thought about it at all. Thinking wasn't Archie's long suit in those days.

At supper he sat abstractedly fingering a water glass, twirling it, jerking it suddenly sidewise. How? How?

"Yep," said the deck foreman, "Archie's in love."

"Or crazy with the heat. Same thing."

"Tryin' to remember a trick I saw a fellow do," grinned Archie, unblushing, and put it down. But endlessly, uselessly that whirling cylinder nagged his brain, running into foolish complications.

There were only two ways to stroll in Hayden, and one of them led past A. G.'s house. Mr. Carey's roadster halted at the gate and Mary Ellen was in it.

"I've been to the woods," she cried. "It's glorious out there! Different from any woods I ever saw. No underbrush, only those tall solemn trees, all quiet and peaceful. Don't you just love it?"

"Yes'm," said Archie.

"How about those plans, Edison?"

"Fix 'em up for you tonight," said Archie coolly, spiking Mr. Carey's guns. He would put an end to this thing. He would present some fool plan and eat his portion of crow and have it over.

To Mary Ellen he said, "Say you like it out there?"

"Oh, yes! All except the logging. The axes and saws sound like a noise in church; and that awful rackety machine that drags the logs; what do you call it—scudder?"

"Skidder," said Archie; and seeing the spinning cable drums of the skidder he absently took her hat from her hands and stuck the pin through the crown and twirled it. It was a severe affair of rough straw; the crown did very well for a cylinder.

"She likes the woods," said Mr. Carey, "all except what they're good for."

"What are you doing to my hat?"

"Ma'am?" said Archie, spinning it. "Oh!"

Sheepishly he would have stopped it. The rough brim rasped his knuckles, tender with much scrubbing, and the hat slid endwise off the pin. He made no move to retrieve it, only stood looking at it and rubbing his knuckles on his shirt.

"Sufferin' catfish!" murmured he.

"These absent-minded inventors!" Mr. Carey picked up the hat.

"Have 'em for you in half an hour!" said Archie, and bolted.

It was much more than half an hour. A. G.'s house was dark, but Archie was not deceived. He could see two dim figures on the porch and neither of them was Mr. A. G.

"Ah," said Mr. Carey, "got those plans, I suppose?"

"Nothin' different!" said Archie.

There was a short silence.

"Er—that's good," said Mr. Carey. "That's fine! Bring 'em to the office tomorrow—or any time."

IV

"IF YOU got a minute to look 'em over," said Archie craftily, "maybe you can show me where I'm wrong. Then I could work on 'em some more tonight."

Under the circumstances Mr. Carey didn't doubt that he could very quickly show him where he was wrong. He rose and turned on the porch light.

"Oh, hello, Mary Ellen!" said the brazen Archie. "Ain't it kind of late for you to be out?"

"I haven't learned yet to be sleepy at nine o'clock."

But she had learned a woman's place in a sawmill camp, which is to sit and say nothing when men talk lumber or machinery.

"Entirely new principle!" bubbled Archie, aflame with the fervor of creation. "No cylinder! A disk! A disk, like in a chipper, with knives set in the face! Wonder somebody didn't think of ——"

"No disk," said Mr. Carey, handing back the plan, "will stand the work a hog's got to do. A chipper's quite a different thing."

"Yeah, but there's where the trick comes in! This hog'll never have to stand grief. The knives hit anything they can't cut, or anything slows down the disk—bing! this governor drops and lets in these gears and she slides back and frees herself. Absolutely automatic! Simple as shootin' fish! The nonwreckable hog!"

He had never heard of the danger of claiming everything in sight. He felt rather than saw Mr. Carey's big, bland face warm toward interest—and subtly change to skeptical amusement. Instinctively he retreated to a key of moderation.

"Of course, maybe we've figured wrong; but we do think she ought to save herself in ordinary trouble, anyway. How does it look to you?"

"Who's 'we'?"

"Two-Finger helped me work it out."

"H'm!" said Mr. Carey. "How's this again?"

He couldn't follow it completely; Mr. Carey's best gifts were not mechanical. But vaguely he seemed to remember something, a legal principle concerning an employer's rights in patents. There might be something here!

Mr. Carey's mind, like his pocket, was always open to things coming in.

"H'm!" said he. "I believe Williams could handle that."

"You mean," gulped Archie, "build one?"

When Mr. Carey came to a decision he came all the way. That was one of the secrets of his rise to confidence and authority.

"Sure! Why not? If Williams thinks it's practical—Lord knows we need one."

His smile was warm, fatherly, magnetic. It came to Archie that he had gravely misjudged Mr. Carey.

"All through?" Mary Ellen knew a woman's place, but she wasn't exactly enthusiastic about it.

"Yes'm," said Archie, feeling the chill.

"Then you might turn out the light. It attracts bugs."

Mr. Carey laughed.

"Forgive us for talking shop. This was rather important to Archie."

Archie wished he had thought to say that.

"If you young people will excuse me," said Mr. Carey, looking at his watch, "I think I'll turn in. I have to be up at six, and an old man needs his sleep."

"I got to get up at five," said Archie, hoisted by the power of suggestion.

Of course, he knew that Mr. Carey was half humorous about being an old man; but he perceived now that it was only courteous of him to have sat up with Mary Ellen. A. G., her uncle, was really old; dull company for a young woman. Yes, he had misjudged Mr. Carey.

By noon the next day a draftsman was at work on the plans. Mr. Carey himself took these to his friend Mr. Williams, of the Williams Ironworks and Supply Co., in Savannah; after which he personally instructed a legal friend there to make due and legal application for the patent. He did more than that, though Archie didn't know it. He took occasion to clear up that vague impression of a legal principle concerning patents.

"No," reported his legal friend, "you've got that all wrong. The fact that he's your employe doesn't give you any rights. You didn't hire him to invent it; you hired him to saw. All you've got is a license to use the experimental machine—if you build it at your own expense."

"No manufacturing rights?"

"Not a smell! I doubt if you could even sell the one you're building without paying him a royalty."

"Hell!" said Mr. Carey, for Mr. Carey had vision. He saw the nonwreckable, nonchokable hog installed in every sawmill in the country, a thing to make his present profits pale. It made him bold.

"Suppose you apply for the patent in my name? Or Williams'? What could he do about it?"

"What he could do about it," snorted the lawyer, "would hold you for a while. It's no trick at all to find out where an idea came from. Any lawyer could turn you inside out in five minutes."

(Continued on Page 56)

A STUDY IN SIMPLICITY

The decorator of this living room chose a Klearflax rug as most fitting for his interior scheme

MORE and more, simplicity is coming to be the dominant feeling in home decoration. For after all, the best taste and the greatest art express themselves most simply.

Valiant, well-known decorator of Baltimore and Philadelphia, strikingly illustrates this modern ideal. In the living room shown, every detail contributes to a charming atmosphere of simplicity.

For the floor, Valiant chooses a rug of Klearflax. Because the beauty, the sturdiness, the unpretentious texture of Klearflax blend so perfectly with his decorative scheme.

The fact that Klearflax is *pure linen* accounts for its wide use both in homes and fine offices. It has all of linen's strength and durability and, being reversible, wears doubly long.

The affinity of linen for color gives you the lovely Klearflax single tones of sand, chestnut, green, blues, gray, mole, rose, taupe, mulberry and beige. These colors may also be obtained with borders — a new and very popular variation of the Klearflax selection.

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You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all *new* linen has. And you know how soft and silky it becomes with use. You will notice, when you take hold of Klearflax, a quite pronounced roughness in texture. This is because into Klearflax are woven the coarse outer fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky inner ones. These stiff strands, however, soon soften with use and, like all linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

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Klearflax is very moderately priced; a 9 x 12 rug is $45; other sizes priced accordingly — somewhat higher in the far West and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular, especially in the extra widths, for fine offices and public buildings. It is priced at $3.75 a square yard.

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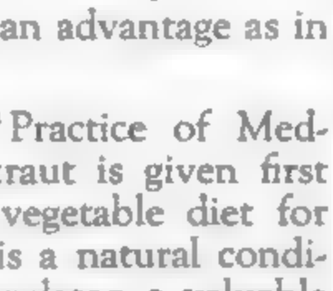

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(Continued from Page 54)

Mr. Carey gave up the idea of having the patent in his own name; but the legal gentleman rose to the occasion.

"How smart is this bird Crews? Any experience with patents?"

"Who, Archie? Never had an idea in his life," said Mr. Carey bitterly. "Just stumbled into this."

"You stand pretty well with him?"

"If necessary, I can make him think I'm his dear old Dutch uncle straight from Holland. What about it?"

"Can you get him to let you handle the manufacturing rights if you guarantee him a good fat royalty?"

"If it was fat enough," snorted Mr. Carey, "you could; or anybody. I don't need a lawyer to tell me that."

"If it sounded fat enough," corrected the legal gentleman, and spoke further, still legally, but very, very confidentially.

V

IT SEEMED to Archie that everybody took it very calmly. They made jokes about it, calling him Edison. They didn't seem to realize that he had thought it up out of nothing—right out of his head! Even Two-Finger wasn't much excited.

"Well," he wanted to know, "what you goin' to git out of it?"

"Me? Us, dad, us! I couldn't 'a' worked it out by myself in a thousand years. We split three ways, and from what the Old Man says there'll be aplenty to go round."

Yes, when Mr. Carey came to a decision he came all the way. Man to man, making no secret of his enthusiasm, he devised with Archie a bright future for the child of Archie's brain. They were a well-nigh perfect team—Two-Finger, the conservative; Archie, the brilliant young genius; Mr. Carey, the experienced, farsighted business man. Mr. Carey himself admitted this.

The old hog, dismantled, went out to the junk pile; on its remodeled concrete foundation rose the new one, black and massive and convincing, steel and iron marvelously filling in the outlines of a dream. Archie had abandoned his levers to the relief sawyer; you couldn't have kept him away. Two-Finger, though, stayed doggedly at his job, going down at noon and at night, seeing with his own eyes, yet wistfully doubting. Two-Finger had no faith in his luck. It wouldn't work, and he was too old to take any chances with his job.

The last bearing was adjusted, the last grease cup filled, the last board nailed into the chute, the broad belt laced over the drive shaft. Even then Two-Finger wasn't there; but Mr. Carey was, and Mr. A. G., and every man who could leave his work for a minute; yes, even Mary Ellen, never dreaming that this iron monster grew from the brim of her own straw hat.

Archie hadn't told her that. He hadn't progressed to a point where he could laugh and tell her how he had made good an empty bluff; in fact, he hadn't progressed at all. Somehow she wasn't so mirthful, so friendly as she had been at first. Even when they were alone he couldn't think of anything much to say—only to do. She seemed listless and sad, somehow, though he didn't know why. He always wanted to pat her hand, to take her in his arms and comfort her; but, of course, he wasn't foolish enough to try it.

Mr. Carey could talk to her about books and plays and music; Archie listened and tried to learn. When this business was off his mind, he told himself, he would read some of those books, see some plays—not vaudeville, either. Then he could talk to her without feeling ignorant, awkward, young; then he would tell her how he had found his fortune in the brim of her own hat. How she would laugh!

With hands that trembled slightly he threw on the mighty belt; the great knife-studded disk began to hum inside its iron casing; above the idle gears the little governor spun and thinned to a symmetrical blur. Upstairs many hands heaved a slab into the chute.

It slid down and hit the throat plate and there it stuck.

Why is it that some little thing must mar the moment of fulfillment? It wasn't serious; they simply hadn't calculated that the angle of the chute must be changed. It wasn't even necessary to cut a new hole in the floor. Another chute already existed in the right place, and since it was used only to deliver slats for firewood to wagons outside, it didn't matter where they put it. Or so they thought. They put the hog chute where the slab chute had been for many years, and thought it didn't matter.

Most of the spectators had drifted off when at last a slab came down and was devoured, and something of the first thrill was gone. It worked just like any hog. Archie went up and picked out the knottiest log he could find; the hog ate that. He wasn't satisfied. He wanted to see it do something no other hog would do.

He found a broken link of slab chain and threw that in.

The edger man saw him do it and jumped for his life. The edger was right over the hog, and a wooden floor is no protection if a hog blows up.

In the office A. G. Hayden and Mr. Carey were in conference, A. G. worried and fretful, Mr. Carey serene as usual. The door burst open and a wild man bounded in, a blue-eyed, freckled youth who didn't stop to knock.

"It works! It works! It works!"

"I should hope it works!" said A. G. "Look at this! Why, boy, I could have bought three hogs and wrecked 'em and still been money ahead! Look here what Williams stuck us for this thing!"

"It's worth it! Come on! Watch her eat iron!"

You'd have thought it was a hog's sole business to eat iron; for the moment Archie was deaf and blind to anything but that. They followed him and he staged his little comedy. They stood beside the hog and the edger man threw in a steel spanner. They heard it clatter down the chute; Mr. Carey and A. G. winced in spite of themselves.

The hog snarled. The governor dropped, the gears engaged, moved an inch, released—and the spanner thudded into the conveyor trough, undamaged except for a dozen bright spots where the flying knives had scarred it.

"What'd I tell you? What'd I tell you? I bet it never nicked a knife! Yip! Ain't she some hog, or is it?"

Mr. Carey felt that way, too, but with this difference: Archie made no secret of how he felt. In this moment Archie had the world by the tail. It was afterward that the reaction came, when he examined that staggering document from the Williams Ironworks.

"Sufferin' catfish, Mr. Carey! I didn't know we were hangin' anything like that on A. G. No wonder he's sore!"

Archie, you see, wasn't hardened to dealing in thousands of dollars. But thousands didn't frighten Mr. Carey, especially if they were other people's; and Mr. Carey saw the time approaching when he needn't care how anybody felt. He clapped Archie on the shoulder.

"Keep your shirt on, my boy! A. G. always kicks about the bills. He'll get over it."

"But look!" said Archie despondently. "Nobody'll pay that much for a hog, no matter how good it is."

"Think not? I tell you what you do, son. You run over to Brunswick and see Daugherty at the Naval Stores plant. They use six hogs over there, and they use 'em rough, chipping stumps and lighter wood for turpentine. They've never found a hog that'll stand up to it. You tell 'em what you've got, like you told me; and tell 'em right out loud that it costs money. See if they care!"

"Me? I don't know anything about selling."

"You think you don't!" laughed Mr. Carey, and clapped him on the shoulder. "You just forget that don't-know stuff. Hop to it!"

That was Mr. Carey, serene and confident, standing behind him like a father. Archie went, and returned with Mr. Daugherty in tow.

"Say," grumbled that gentleman humorously, "what you been feedin' this boy? Hop? Lead me to that hog! He's almost got me believin' it can sit up and say papa and eat with a spoon!"

"It can," laughed Mr. Carey, "almost!"

Archie had a glad surprise for Mr. Carey too. He was bursting with it while the man from Brunswick saw, marveled and was convinced. It was when the question of price came up that he had to take Mr. Carey into the private office and tell him.

"Say, you know the Savannah Machine Works? I took 'em a set of blue prints on the way over, and today I got their bid. They can skin Williams' price forty ways from the jack!"

He delivered this in one breathless shot and waited for Mr. Carey to exclaim with pleasure. But Mr. Carey only bent over—he was sitting at his desk—and took a cigar from the drawer and somewhat forcefully bit off the end. Archie bubbled on:

"We'll just pay Mr. A. G. back for the patterns and make Williams deliver 'em. That'll cut the cost some more ——"

"If you'll just look at your copy of our agreement," said Mr. Carey coolly, "you'll notice that you haven't got a thing to do with who makes 'em, or how, or where, or when."

"I know it. I ain't tryin' to butt in. I'm only ——"

"We may as well have this understood. You can go on the road and sell if you want to; you've got the makings of a salesman."

"But say, listen!"

"If not," continued Mr. Carey, repeating almost exactly what he had said on the occasion of drawing up the agreement—an entirely legal agreement—"all you've got to do, you and Two-Finger, is sit back and draw 66⅔ per cent of the profit ——"

He interrupted himself to light his cigar, after which he added something he hadn't said before:

"—— if there is any."

Still Archie didn't see it. He was confused.

"That's what I'm gettin' at! There ain't much in it ——"

"But," said Mr. Carey, still keen and cool, but not paternal, "I won't have you messing in with the manufacture. You wanted me to handle that and I've done it. Now, now," said he, lifting a large white hand, "keep your shirt on! If I should step out there and quote Daugherty at cost you wouldn't get much, would you?"

In the short silence that followed Archie's feeling toward Mr. Carey turned upside down so rapidly that it made him dizzy. He grinned, not mirthfully.

"I get you now. All you want for your end is the whole thing, huh? You and Williams! Well, just for that, here's where you both get off! The patent's mine. I'll quote Daugherty myself and take his order to the Savannah Machine Works; they'll handle it. I like some hogs, but you suit me entirely too well!"

"Don't forget," said Mr. Carey, unruffled, "to tell 'em to apply to me for license to manufacture."

VI

THEN Archie saw the full beauty of it, and his freckled fists prepared to take up the argument where words failed.

Gently Mr. Carey twanged the second string to his bow.

"Go on; start something," he urged; "start trouble of any kind, and you might as well tear up your patent. There's not a word in the contract that forces me to manufacture unless I feel like it."

And he stepped past the bewildered Archie and out into the main office.

"Archie and I have decided," he told the man from Brunswick, "to build you one hog at cost, for test. You'll want the other five at any price—eh, Archie?"

And Archie had to endure that fatherly, patronizing smile, knowing exactly what was behind it; had to endure, while Mr. Daugherty waited for his train, an afternoon made hideous with Daugherty's praise. And he had to tell Two-Finger.

"You ought to take an ax handle and knock my brains out, dad if you can find 'em. Or feed me to the hog. I reckon," he said with bitter humor, "she'll take solid ivory as well as iron."

"Well," said the old man stolidly, "we're bound to git somethin' out of it, ain't we? Let Carey run it if he wants."

"We'll get what Carey wants to give us; and that'll be—what the little boy shot at!"

Archie tried desperately to think, but he still did most of his thinking with his hands. Nothing occurred to him but to beat Carey's big, smooth face to a painful pulp, and then—why, then he couldn't stay in Hayden any more. Mr. Carey was the boss.

Dazedly he wandered past A. G.'s house. Mr. Carey himself invited him to stop and sit; Mr. Carey, feeling that Archie had been shown his place, was willing to forgive and forget.

"Much obliged," he refused, grimly proud of his self-control. "Just driftin' around. Mary Ellen here?"

Mary Ellen came.

"Congratulations! I hear you've sold your first machine."

"Yes'm. You feel like a little walk?"

(Continued on Page 58)

EVEREADY STORAGE "A" BATTERY

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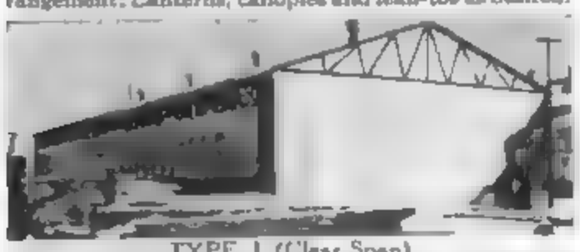
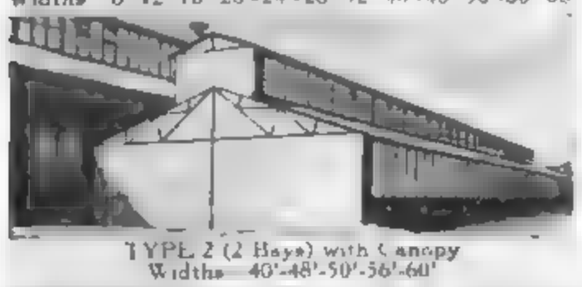
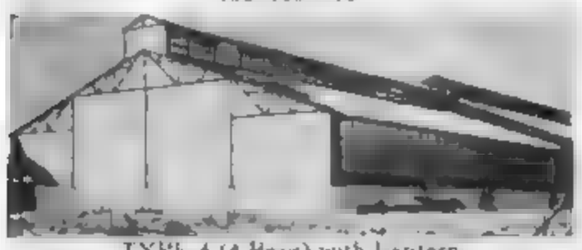


TYPE 1 (Clear Span)
Widths 8' 12' 16' 20'-24'-28' 32' 40'-48' 50'-60' 68'



TYPE 2 (2 Bays) with Canopy
Widths—40'-48'-50'-56'-60'

TYPE 3 (3 Bays)
Widths—56' 60'-64'-68' 72' 76' 80'-84'-88'-96' 98' 106' 108'-116'



TYPE 4 (4 Bays) with Lantern
Widths—80'-100'-112'-(4 Bays of 20' 25' or 28')

TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths—60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-90' 96'-98' 100'-106'-108'-116'

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(Continued from Page 56)

Walks? Mary Ellen knew them all too well. There was the trail in the weeds along the railroad; there was the loose-and-sandy wagon road; there was the open country, studded with stumps and waist-high in brush. No water but the log pond, no beauty but the stars, and even these were soiled by the murk from those four tall smokestacks fuming day and night. Mary Ellen had very nearly reached the end of her endurance. Passing the log pond in the dusk, she stepped ankle-deep into a hog wallow, and very quietly she began to cry.

"I'm no good, Archie. I'm no good. Everything's so ugly, and sometimes I think I'll just go crazy."

If this had happened yesterday, Archie wouldn't have known what to do; but he would have done it. Now he was thinking with his head. Who was he that his arms should ache to comfort a girl like Mary Ellen Palmer? An ignorant fool who knew enough to jerk a sawyer's levers and that was all.

"Uncle Al—means to be good to me. But he's old! All he thinks about is lumber. All he wants is an easy-chair and yesterday's newspaper. And the women—can't talk about anything but cooking and children, and I haven't got any and I don't do anything. He won't even let me work. I just knit and knit and read and read, and then go out and look and the sawmill's still there!"

Archie said helplessly, "I know. I know."

For lately he himself had dreamed of far horizons; now he knew how Hayden looked to her, and was ashamed. This was all he was fit for—this or some other sawmill camp.

Disconcertingly she drew a deep breath and laughed.

"There, that's over! Poor Archie, I won't whine any more. But I just had to blow up. I have to be so hideously cheerful around the house. Mr. Carey understands, but Uncle Al would be simply killed."

"Oh," he muttered, "Carey understands, does he?"

"Oh, yes. He's been places and he thinks about things. He's awfully well educated; did you know it?"

"Yes'm," said Archie, rubbing the calluses in his educated hands; and the smoke from the sawmill shut away the stars.

Yes, Mr. Carey was well accustomed to thinking with his head. Next morning Pete Shafer, the woods foreman, was in Hayden to meet his wife, who was coming on the train from Savannah; and Mr. Carey wisely had a word for him.

"Guess we'd better taper off on the dead ones, Pete."

He referred to certain names on the woods pay roll which had no actual men attached, yet drew actual wages. Pete Shafer understood him perfectly and was alarmed.

"What's the matter? A. G. gittin' uneasy?"

"Nothing like that. I'm going into business, that's all—with Williams, in Savannah. You want a job?"

"With Williams? How come?"

"Manufacturing this hog of Archie's. It's a big thing. In a couple of years it'll make the rest of Williams' line look sick."

"Archie goin' too?"

Mr. Carey smiled.

"I don't think Archie's made up his mind."

They stood out by the railroad, safely distant from the idlers about the little station. That is the place for confidential talk—right out in the open where you can see for yourself that you are alone. Archie sat yonder on the boarding-house porch, idle and useless, still in his city clothes. He wasn't a sawyer, wasn't anything; another man had his job and he hadn't made up his mind to go on the road for Carey. You would have thought he had been drunk for a week, the way the freckles stood out on his white face; but he was only trying to think.

He saw Mr. Carey, but it was too far to hear anything and he didn't know he could read lips.

"Seems to me, then," argued Pete, "that we ought to git it while the gittin's good—instead of taperin' off."

"Tut, tut! And have the pay roll drop right off the minute we quit? A. G.'s easy, but he's not exactly foolish in the head."

He thought of everything, Mr. Carey did. His big, smooth face was serene and smiling in the morning sun.

Archie paid no attention to the train roaring down the track. He had no interest in the train; he didn't know the train had anything to do with it; but all at once, not loud but almost clear, he seemed to hear Mr. Carey's voice:

"—— be through with sawmilling for life. I'm going to get married and settle down."

Mechanically, as noise closed in about his ears, his hot eyes had focused on Mr. Carey's lips. It wasn't words he heard, but phrases; when he couldn't anticipate or put together a number of lip movements he couldn't hear. Pete Shafer's back was turned, his voice inaudible.

Mr. Carey laughed. "—— the hell do we care what A. G. thinks? We're both free, white and twenty-one. . . . As long as we ——"

Noisily the train departed. The postmaster passed, lugging the mail sack, the idlers drifting after him to the commissary. Mary Ellen came up the plank walk, slim and dark and lovely in her white dress and drooping hat, a sweet and gracious thing against the raw usefulness of Hayden, Georgia. Archie stirred and rose and went down the steps from the boarding house.

She saw him and spoke to him, and he did a curious thing. He took off his hat and looked at her, not speaking, smiling queerly; tossed it away as if good hats grew on every bush and went on bareheaded to the mill, entering a minute behind Mr. Carey. Then the mill seemed to be holding its breath. Machinery still rumbled, but without the snarl of any saw, the wheeze of any feed exhaust. Came a chorus of yells, hollow, reverberant, animal-like; and all about the mill men ran and vanished as though drawn into a vacuum. Archie had stopped trying to think.

VII

HE BOUNDED up the stairs, vaulted the roller bed and overtook Mr. Carey in the middle of the floor.

"And so you're leavin' us!"

"Eh?" Something told Mr. Carey all was not so well.

"Don't give a damn what A. G. thinks, huh? Well, you might say it's none of my business, but A. G.'s kind of old to argue with a slab-sided crook like you. Here's where I buy me a stack of chips and horn in!"

Archie acted swiftly, but Mr. Carey was ahead of him there. Mr. Carey yelled at the top of his lungs, so that a dozen men turned just in time to see him trying to ward off a furious and unprovoked attack. Mr. Carey was well used to thinking with his head.

He himself could read lips fairly well—in the mill, that is, and at close range. He had never thought of trying it outside, but in a flash he remembered Archie's intent eyes watching him and Pete Shafer; in a flash he decided what to do. Terrible things can happen in a sawmill. If Archie should stumble in the wrong place—well, there were witnesses to prove that Archie had begun it; and Archie wouldn't be there to tell what it was about.

That was when the mill began to hold its breath.

Archie was hard and quick, but Mr. Carey was big. Bull-like, he charged into that storm of freckled fists, making his weight count. Archie's back crashed into the iron table of the edger. He felt himself hauled off for another smash; dizzily he twisted and fell under Mr. Carey's bulk, lay still, breathing, grateful to have escaped a broken spine.

"Stand back! I'll attend to him!"

Archie didn't even see the excited faces, white and black, that crowded round; he was watching the blurred iron spokes of the lower edger pulley that whizzed within inches of his ear. Lucky for him that he was! Swiftly those crushing arms shifted, tried to drive his head right into it!

But he was coming up. His head cracked into Mr. Carey's face and they were both on their feet in a chorus of yells.

Fight! Fight! It was a stirring spectacle. Mr. Carey, his big face cold and deadly, rushing, rushing with sledge-hammer swings; Archie grinning, ducking clear, his freckled fists exploding every second in Mr. Carey's face. Mr. Carey looked heavy and clumsy, but he knew what he was doing. He was looking for a convenient accident before his wind gave out.

"Archie!" That was Two-Finger's voice, electric with urgency above the din of whoops and yells. "Archie! The hog! The hog!"

The black square of the hog chute yawned at his heels. He tried to fight away, but Mr. Carey drove in with a tremendous smash at his middle; he took it on his two elbows, stumbled backward across the hole and fell, barely avoiding the slab chute beyond. Then Mr. Carey, waiting no longer for a convenient accident, snatched a heavy steel spanner from the edger man's hand and leaped after.

The chorus of yells stopped, sucked off short. This wasn't a fight; this was murder!

But what happened didn't look violent. Archie saw the bulk that loomed over him, the spanner in the air; he rolled on his back and kicked with both feet. Mr. Carey's feet cleared the floor ever so little, shifted backward a few inches and came down squarely in the chute behind him. He flopped forward; the slant threw him back and he slid in; his limp arms squeezed up and vanished slowly, for the fit was smooth. His glazed eyes saw men with their mouths wide open, voiceless; Archie sitting on the floor, hefting the spanner as if he wondered how much it weighed; then only a square of daylight and the roof. When you have been kicked in the stomach you will know what happens, albeit dimly, some little time before you can do anything about it.

"Ug -ug -help -Archie—the -hog!"

His feeble fingers caught the edge; his paralyzed lungs filled and he screamed, "Help, men! Help!"

"And so you're leavin' us?" said Archie. "Well, good-by!"

"Archie! Archie! It's murder!"

"Aw," said Archie, "hog killin' ain't murder! Hog eat hog! That's a good one!"

"I'll square it, Archie! I'll give up the contract! I'll do anything you say! Help! Help! I'm slipping!"

"Say you'll give up the contract?"

"That's no good," said Two-Finger, poking Archie's shoulder. "He'd still have the law on you. Might as well pull him out."

"Stand back! I'm doin' this!"

Then A. G. Hayden, bald, breathless and bewildered, burst through the crowd of voiceless men.

"What is it? What is it? Bless my soul!"

"How about this, Mr. A. G.? Our little friend's figurin' on turnin' square all of a sudden. He says he'll ——"

"I will! I will! I'll square it, A. G.! Help! Murder!"

"What? What? Archie! Carey!"

"Tell him how much you don't give a damn!" said Archie brutally.

"I'll square it, A. G.! I'll make it good, every cent! I've got twenty-six thousand in the Lee National. I'll make Pete Shafer come through! I'll —— Help! I'm slipping, I tell you!"

"I'll hold you," said Archie grimly—"for a minute. What was that about Pete Shafer—and twenty-six thousand? Dollars, was it? Where'd you get it?"

Then Mr. Carey, his wrists firmly held, perceived that he had talked too fast.

"I mean—I'll reward you—I've got friends ——"

"Not here!" said Archie. "That all you got to say? All right! I told you good-by once!"

He lowered Mr. Carey's hands past the edge and released one of his wrists, gently but firmly pried the clutching fingers from his arm.

"Archie! I'll tell you! Wait! Archie!"

It is frightful enough to feel a dark box crushing you, your own weight sucking you down, without feeling the boards tremble with the hungry power of that iron monster under you, its sharp knives whirling, waiting for your helpless feet; without seeing in your last square of daylight the battered, remorseless face of a man you have tried to kill. Mr. Carey talked very fast, indeed. He said most of it two or three times, which was fortunate, for A. G. Hayden was in no condition to comprehend quickly.

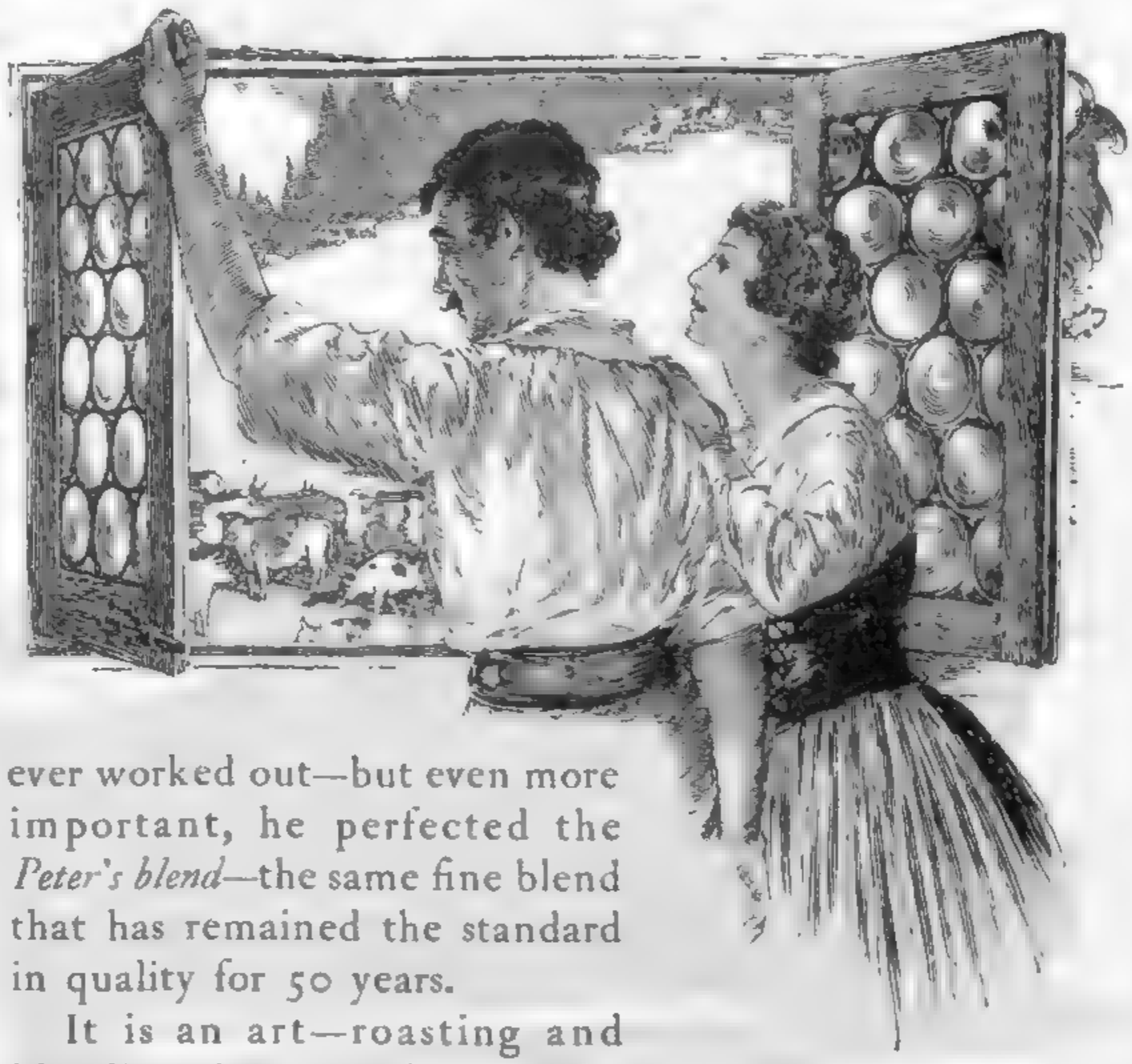
A. G. had made Mr. Carey with his own kindly hands—bookkeeper, timekeeper, superintendent and trusted friend—for this.

"I hope you send him up for life!" said Archie.

Life? That was a grateful word to Mr. Carey. He heaved himself up. Archie heaved him down, jerked his own hands distastefully away. Then Mr. Carey slid, faster and faster, clawing at boards worn smooth as glass; silently, for terror closed

(Continued on Page 61)

Alone of all the village his family believed in him



For a long time Daniel Peter carried on experiments in his little kitchen. More often than not, when closing their shutters for the night, his neighbors in the little Swiss village would see the light still shining from his kitchen window and know that he was hard at it.

"Look at him," they would say, shaking their heads, "just look—puttering around with pots and pans all the time—wasting all his money. He'll starve himself and his family, too, so he will."

Only his family stuck to him—believed in him. When his money was about gone and he would have given up, their faith and their encouragement held him to his work.

And Peter not only ended by originating milk chocolate—the most popular and nourishing food-confection ever worked out—but even more important, he perfected the *Peter's blend*—the same fine blend that has remained the standard in quality for 50 years.

It is an art—roasting and blending the cocoa beans. The *Peter's* process is still a secret. Only foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work. That's why *Peter's* has such a fine, rare flavor. Try it. It's good. You'll like it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

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Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans throughout the world, only six go into **Peter's**—*and only certain choice grades of these.*

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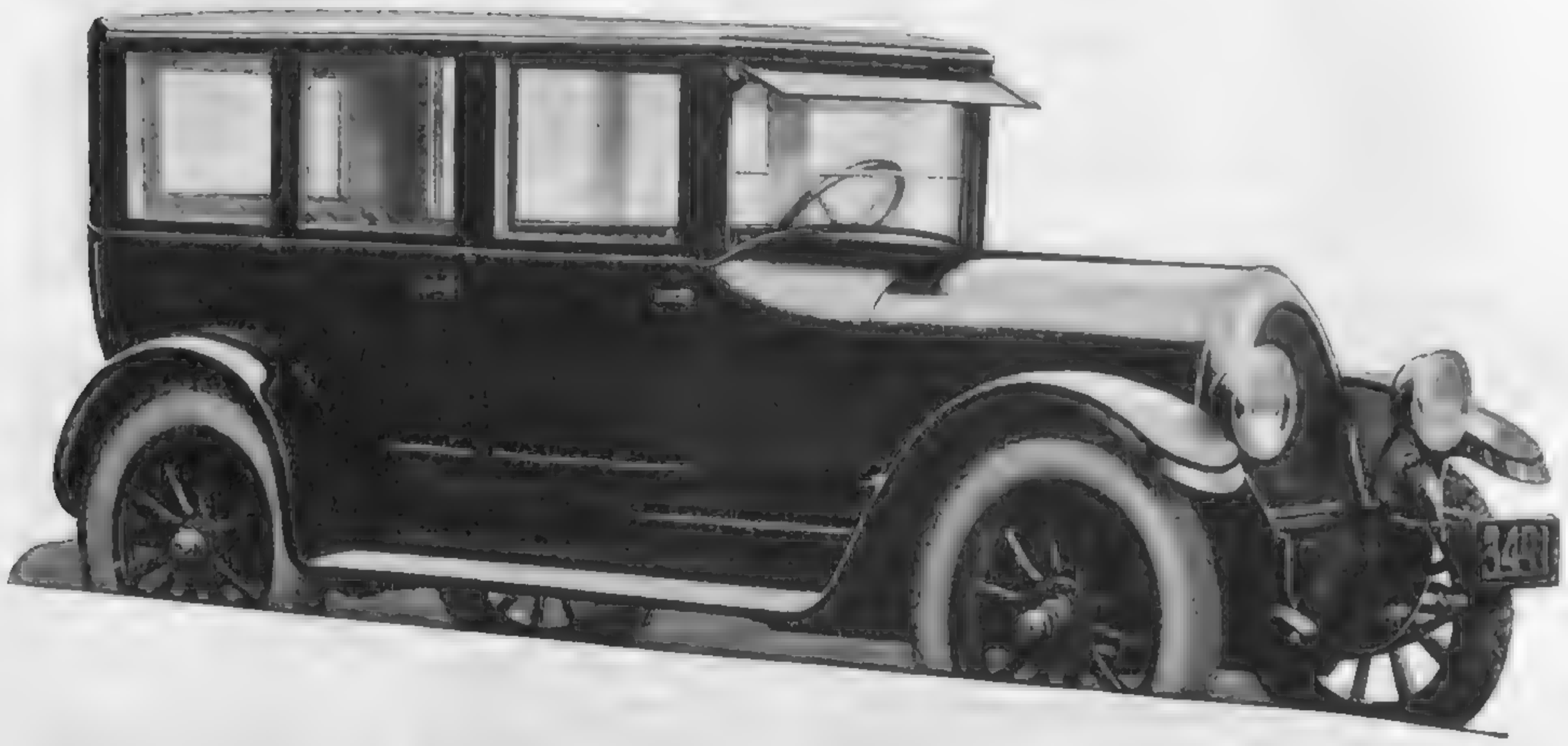

The Beautiful Four-Door Sedan

It is a winner—a motoring climax in fine appearance, convenience and comfort. Straight front, four doors, extra wide front seat, greater body room. The radical change in body lines fully expresses the snap, dash and power of the New Motor. The pressure air cooling makes it a year-round car—permits the motor to perform perfectly under conditions that would stop any other engine made. Rattle-proof aluminum body. Upholstered in broadcloth. New instrument board and trimmings. New demountable rims. The finest car in 20 years and the lowest price. And the sales are showing a spectacular rise.

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(Continued from Page 58)

his lungs. A. G. Hayden didn't even see that he was gone.

"No, I—I couldn't send him to jail. I couldn't send him to jail. Why, I've known him ever since ——"

One yell in the chute, strangely faint and far off; one yell, then silence.

"That's his conscience hurtin'," said Archie.

That was when Mr. Carey plunged, not into the hog, but out on the half-loaded wagon of one Wash Davis, colored, hauler of slabs for firewood. Those were the edges of slabs that raked his legs, but not even a practiced thinker like Mr. Carey could tell the difference all at once. The legs of his mind were in the sharp knives of the hog where he had hoped Archie might fall. His lungs burst the grip of terror and he yelled.

Mary Ellen, hovering anxiously outside, didn't see how he came there; he simply materialized and there he was, sitting on a load of slabs, voicing great mental anguish.

"Mr. Carey! What happened? What's the matter?"

Mr. Carey blinked.

"What's the matter with your face? What was it? Where's Uncle Al? Where's Archie?"

"He pushed me!"

That was Mr. Carey, always dignified. He couldn't let her think he slid down slab chutes, sat on shabby wagons, of his own accord. With dignity he began to climb down.

Shouts and jeers and crude, uncultured laughter! He stopped with one foot on the hub to glare up at the men who filled the openings on that side of the mill. He didn't realize yet that his dignity hung in shreds about him, forever ruined among men who should hear this tale. He was still glaring when Archie erupted from the door. Then Mr. Carey abandoned his dignity and ran, stumbled and ran on all fours, rose and ran again. Over the clamor of jeers lifted the clear howl of Bill Jennings, Hayden's loudest tenor:

"Run, nigger, run, the pat-er-rol'll git yuh!
Run, nigger, run, it's almost day!"

The grin of battle faded from Archie's face; before Mary Ellen he stood humble and ashamed—ashamed that those sweet eyes, wide now with distress and horror, should have seen Hayden stripped of its thin veneer of civilization, a pack of yelling savages; looked on the raw humiliation of a man, the man she had meant to marry.

"I—I hate this for you, honey. I hate this for you."

"Archie! You've been fighting! Are you hurt? What made Mr. Carey act so funny? What happened? Is—is anybody killed?"

"He," said Archie through his teeth, "ought to be killed. He ain't fit to look at you. . . . I—I sure hate it for you."

He patted her shoulder. He spoke with difficulty, for with a diminutive handkerchief she was dabbing at his bleeding lip.

"For me?"

"Break!" howled Bill Jennings overhead, but they didn't hear. The snarl of saws was beginning again, but they didn't notice.

A. G. Hayden regarded them from the door, but they didn't see.

"He said he was goin' to marry you. Wasn't he?"

"Me? Mr. Carey? Oh, Archie, what a lie! Was that what you fought him for?"

His mind was still humble, but his hands were glad, as Adam's hands must have been glad in that Garden long ago; her eyes were tender, grave, like Eve's when Adam tumbled from the tree.

"Archie! Did he hurt you much? You've got to tell me!"

Came the distant roar of a motor with its muffler cut out; Mr. Carey's roadster whirled from A. G.'s yard and away, trailing a moving sand storm.

"Let him go," said A. G. Hayden. "I can attach his bank account, and this will follow him wherever he goes. He's punished enough."

"I wish I could attach that contract!"

"Your partnership? He can't have the face to hold you to it."

"You don't know how much face that bird's got!"

"If he tries it," said A. G. grimly, "then I'll put him where he won't bother anybody for a while. You just let me know."

He sighed and went past them, apparently not seeing Archie's arm about Mary Ellen's shoulders, comforting her; but Bill Jennings saw.

"Break! Break or I'll disqualify you both!"

Then Archie grinned and drew her inside the door. The ground floor was dirt, with sawdust drifted by the walls; overhead a sliding, spinning maze of belts and shafting; a forest of machinery all about. It was no Arcady, but at least they were alone.

"I got to tell you before I lose my nerve. You heard what A. G. said? If he makes Carey keep his hands off I'll be on Easy Street so quick it'll make your head swim! We can live anywhere you say! I—I know I ain't much of a ——"

Mary Ellen couldn't read lips. She couldn't make out a word—no word, that is, that she had hoped to hear from this youth whose eyes were gay in battle yet humble before a girl; whose hands were strong and sweet and yet afraid. She shouted, "What?"

"Marry me!"

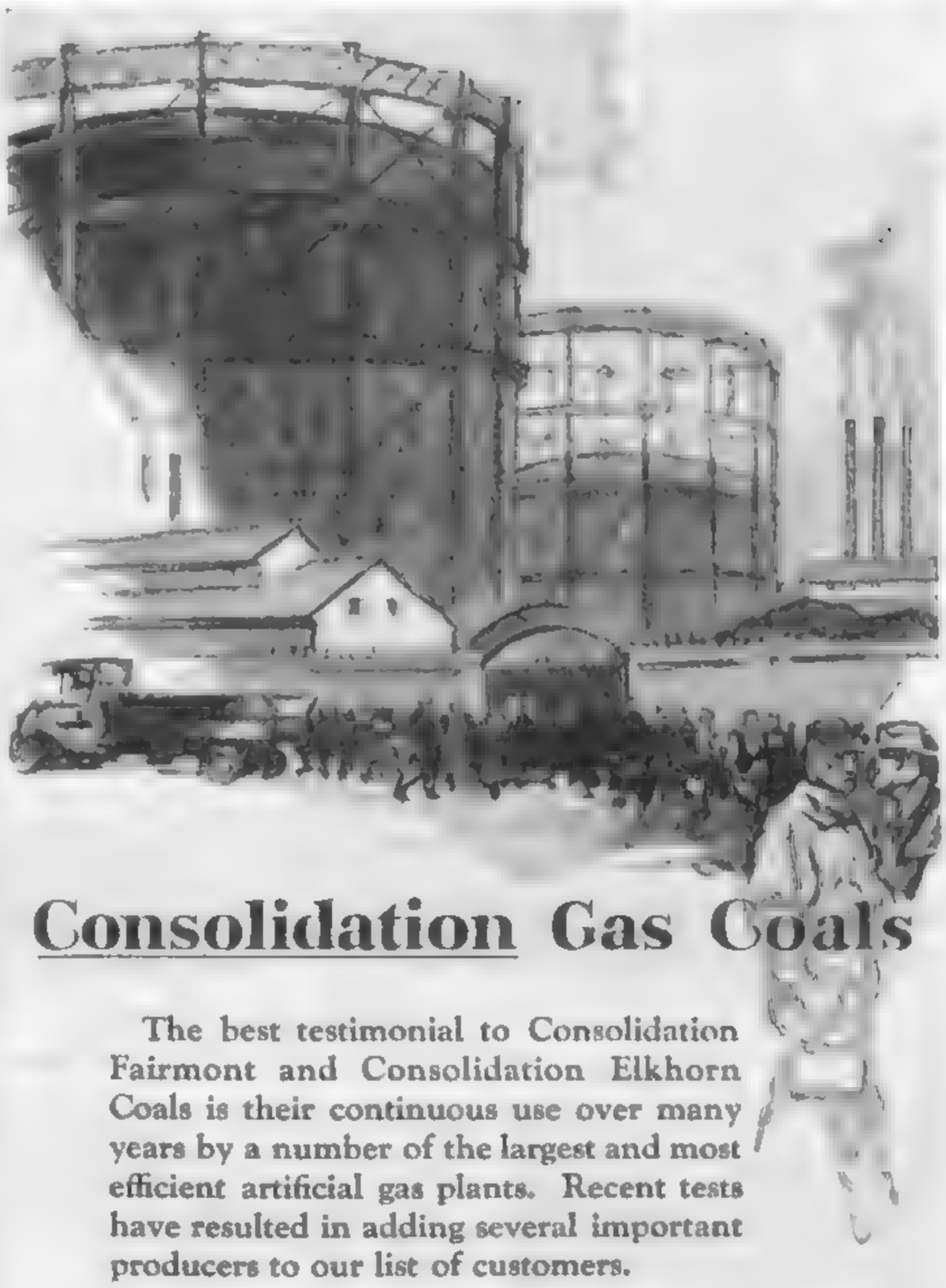
"Marry you?"

"Personally!" said he, and grinned.

A heavy slab rattled yonder down the chute into the black and massive structure of the hog; very savagely it bellowed. She started and looked at it, and laughed, and registered great fright. And there was music somewhere, laughter of brooks and whispering of trees. Outside the sun was rising toward high noon.

PHOTO BY DRAPER & DENTON, ESTES PARK, COL.

Bear Lake, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado



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F. HURLBUT COMPANY, *Green Bay, Wis.*

BLUE SKY

(Continued from Page 15)

the Onondaga, where his drafts would be accessible to Follan's curiosity. The assistant cashier at the Maritime was a much better banker than Follan, Gilmore thought. He had that agreeably deferential manner to which a man with fifteen thousand eight hundred and thirty-four dollars was entitled. He even insisted on printing up some checks with Gilmore Britt's name on them, free of charge. He was so pleasant that Britt hardly regretted his failure to rub his hands and mention the honor of his patronage.

His own man, with his hands unbound, free to manage his own money! He lifted his chin and walked with an aggressive swing of arm and shoulder. Miss Telfer was absolutely right. Forty was a wonderful age; a magnificent age; old enough to be wise and shrewd and penetrating; young enough to—young enough for almost anything! He closed his right hand, went through the motions of an uppercut, watching an imaginary referee counting above the brutal prize fighter on whose chin the blow had landed.

On his way back to the office he stopped to see Rawson and Flick, in their little basement shop. He liked them. They weren't like most of the prospective advertisers on whom he called. They were always glad to see him, willing to listen respectfully to what he said, to show him their tiny plant and demonstrate their ingenious device for stopping and starting a phonograph automatically. They were, too, delightfully acquiescent in the matter of advertising—refreshingly different from the back-numbers who wanted to be shown. Rawson and Flick both knew that all their business needed was a little judicious publicity. And if Emling hadn't refused them the pitiful amount of credit they wanted they'd have been among Gilmore Britt's accounts from the day of his first visit.

"If we could just raise a bit of capital, Mr. Britt ——" Rawson wiped his hands on a lump of waste and motioned to a rickety chair. "Flick and I can turn out fifty Stoppits a day, but we can't sell 'em. We're both shop men. If we could get in a partner who knew the selling game and had a piece of change in his jeans—say, it'd be murder! Just think—twelve million phonographs in use in the States alone! And the Stoppit—well, you've seen it work! We can make a dollar-eighty on it right now, assembling ourselves. On a quantity production, with a few machines ——" He spread his hands eloquently.

Gilmore Britt sprang his sensation at the properly dramatic moment.

He came away with a hurriedly drawn agreement in his pocket and the delighted speech of Flick and Rawson in his ears. He was to put in five thousand, to be vice president and treasurer of the company they would incorporate, to manage the sales end of the business and the advertising, to draw a salary of fifty dollars a week, as a beginning. Already he was engaged with the details of his campaign, efficient and farseeing. Before him he could see a modern factory of steel and glass, a flock of well-paid workers, an office gleaming with mahogany and warm with deep red rugs.

There was a glorious interview with Emling, too, beginning with the announcement that Flick and Rawson wanted to start a small campaign at once. Emling wagged his head.

"Turned 'em down, didn't I? What you been wasting time on 'em for, Britt? If space was free that outfit couldn't advertise ——"

"They've got in some capital," said Britt softly. "Five thousand, ready money."

Emling looked up. "Doesn't matter. I wouldn't touch it. Those fellows aren't business men, Britt. Maybe they're good inventors, but that lets 'em out." He assumed the facial expression with which he always proclaimed his principles. "You know my rule—never take a man's money unless he can get it back."

"They've got a business man in the firm too," said Britt. "Fellow with eighteen years of agency experience ——"

"That's different." Emling relaxed. "Who is he, Britt? Sounds as if he'd ought to be old enough to know better."

"Well, he isn't," said Britt, grinning. "It's me, Mr Emling. I'm quitting as soon as you can let me go. I'd like to have you handle the account for us, unless you think I'll make a hash of it."

He saw Emling's jaw sag. Emling, he knew, had no great opinion of his ability; the matter had been made quite clear in their previous interviews. But now, slowly, he could see the expression change. Emling shook hands.

"Good for you, Britt. You'll make it go if anybody can. Glad to take the business for you. I'll tell McGie to handle it."

Emling believed in him now, Britt saw. The circumstance strengthened his new sense of adequacy. He arranged to be relieved at once, and set about turning over his work to young Darrell, whose manifest envy was visible even above his delight in the promotion. Miss Telfer stopped her typing to listen. He felt again that unfamiliar approval in her glance, and it seemed, somehow, to give him an added quality of decision in his management of young Darrell. He wound up that matter in short order and turned his chair to face Miss Telfer.

"Wish me luck, won't you?"

"I don't need to—you'll succeed without it, Mr. Britt."

He could feel his spine straighten at the tone. She meant it, all right. She believed in Gilmore Britt.

"Kind of sorry to be quitting, in a way," he said. "Enjoyed working here with you."

It was a daring speech. A week ago, before this intoxication of independence had come to him, he could not have made it. He was a little frightened at the sound of it, even now.

"I'd be sorry, too, if I weren't so sure that it's a splendid thing for you."

The reiteration warmed him to a new extreme of effrontery.

"One thing—going to miss your advice, Miss Telfer. Always kind of counted on it. Mind if I drop in sometimes to talk things over?"

Miss Telfer, it seemed, would not mind. He shook hands with her, as on a bargain, and liked the honest, manlike clasp. A mighty sensible woman, Miss Telfer—no nonsense about her. And she could see through the hole in the grindstone too. She knew Gilmore Britt was going to make good.

Ten days later he confided in her again. Ye Snugge Olde Tea Shoppe was more suitable for such conversations, he had discovered, than the publicity of Emling's offices, and Miss Telfer didn't mind staying in town a little later than usual, to give him the benefit of her advice.

"Got some regular news," he announced. "I've attended to that other thing I told you about—the investment end of my scheme. Didn't expect to touch that for a while, but this was a chance in a million." He wagged his head. "I'm getting things started down at the plant, but it's slow work. Expected that. Can't build a business overnight. Rawson and Flick never did have any system, either. But it's all right. That's the slow sure side of my scheme. This investment matter ——" He leaned over the table and dropped his voice. "Ever hear of Drybone Oil, Miss Telfer?"

She shook her head.

He chuckled. "Well, I had, all right. It's one of those cheap fakes that are just framed up to skin the public. Inside the law a lot of perfectly valid leases on a lot of real ground, somewhere within a thousand miles of a producing well, and a lot of lies to sell the stock."

Miss Telfer's expression changed slightly. He seemed to detect something like relief in her smile.

"A skin game," he repeated. "They sold as much stock as they could and then put up the shutters. Old stuff. Only this time they weren't as smart as they thought." He chuckled again. "I met a fellow that'd just come back from that district—been looking it over on the quiet and found the whole country's just oozing oil—and these crooks never dreaming there was a drop there. It was funny—we had to hunt quite a while before we found the head thief—he didn't want to admit he ever had anything to do with Drybone till he found out I wanted to buy some stock. Then he dug up enough to paper a house. You should have been there—he was so sure he was skinning me, selling me that stock of his for ten cents a share!"

"How—how much did you buy, Mr. Britt?"

Miss Telfer's voice seemed to strain a little on the question. Gilmore Britt answered, not without a touch of regret.

"Only fifty thousand shares. You see, I made up my mind long ago that I wouldn't tie up more than a third of my capital in this kind of investment, no matter how good it looked. That leaves me five thousand to speculate with, you see."

"Yes, I see." Miss Telfer nodded. Britt laughed softly.

"Don't mention it, will you? Let 'em find it out when it's too late to laugh at me. Funny, isn't it, how people like Emling, for instance, always think there's a hole in the proposition somewhere? Why, Mr. Follan would just about choke if he knew—he disbelieves in everything above 4 per cent, on principle."

"I won't say anything of course."

"And you don't think I'm crazy? You believe in this thing too?"

"Oh, yes." She smiled a little. "I'm sure you'll come out all right, Mr. Britt. I don't know anything about oil, but I have a great deal of faith in you—a great deal."

Gilmore Britt straightened his shoulders. This, he felt, made it unanimous.

III

THE caller made it clear from the beginning that he had done Mr. Britt a favor by answering his letter in person. The Mediterranean Syndicate, Incorporated, was literally overwhelmed with capital seeking investment.

Mr. Britt shook his head at the word. "It's not investment I'm after," he said firmly. "I've set aside a part of my capital for pure speculation."

The caller smiled amiably below a very small mustache, and flattened a tight slender tie against the stiff bosom of a white shirt. He was manifestly foreign in his precise elegance of dress, and Mr. Britt surveyed him with a sense of having done a certain injustice to the better classes of a great and ancient race. They weren't all day laborers or organ grinders, he told himself.

"Our enterprise is also a speculashe—speculation, Mr. Breett. Anything that pays fift' per cent in a month ——"

Mr. Britt performed a rapid mental calculation which led to the pleasing figure of 600 per cent per annum.

"How do you do it?" he asked. "I know you're bound to keep it quiet, of course—any scheme as good as that—but you can give me a hint, can't you?" He smiled. "We're both business men—you don't expect me to go into this blind?"

The visitor's smile leaked out into his face.

"Between men of honor—and business—there is no need. Our secret is simple. In my country each post office sells, for thirty centesimos, a coupon for return postage. Thees coupon, in your post office here, is exchange' for five cents in American stamps." He shrugged. "At the current rates of change one cent of your money will buy three hundred of our centesimos. That is but one source of profit, Mr. Breett—there are others, better, of wheech I do not speak."

Mr. Britt again juggled swiftly with figures. The result took his breath.

"And you definitely guarantee 50 per cent a month?"

"At least," corrected the other. He lighted a very thin cigarette and puffed it delicately. "If you doubt our ability to pay, consult our banks of deposit." He produced a slip. "We had two meellion and more on hand this morning. But we do not soleeceet, no. If you believe, good. If not, also good."

Mr. Britt hesitated only a moment. He filled out his check with a touch of haste, as if the nonchalant foreigner might change his mind. In return he pocketed a rather badly printed receipt.

He was a little afraid of telling Miss Telfer about this, although by the time he met her at Ye Shoppe he was at peace with himself on the matter. It was, admittedly, a speculation, almost a gamble, but as far as such a transaction could be considered safe, this one was.

There were plenty of people who had already collected their 50 per cent a month. He had himself talked with a fruit dealer whose profits on a small venture had resulted in a sedan and two fat diamonds. But Miss Telfer, notoriously shrewd, mightn't look at it as he did.

"I suppose it sounds pretty wild to you," he suggested when he had confessed. "But I always planned on speculating with part of the money, you know, and I honestly believe there's something in this Scusi's scheme, Miss Telfer."

"I do too. There must be." Miss Telfer spoke with a funny kind of emphasis. "Have you heard anything about—about the oil matter?"

Gilmore Britt shrugged. "It looks pretty bad, I'm afraid. The only man who knew where the surface oil had been found was the fellow that put me on the notion—Judson, his name was—and he's disappeared. We can't find him anywhere, and until we do ——" He shrugged again. "Of course he's bound to turn up pretty soon. But if that Drybone deal had worked out quicker I wouldn't have gone into this Scusi thing, maybe. You see"—his face clouded slightly—"you see, Miss Telfer, it looks as if I'd need quite a lot of money to finance the Stoppit company. It—it's costing more than we figured it would. Flick and Rawson could make the thing so it would work when they turned 'em out by hand, but the machines don't seem to do it yet. So I sort of felt like taking a chance on a big winner. If I can cash in on this Scusi thing I can put the Stoppit business over and do it right."

"I see," said Miss Telfer. "It's bound to succeed, Mr. Britt. I'm just sure of it."

Her conviction confirmed his own. He was sure of it, too, until the terrible day when the papers gave their front pages to a gleeful account of the spectacular collapse of Scusi and his get-rich-quick swindle, and the name of Gilmore Britt was listed, with a few thousand others, in the roll of those who had put their artless faith in the newest and biggest of the false financial gods. Rawson saw it, and Flick, and Britt was too bruised to bear their speech in patience.

"I thought you were a business man," said Flick, summing up for the prosecution. "We been paying you fifty a week because you were wise!"

"With my money, Flick." Gilmore Britt spoke hotly. "Don't forget that I ——"

"You bought a share in our business and got most of the money back on false pretenses," said Rawson. "That's the size of it. You made a noise like a business man, and Flick and I fell for it. We can't make you give up your stock, but we can put a plug in the salary leak, all right. And we're going to, eh, Flick?"

"Going to?" Flick laughed unpleasantly. "We've done it. Shut the door as you go out, Britt."

On the way out to East Elmwood, trying to avoid the Scusi story that spilled over until it trespassed on the very sporting page, Gilmore Britt came upon a paragraph of police news.

He had read it almost through before he realized that it was Judson who had been arrested, over in Jersey, for conspiring with the president of the Drybone Oil Company to defraud a retired dentist in what the reporter described as a good variation of the old sick-engineer game.

Gilmore Britt turned the page quickly, as to escape from the news. And big bold type mocked him from one of McGie's bank advertisements:

"A soap bubble full of smoke looks better than a pearl to you!"

Gilmore Britt winced, but the black type held his eyes fast. He read on through the familiar text—brass-tack, hard-boiled, straight-from-the-shoulder facts. The only way to get money was to save it; the only safe investment was the one your banker recommended; there wasn't any royal road to riches, but the way to the poorhouse was apt to look like one.

Somehow, even in his raw hour of disillusion, Gilmore Britt didn't believe it.

IV

JOBS for forty-year-old failures were few and unalluring. Gilmore Britt was driven back to the self-abasement of asking Emling for another chance. And he saw at once that he had chosen his time badly. He recognized Emling's mood, from old experience, as the unamiable frame of mind resulting from the recent loss of an account.

The interview was almost as brief as it was distressing. Britt escaped with the information that Emling was carrying all the dead wood he could stagger under as it was, that even McGie was losing his grip, that

(Continued on Page 66)

Through Fire and Water—

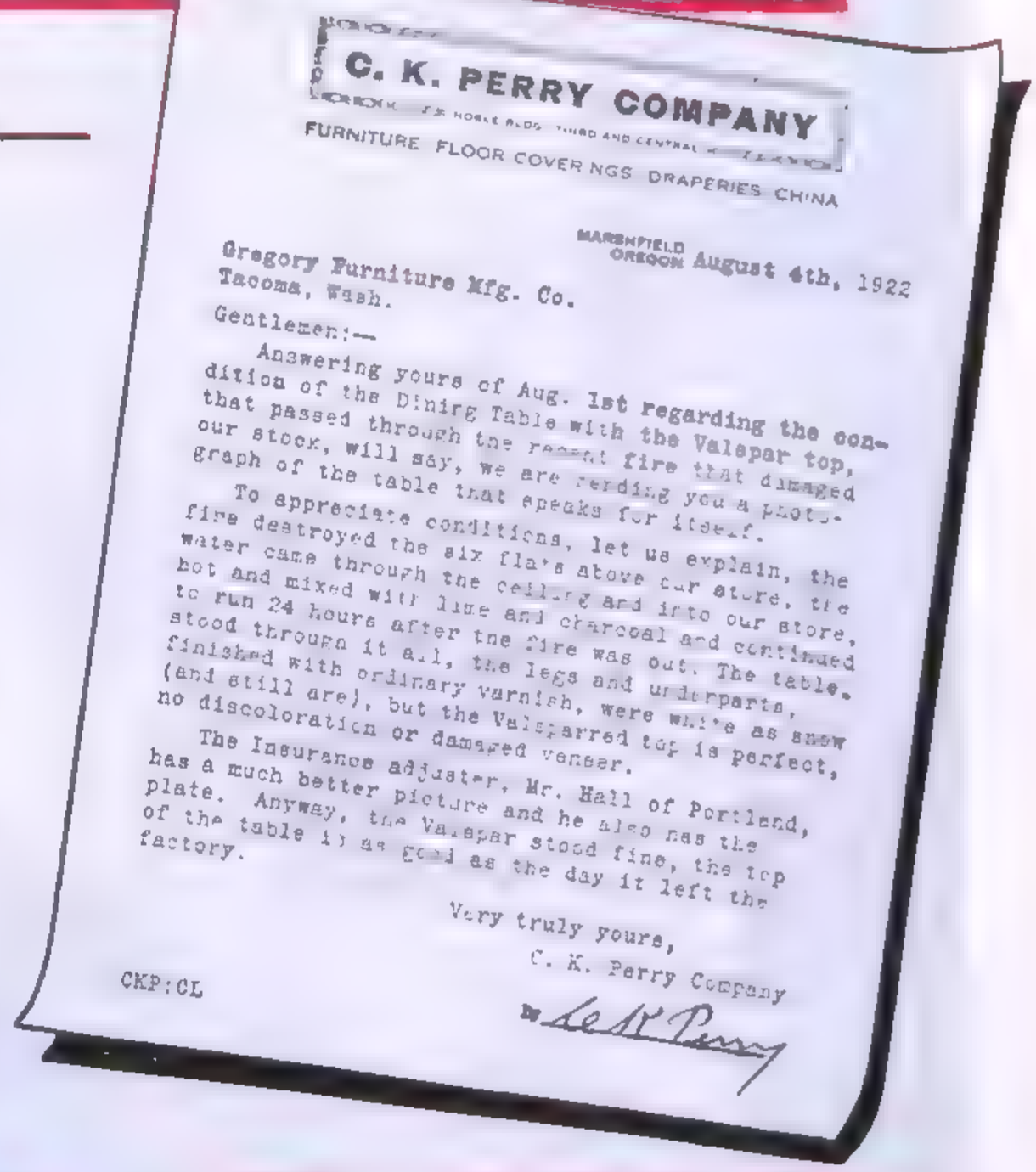
The fire was raging when they discovered it.

Mr. Perry's letter tells how it gutted the six flats above his store, how water and chemicals ran down, ruining his entire stock of furniture—*except the Valsparred table-top,* photographed above. (The legs of the table and the chair were *not* Valsparred.) No more destructive test could be imagined—but as usual Valspar was unharmed in any way.

Because Valspar can stand tests like this, it is the most popular varnish the country over—protecting and beautifying all kinds of woodwork and furniture indoors and out.

You can get Valspar in Colors as well as clear Valspar. The Valspar Stains and Enamels are merely Valspar Varnish plus color.

Be sure to read Mr. Perry's letter to the Gregory Furniture Mfg. Company, who use Valspar on all their fine dining room table tops. The Gregory Company know Valspar is absolutely waterproof and will stand the severest tests without damage or turning white.



C. K. PERRY COMPANY

FURNITURE FLOOR COVERINGS DRAPERIES CHINA

MARSHFIELD OREGON August 4th, 1922

Gregory Furniture Mfg. Co.
Tacoma, Wash.

Gentlemen:—

Answering yours of Aug. 1st regarding the condition of the Dining Table with the Valspar top, that passed through the recent fire that damaged our stock, will say, we are sending you a photograph of the table that speaks for itself.

To appreciate conditions, let us explain, the fire destroyed the six flats above our store, the water came through the ceiling and into our store, hot and mixed with lime and charcoal and continued to run 24 hours after the fire was out. The table stood through it all, the legs and underparts, finished with ordinary varnish, were white as snow (and still are), but the Valsparred top is perfect, no discoloration or damaged veneer.

The Insurance adjuster, Mr. Hall of Portland, has a much better picture and he also has the plate. Anyway, the Valspar stood fine, the top of the table is as good as the day it left the factory.

Very truly youre,
C. K. Perry Company
C. K. Perry

CKP:CL

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

The famous Valspar boiling water test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—15c apiece for each 35c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.)

Valspar . . . ☐
Valspar Enamel ☐
State Color _____
Valspar Stain . ☐
State Color _____

Dealer's Name _____
Dealer's Address _____
Your Name _____
Your Address _____ City _____

Overland

Circulate — don't Hibernate

WINTER stay-at-homes who never dreamed it possible to enjoy so much comfort at such low cost are finding freedom through the extraordinary economy of this beautiful New Overland Sedan.

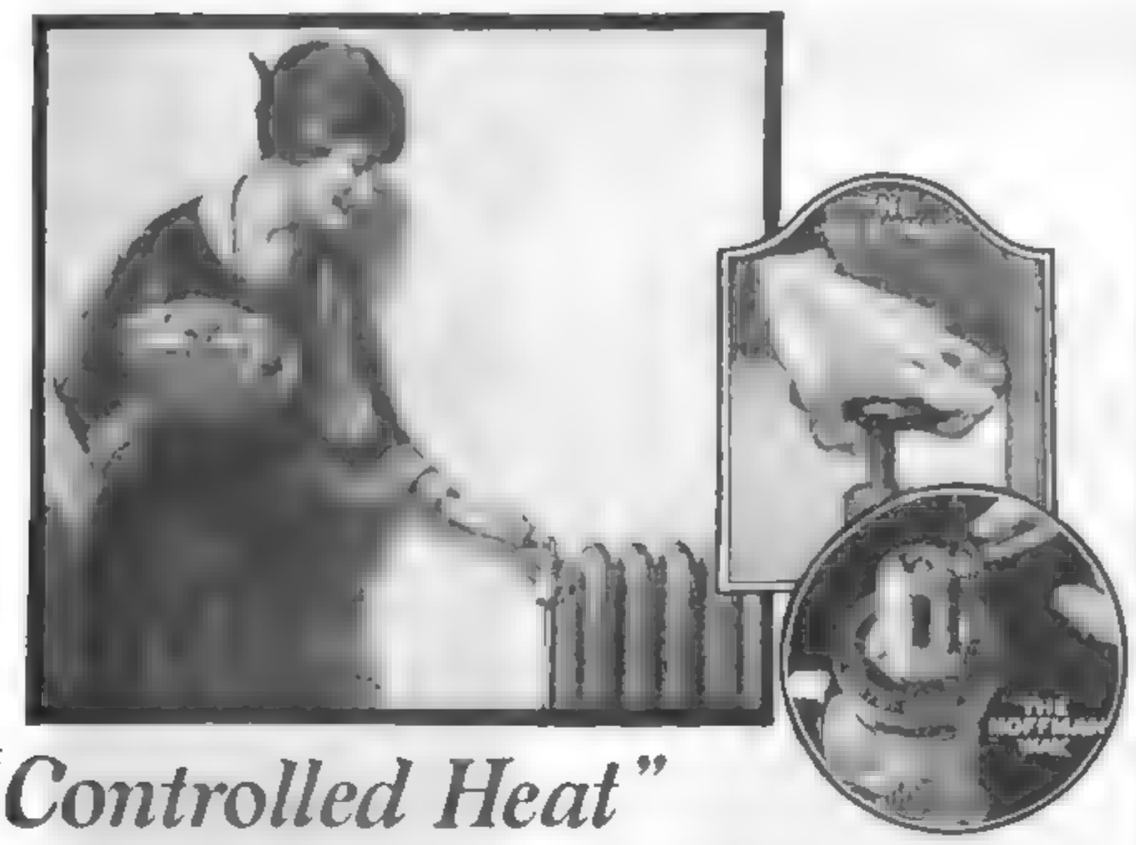
Scientific ventilating and roomy seating make this the ideal practical family car for all year. Many refinements and improvements now are added to those qualities which have caused nearly a million people to buy Overland Cars. The greater Overland value includes Triplex Springs *(Patented)*, which create unequalled riding comfort and retain the economy of light weight; and sturdy axles with standard Timken bearings, which insure durability under hard usage. Tires are oversize. Operating cost is low.

Write for interesting Overland book. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, O. Canadian Factory, Toronto.

"Drive an Overland and realize the difference"

TOURING · SEDAN · ROADSTER · COUPE · COMMERCIAL CHASSIS WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF BODIES

The Willys-Overland dealer franchise is a valuable property making opportunity in his town



"Controlled Heat" ~considers the woman's side of it

STRANGE, isn't it, that Hoffman "Controlled Heat" is the first to consider the woman's side of it? All other heating systems are designed to be man-regulated. Yet fully half the time there isn't any man at home to shovel coal in a hurry, juggle dampers, or twist those back-straining obstinate radiator valves.

Easy, accurate heat-control

HOFFMAN "Controlled Heat" is designed so that a woman can easily and accurately regulate the heat in any room. Each radiator has a one-finger control valve. A touch on this valve gives as much or as little heat as you want, when you want it and where you want it.

Then there's the big advantage, which women especially will appreciate, of being able to have different temperatures in different rooms; the nursery warm as toast for baby's bath; your bedroom cool and fresh.

And men will be just as interested in the simplicity and remarkable economy of "Controlled Heat" as women are in its convenience and comfort.

A booklet you should read

You should read the booklet, "Controlled Heat," which tells why it is "the greatest forward step in modern home-heating."

Surely you will want "Controlled Heat" in that new home you're planning.

Business executives, planning buildings, should investigate the unequalled advantages of "Controlled Heat" for large installations.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
In Canada, CRANE, LTD., *branches in principal cities*
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES CHICAGO BOSTON

HOFFMAN

Mail This Coupon Today

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., INC.
Waterbury, Conn.

☐ Please send me the booklet, "Controlled Heat"
☐ Please send me information in regard to "Controlled Heat" for big buildings.

CONTROLLED HEAT

(Continued from Page 62)

the bank campaign was canceled and that Emling was busy—too busy to talk.

The mention of the bank advertising somehow turned Gilmore Britt's unwilling feet in the direction of Follan's office. After all, Follan had always been sort of interested in him. He might know of some good opening—might use his influence a bit to help the son of an old friend. He had managed to persuade himself that Follan would be glad to see him, by the time he sidled past the secretary's desk.

She recognized him, of course; knew him, from long experience, as a privileged caller.

"He's alone," she said affably. "I guess you can go right in, Mr. Britt."

Britt opened the door cautiously, nevertheless. For a moment, as he stood in the doorway, he thought the room was empty. Then, from the corner where a mirror hung above the washbasin, he caught a mumbling sound. Follan's back was toward him, but he could see clearly enough. The banker held his naked gleaming scalp close to the glass, and as he passed exploring fingers rhythmically back and forth from temple to temple, intoned a dogged formula with unshakable conviction:

"Day by day, in every way,
It's coming in thicker and thicker!"

Gilmore Britt stepped back and closed the door without a sound. His mind whirled as if under a dizzying blow. Follan, of all living men! Follan —— The reeling confusion of his thought cleared and smoothed to consecutive processes, lightning swift but decent and in order. He filled his lungs and knocked peremptorily. There was a moment of delay, a quick step or two, and then Follan's gruff command to enter. Gilmore Britt obeyed with the air of one who walks to the thump of a triumphant band.

"You, eh?" Follan regarded him sourly. "Thought you'd be back. Heard all about it. Bought enough experience, have you?"

"Plenty, sir." Britt helped himself to a chair. "It came high, but I think it was a good buy, even at the price."

"Guess everybody's satisfied, then. Haven't heard any kicks from the people that sold it to you."

Britt laughed pleasantly. "No. They don't know I've got the best of the deal. They've got my money and I've got—a bit of knowledge."

Follan's expression changed a very little. Britt understood. Follan had never heard him talk like this, even in his cocksurest days.

"Can you cash it in, Gilmore?"

"I'm doing it right now, Mr. Follan. Your advertising campaign hasn't worked, has it? I hear you're going to cancel it."

"Have canceled it." Follan scowled. "Wasted a lot of money trying to make people like you understand that they can't lift 'emselves by their bootstraps. No use. They won't believe anybody but the smooth liar who tells 'em what they want to hear—the way you believed Scusi, Gilmore."

Gilmore Britt crossed his legs. "If you've really learned that, Mr. Follan, you've bought some cheap experience yourself. Because that's the very thing I came here to tell you—the very thing I've paid fifteen thousand to prove."

Follan's frown bit deeper. "What of it? Nothing very startling about that, Gilmore. Found out you're a fool. I could have told you that for nothing. Did tell you."

"Exactly. And I didn't believe you, did I?" Gilmore Britt was enjoying himself. "Why didn't I?"

"Because you were a fool, Gilmore. That's talking in a circle. What ——"

"I didn't believe you because I didn't want to," said Britt quietly. "Nobody wants to believe he's a fool, and nobody ever believes anything he doesn't want to believe, Mr. Follan." He leaned forward. "You don't, any more than I do."

"Believe facts," said Follan. "Don't buy blue sky ——"

"What were you doing and saying just before I knocked, Mr. Follan?"

Britt exploded the question in the middle of the speech. Follan's fingers rose to his scalp and came away as if they burned. He began a frown, which somehow faded into a sheepish grin.

"Caught me, did you? Thought that door was shut. Don't know as I believe it, exactly. Mighty plausible, though, Gilmore. If you'd read the book—of course it sounds pretty steep, in spots, but ——"

"It may be right. I don't know. The point is that you've chosen to believe in a theory that you admit is pretty hard to swallow, rather than in cold facts. Why? Easy! You wanted to believe in the theory and you hated to believe in the facts. Just like everybody else, Mr. Follan. Just like me. Just like the people who swallowed Scusi's ads and gagged on yours."

"No wonder about that. Six hundred per cent is bound to sound better than 6 - to a fool!"

"To anybody," said Britt. "Everybody wants to believe that he can get rich without working and worrying and studying. He'd rather believe you, if you'd tell him, but you leave it to such crooks as Scusi—crooks who haven't got a thing to sell but blue sky. Ever think how hard it ought to be to get a dollar for a gilt penny, compared to getting ninety-eight cents for a gold dollar? You think you've got the tough end of it—with the gold dollar to sell!"

Follan's face cleared to an attentive shrewdness. "Something in that, Gilmore. Go on."

"You've got all the best of it—you bankers. You've got the truth behind you, if you want to tell people that they can get rich, without risk, without worry, without special knowledge or opportunity, haven't you? Can't you say to me: 'You'll be well off at sixty-five' instead of telling me I'll be in the poorhouse? Can't you show me how to make money, surely and safely?"

"Ought to," said Follan. "That's my business."

"Just so. And instead you kept telling me I'd go broke, end in the poorhouse, when all the time you could have talked about the way money piles up in a savings bank. You talked about 4 per cent as if it wasn't anything, and in the same breath you advised me to stick to it! Why, 4 per cent's a lot! Compound interest—nobody ever takes the trouble to tell the public about it—about the magic in it—making a dollar swell up and sprout like a grain of wheat! Nobody talks about sure, big, easy, safe profits except a crook. Do you suppose people wouldn't rather believe a banker if he told 'em the same story?"

Follan nodded slowly. Then he grinned, as he had grinned when Gilmore Britt had referred to that matter of the hair-growing formula.

"Shouldn't wonder if you got a good fifteen thousand dollars' worth of experience after all, Britt. You go back to Emling and tell him I'll line up the committee again if your ads live up to your line of talk."

He stopped Britt as he reached the door. "And say, Gilmore, I'm going to send you a copy of that fellow's book. Maybe it's all blue sky, but ——"

Britt chuckled. "Blue sky? That's how I like it—blue."

"FUNNY thing, Miss Telfer. When it comes to a business proposition there's nobody in this shop that can size it up better than you can—not even Emling himself. And yet ——"

Gilmore Britt stopped. Miss Telfer's glance met his with a singularly arresting effect. Again he became aware of the fresh soft whiteness at her wrist and throat, the old blueness of eyes that were rightfully gray.

"And yet you didn't spot the holes in those schemes of mine when I told you about 'em," he continued, jerking his mind back to the topic with an effort. "Remember? You believed in every one of 'em, just as hard as I did."

She nodded. "Yes. I suppose I did, Mr. Britt."

Her hands lay idle on the keyboard. Again Britt's thoughts wandered. He knew her first name, now. Minnie. Somehow it sort of fitted her, described her. He seemed to hear it, musically, in his own voice. He brought his mental processes back to the track once more.

"I believed in 'em because I wanted 'em to be true," he said slowly. "Because I wanted to believe in myself, I suppose. But you—I don't see why you didn't see the soft spots in 'em. There wasn't any reason why you should want ——"

He caught his breath as an impossible hypothesis suggested itself. Of course you couldn't believe anything like that—not for a minute. A girl like Miss Telfer—Minnie Telfer—and Gilmore Britt was forty—no, forty-one. You couldn't possibly believe that she'd fallen for those silly fakes just because she wanted Gilmore Britt to succeed—wanted it so much that she ——

He corrected himself. You could believe anything you wanted to, anything you ached to believe as Gilmore Britt ached to believe this. He believed it.

VALUE

It's value

and value alone that has made White Owl the largest selling cigar in America.

General Cigar Co., Inc.
NATIONAL BRANDS
New York City

2 *for* 15¢

Wherever you go have a

White Owl

*PARRACOMBE HILL**

"Oh, Larry, do you think we can get down this wet hill without a smash?"
"Of course we can, dear; I've put her in second, and with Kelly Cords under us we can't slip."

* *Drawing by Laurence Fellows, Devonshire, England*

THERE is no more sickening sensation than to feel your car sliding after you have applied the brakes. The driver who rides on Kelly-Springfield Kant-Slip Cord tires does so with the comfortable assurance that he can depend not only upon their mileage but upon their surefootedness. It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

Educational Pioneering

By M. V. O'SHEA

AMERICA is the home of educational experimentation. The experimental work which is being attempted in other countries is slight compared with what is being done in our country. Even when new methods are suggested in other countries, as in the case of the Montessori methods, which were worked out in Rome, they are as a rule tested much more thoroughly and modified more extensively in America than in any other place. The people in foreign countries look with suspicion upon any new educational venture, although they are now very eager to extend traditional educational work. They want more of what they have had, but they are extremely cautious about introducing anything very new.

It is quite the other way with us. There are probably as many persons in this country who think the best educational program has yet to be devised as there are persons who believe that the best program has been in operation for a long time. There are restless souls among us who are constantly pointing out the defects in our educational procedure and suggesting remedies for these defects. There are schools scattered all over the country that are testing out new curriculums and new methods of organizing schools, of teaching subjects and of disciplining pupils; and there are several magazines devoted to the promotion of these new educational ventures

While different experimental schools are testing the value of different programs, still they are all aiming at certain general objectives. They are seeking, first of all, to discover a way to give greater play to the abilities of the individual child. They are seeking, in the second place, to devise ways and means of developing initiative, independence and self-reliance in pupils in larger measure than the schools have been doing. Again, they are striving to make educational work of such a character that it will appeal to the interest of pupils so that they will spontaneously apply themselves to their tasks. In the fourth place, all these schools are trying to work out a practical program so that pupils will learn more readily and completely than they have been learning how to adjust themselves to the real world of people and things about them.

One of the most recent experiments in education is called the Dalton Laboratory Plan. It was initiated and is being developed by Miss Helen Parkhurst, who was formerly at the head of the Montessori schools in America. She has been conducting experimental schools in this country and in England for the purpose of testing her plan. In brief, her plan substitutes laboratory for recitation method. Suppose pupils are studying arithmetic in a Dalton Laboratory Plan school. They go to a special arithmetic room in the school. They find on the announcement board in this room the program of work in arithmetic for each month and for the year. They work in this room at their tasks as long as they wish each day. There is a teacher in the room, who gives advice when it is needed, but there is no recitation. Each pupil comes and goes as and when he chooses, though when he leaves the room he presents for the teacher's approval the work he has accomplished during the period that he has been working there.

If he should come into the arithmetic room the first thing in the morning and wish to remain until noon because of his interest he would not be interfered with. Other pupils might come and go, but he would remain. If he could complete the month's contract in one morning, he would be permitted to do so. Each pupil is provided with a score card so that he can check what he has accomplished with the requirements for the month or the year. If he should wish to spend all his forenoons in the arithmetic laboratory until he had completed the program for a year he would be free to do so. Each individual is permitted to work in any laboratory as long as he is interested and as rapidly as his abilities will permit.

There is a laboratory for each subject that is taught in the school. A pupil may go at any time to any laboratory in which he is interested and apply himself to his contract. The teacher acts as a guide and counselor, but not as a recitation hearer, although she conducts quizzes, written and oral, as often as she thinks it necessary to test what the pupils are actually accomplishing.

There are no class periods in a school operated according to the Dalton Laboratory Plan. The pupils do not move here and there in response to signals; they move according to their interest and the amount they have achieved in any given laboratory.

Miss Parkhurst maintains that this plan of work stimulates every pupil to do his best. It gives opportunity to a pupil of superior ability to progress more rapidly than one of mediocre ability. It develops self-control, initiative and self-reliance in a pupil, and it accustoms him to perform tasks in the way in which they will have to be performed in the world outside. The teachers who are working in the experimental schools in which the Dalton Laboratory Plan is in operation testify that it accomplishes the aims claimed for it by Miss Parkhurst.

The Dalton Laboratory Plan is a violent departure from all rigidity in education. The traditional school exalts the teacher and minimizes the initiative, self-reliance and interest of the individual pupil. The Dalton Laboratory Plan makes the teacher an adviser, overseer and planner, but gives to the individual pupil large freedom to follow a program of his own making, provided only that he works toward the general ends established by the school.

It may be safely predicted that the Dalton Laboratory Plan will be thoroughly and extensively tested. So far as it proves to be practicable it will be adopted, because in America we are eager to attain the ends which are apparently attained in an effective way according to this plan. We may be able to adopt it in part, if not in whole, in all schools. Indeed, in many high schools the principle has been in operation, at least partially, for years.

GAMBLING IN JUNGLE STUFF

(Continued from Page 16)

"The circus men used every blandishment and trick, but it was of no avail; so finally they had to bring the whole herd down to the docks to bid what you might call a sad farewell to the deported ones.

"This strange procession moved through the silent streets of the big city in the middle of the night, and—would you believe it?—it was noon the next day before an army of helpers finally succeeded in getting the four elephants aboard. One elephant was particularly bad. An iron crate was speedily constructed for him, but when it was finished it proved too small. He just leaned against it and it passed into history. Then the helpers endeavored to secure him with rope surcingles and to hoist him aboard with a windlass, but as soon as the loop of the rope fell over his huge body he did a head spin and tossed it off again as if it had been a cobweb. It was one awful job, and I always think kindly of the venders, because they made good on their word, although it must have cost them a pretty penny.

"And now, perhaps, as we are on the subject of elephants, we might go just a little farther. The elephant market today is away up. There was a time when, considered with present prices, they were, comparatively speaking, cheap; but there are no cheap elephants today, with one exception, and that is a bad elephant; I mean an elephant that has got a reputation for being an outlaw. Circus proprietors and owners of menageries used to be able to give them to a zoölogical garden. Indeed, they sometimes sold one for a good price; but that day has passed. The very worst piece of property anyone can have, I guess, outside of an ice plant at the north pole, is a bad elephant. The zoölogical people are all wised up; they know now what circus folk learned by sad experience years ago—that a bad elephant is always a liability:

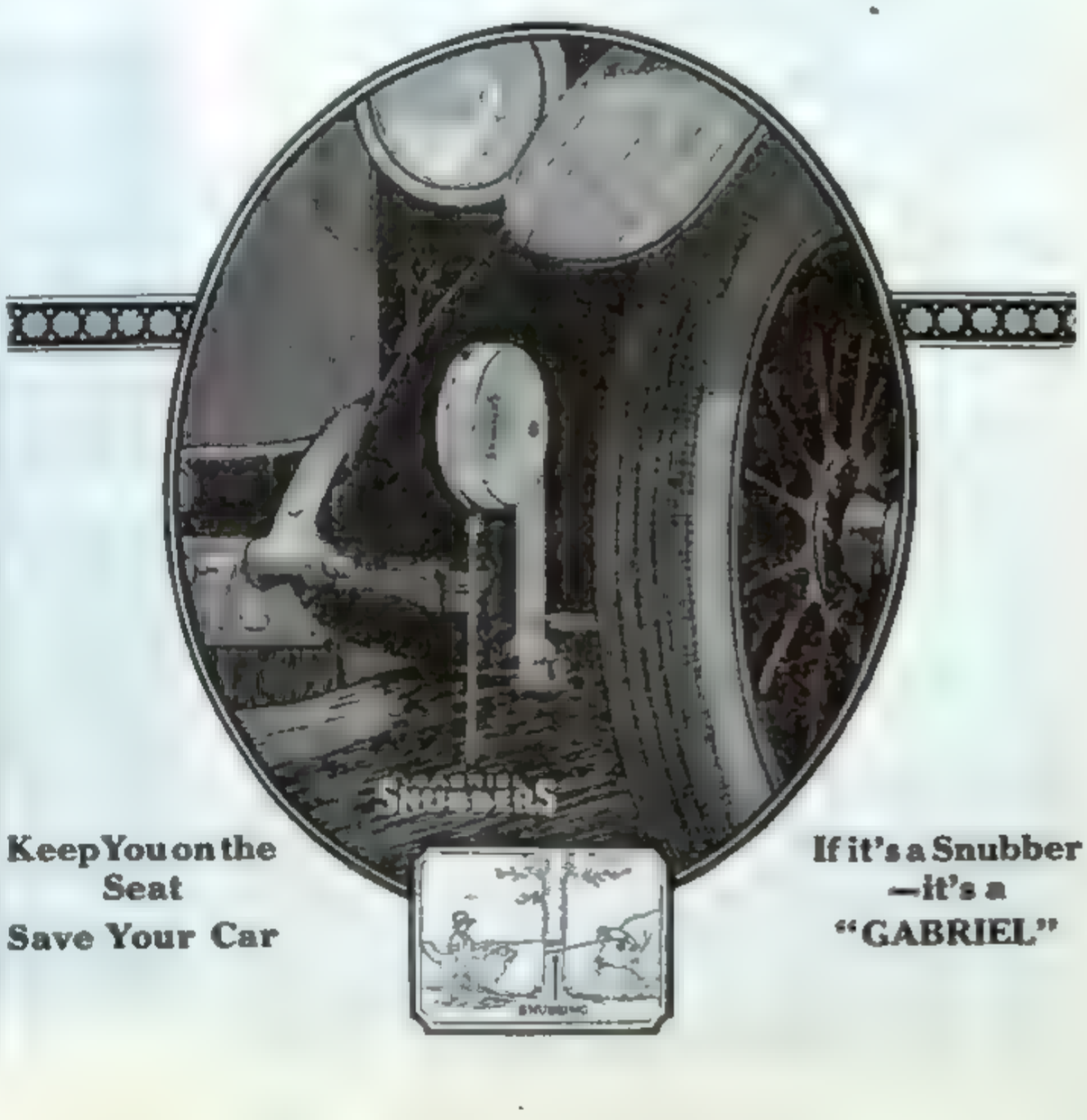
Over
4
Million

Gabriel Snubbers in use. There is no other Snubber.

Sold by legitimate dealers

GABRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1408 East 40th Street Cleveland, Ohio

GABRIEL
SNUBBERS
THERE IS NO OTHER



Keep You on the Seat
Save Your Car

If it's a Snubber —it's a "GABRIEL"

First Baby Elephant Bred and Born in America. Owned by H. H. Tammen, Denver, Col.

if not today, why, then, tomorrow or next week. He'll run amuck sure.

"But, as I was saying, a good healthy elephant now—I speak of an unbroken one, of course—easily commands four thousand dollars. They come high, big or little. If a show has to have a baby elephant, and get him in a hurry, I could hardly give you a quotation on his price. If he is trained, of course, it would be just that much more. And there is a logical reason for this. Since the war, transportation has jumped nearly 100 per cent; skilled labor of the kind we want is hard to get and still harder to handle.

"Even out in the jungle today the porters and gun bearers, such as are employed in a big hunt, have unionized themselves; and it is not an unusual thing to get word from the leader of an expedition, who is perhaps three or four hundred miles off in the jungle, that his men have struck.

"They want more money or food or goodness knows what concession; but if you send a party out on a hunt nowadays it is a dollar to a doughnut that they will demand something more than the contract calls for before they finish the job. Nine times out of ten you have to give it to them, because they know as well as you do that you are powerless so far as controlling the situation is concerned."

A Strictly Gold Standard

"And that isn't the worst part of the elephant game by a long shot, because you must know that before you start out on an elephant hunt at all you must secure permission from the rajah, or ruler, of the district over which you propose to operate. That concession must be paid for in gold; and while I think of this I might mention that 90 per cent of the wild animals secured by us are bargained for on the basis of gold down on the nail. They don't recognize letters of credit or bills of exchange, no matter if indorsed by capitalized millions, in the jungle; but they do understand the language of gold, which must invariably be in sight.

"Well, let us say that your hunt has been successful and you return to headquarters. The next thing you discover is that you are expected to line up the captured herd before the rajah for inspection. If the potentate gets his eye on what he thinks is a particularly good specimen, he commandeers him there and then, and without the slightest apology.

"'It would never do to let such a fine animal leave the residency,' he explains affably to you; 'so I think we will have to keep that one.'

"And perhaps you know it, or perhaps you don't, but out there a rajah is a law unto himself. He makes his rules and regulations as he goes along, and the best you can do—in fact the only and wisest course—is to say, 'Fair enough, O, king!'

"After that you have to get your elephants aboard ship and hike home the best way you can. Sometimes they are swept off the decks in storms. I knew of one man who lost twelve in a single season, but we have to take the chances.

"So you can very readily see that by the time an elephant is landed on the dock in New York he has cost a considerable outlay in money, not to speak of countless risks and many thrilling experiences.

"Now, in selling elephants, as in everything else, the purchaser very frequently does not see him, but takes our word for it. Added to this, we assist his selection by the use of photographs or moving pictures.

"Here is a photograph, for instance, in which you will notice that the elephant's trunk is on the ground, slightly curled at the tip. An experienced animal man knows that this particular elephant can use his trunk to take hold, lift or carry; all of which, of course, is very essential, considering the uses to which an elephant is put by the ordinary traveling show.

"The war, to a great extent, demonstrated the adaptability of the elephant to various kinds of work. On the Continent, in many places, they did the labor usually relegated to the horse. I have been told by people who should know that an elephant can plow as much in a day as three tractors.

"Another thing that will strike you as being peculiar is that we are shipping elephants back to India now; that is to say, the rajahs are always on the lookout for good males, of which there is a great scarcity in India at this time. They will pay any kind of a price for a first-class specimen.

"Some years ago a Western circus reported the birth of three baby elephants in a period of six years, the mother and father being the same. A great many people, especially other circus men, thought that these stories were mere publicity stuff; but, as a matter of fact, they were actually true. Even the natural-history sharps did not seem to get at all excited about it, although they well might have, because it was really one of the most remarkable events pertaining to natural history that ever happened in this country. I suppose, however, they saw, or thought they saw, the fine Italian hand of the press agent.

"Our firm is supposed to be able to fill an order for anything from a chipmunk to a Rocky Mountain goat, and in this respect the orders come from several sources: Shows, which take in all kinds of outdoor and sometimes many of the indoor shows; zoological gardens, and lastly, private individuals who would pay the upkeep of private menageries.

"These can be divided into two sections—the trained and the untrained, and the price naturally varies accordingly."

Wild Prices for Wild Animals

"And, speaking about the price, it may be stated in a general way that the cost of all wild animals, and in fact everything connected with this branch of the show business, has gone away up. A few years ago one could purchase a pretty good article in the way of a polar bear for two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars. Well, they are pretty scarce now, and if you want one that looks like anything at all you will possibly have to go as high as twelve hundred dollars.

"The giraffe market is short. If any gentleman has a male giraffe concealed anywhere around this continent, and can land him in New York, I'll give twelve thousand dollars for him, and no questions asked. That will probably leave me a margin of two or three thousand dollars which can be placed on the profit side of the ledger.

"A rhinoceros will bring about fourteen thousand dollars any old place if landed safely in the market. Zebras used to come kind of cheap, but now they range all the way from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars; and even the patient camel, chewing a reflective cud, is brought out of Russia by way of Sweden. They don't come by direct route any more, and that boosts the price to about a thousand dollars before you can stake him out in the menagerie and call him your own. To show you how scarce these quaint and curious animals are, it is stated that only seven have been imported into America since the war.

"Most people imagine that the camel they see in the zoo or menagerie comes from Africa, but such is not the case. Ninety per cent of them come from Russia. Showmen don't care for the African article. He doesn't do well here, and as an individual cannot compare with the animal born farther north.

(Continued on Page 75)

Hartmann Zebra, Rarest Known, Habitat West Africa

Tamil Natives With Trained Sloth Bears

Sunshine Sunday Dinners

Dinner, January 21

Oyster Cocktail
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Roast Shoulder of Veal—Stuffed
Browned Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Waldorf Salad
(Apples, English Walnuts and Celery)
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Cottage Pudding
Sunshine Per-fet-to Sugar Wafers
Coffee

Dinner, January 28

Pea Soup
Tak hom-a Biscuit
Celery
Roast Beef
Mashed Potatoes, Browned
Currant Jelly
Onions in Cream
Hearts of Lettuce
French Dressing
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Charlotte Russe
(Lady Fingers and Whipped Cream)
Coffee

Dinner, February 4

Oyster Cocktail
Tak hom-a Biscuit
Fricassee of Chicken
Potatoes and Turnips
Mashed Together
Peas
Egg and Celery Salad
(Mayonnaise Dressing)
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Ice Cream
Sunshine Fig Bars
Coffee

Dinner, February 11

Cream of Celery Soup
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Broiled Porterhouse Steak
Baked Potatoes
Canned Asparagus
Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad
(Mayonnaise Dressing)
with
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Tapioca Pudding
Sunshine Clover Leaves
(Sugar Wafers)
Coffee

Do crumbs on the table annoy you?

There are many delicious dishes that taste even better when accompanied with crackers; for example, spaghetti with crackers and melted cheese.

But so many crackers crumble and make a neatly set table look mussy.

The cracker that is welcome at the daintiest table is Tak-hom-a Biscuit.

Break it if you wish—and of course you will. It splits-in-two in convenient halves without a crumb.

You will find yourself eating these Sunshine Soda Crackers all through the meal, and your place at the table will be as clean and neat as ever.

Serve Tak-hom-a Biscuit because of their daintiness, and you will like them because of their goodness.

Always sold in the package with red wrapper and blue and red end seals.

Look for special offer at your grocery

To make Tak-hom-a Biscuit better known to everyone, most Sunshine grocers are making special displays and holding attractive special sales during this month.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

Sunshine Biscuits

Anymeal—Anyday

A 32-page "Magic Color Painting Book" complete with Magic Water Colors and painting brush has been prepared for children. Interesting, educational, highly colored, and attractive. Get this 25c book by sending 10c in coin with the coupon.

Sunshine Biscuits
811 Commerce Bldg
Kansas City, Mo.

I inclosed find 10c for which send me the Magic Color Painting Book for Children, complete with Magic Water Colors and brush.

Name _____

Address _____

Please print carefully with ink

Way

REG. U.S. TRADE MARK

Everywhere, Signs

You see the signs of Wayne supremacy wherever you go—signs of preference by discriminating buyers—signs that establish Wayne's leadership in its industry.

This pronounced Wayne dominance is due to the proved superiority and reliability of Wayne pumps and equipment.

Greater worth has been conclusively established in elaborate tests through long periods of actual service, conducted by the experienced engineers of these leading oil companies.

The man who buys but a single pump, can install Wayne equipment with the same assurance of economy, safety and efficiency of operation, and absolute accuracy in handling, storing and measuring, as do the larger operators.

Wayne service in planning and equipping oil stations is at your disposal without obligation

Wayne Tank & Pump Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Canadian Tank & Pump Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada

Division Offices in: Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco and Los Angeles

Warehouses in: Philadelphia and San Francisco

An International Organization With Sales and Service Offices Everywhere

WAYNE PRODUCTS

Measuring Pumps Storage Tanks (20 to 20,000 gals.) Air Compressors
Oil Filtration Systems Oil Burning Systems, Furnaces and Forges
Wayne Rapid-Rate Water-Softening Systems for Domestic and Industrial Uses (Borrowman Patents)

The Evidence of Wayne Supremacy

Thirty-five Leading Oil Companies, each of whom has recognized Wayne supremacy by installing over one hundred Wayne Outfits. Six of these Companies use more than Twenty Thousand Wayne Pumps

Associated Oil Company

Brooks Oil Company

Central Ohio Oil Company
S. L. Collins Oil Company
Columbus Oil Company
Crown Oil Company
Crown Oil and Wax Company

Deyo Oil Company, Incorporated

Gafill Oil Company
Gulf Refining Company

Elmer E. Harris & Company

Hi-Grade Oil and Gas Company

Indian Refining Company

Jenny Manufacturing Company

Kendall Refining Company
Kentucky Independent Oil Company

Leader Oil Company

Maloney Oil & Mfg. Co.
Manhattan Oil and Linseed Company
Marland Refining Company

National Refining Company
Northwestern Oil Company

Pure Oil Company
Paragon Refining Company

Red Fox Petroleum Company
Red "C" Oil Company

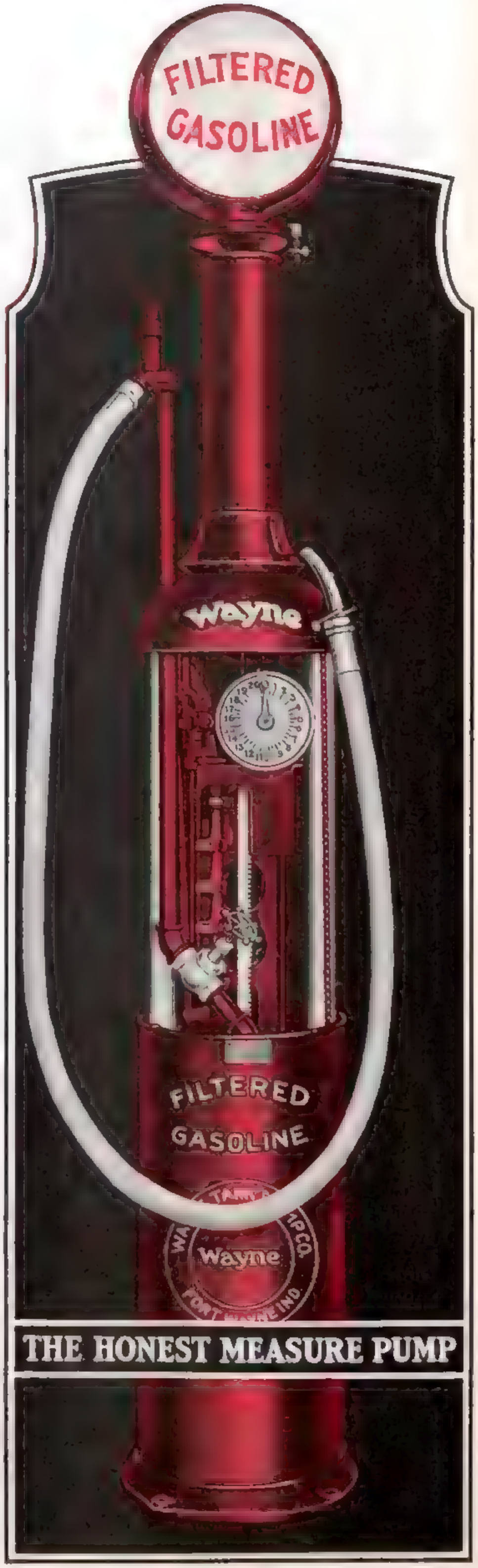
Standard Oil Company
Sterling Oil Company
Sinclair Refining Company
Sun Company

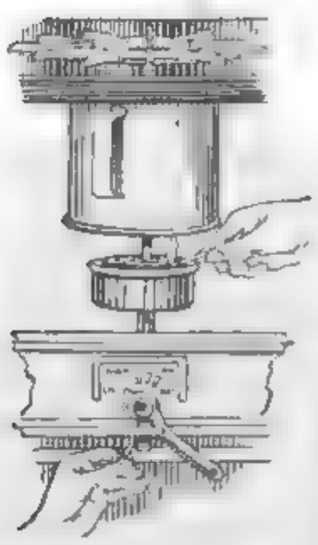
Transcontinental Oil Company
Texas Company
Tidewater Oil Company

Union Oil Company

Wayne Power Pump

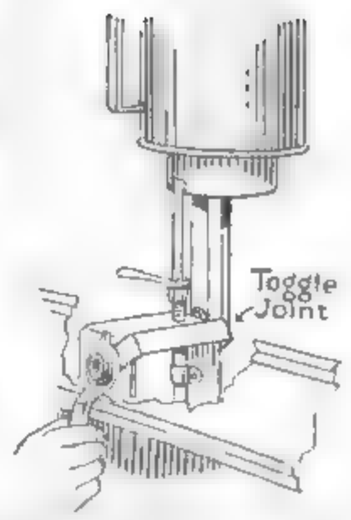
Wayne Power Pump No.456 is the development of Wayne's 30 years' experience in the measuring and storing of liquids. It is operated by compressed air, and the two large dials allow easy reading from either side. It is simple, reliable, safe and economical, and absolutely accurate. Wayne quality makes possible the Wayne guarantee.





Easy to Light

Easy Access to Wick and Burner



Flame Always Remains Set

Fuel Tank Easy to Fill and Clean

"My youngest daughter uses my Nesco Perfect"— says one woman

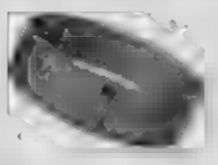
One Match Lights this Stove

Turn the handle to "Light." The clean Rockweave Wick quickly becomes saturated with oil. Then strike a match—just one—and touch it to the wick. In a matter of minutes you have a pyramid blue flame at your disposal—a flame so clean that it is capable of making delicious, golden-brown toast. *Truly a simple stove to operate.*

The three simple movable parts of a Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove are easy to get to and easy to clean. The heat control handle turns from side to side and smoothly raises and lowers the burner by a toggle joint. No ratchets or gears to stick. No creeping or sticking of the wick. *The flame always remains set—just where you want it to be.*

The famous Nesco Rockweave Wick, used exclusively in a Nesco Perfect, is non-burnable and never requires cutting. It is quickly removed—just as easy to put back, and by daily scraping the hardened edges, will last for many months. The glass fuel tank with its wide mouth and anti-splash cap is very easy to fill.

With this remarkable ease of operation comes sturdy, striking beauty and an intense, clean blue flame that roasts and bakes perfectly, fries speedily and boils splendidly. Step into your hardware, house furnishing or department store and see a practical demonstration of a Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove. You will be won to it at once.



Rockweave Wick, woven with long asbestos fibre, spun around brass wires

Send for interesting booklet illustrating the many styles and uses of Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stoves. Also ask about Nesco Perfect Ovens and Nesco Perfect Oil Heaters at the same time.

And if you'll send us your dealer's name with ten cents for postage and packing, we'll send you this handy, little saucepan of the famous Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware at once.

Address:— National Enameling & Stamping Co., Inc., Advertising Department, Section D, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dealer Note.— *This is the first of this year's series of advertisements on the Nesco Perfect reaching the housewives of America. Ask your jobber for information at once, or if you prefer, write direct.*

A handy utensil of Nescoware

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO., Inc.

St. Louis, Baltimore, Granite City, Ill., Chicago, New York, New Orleans, Milwaukee, Philadelphia

NESCO PERFECT

OIL COOK STOVE

(Continued from Page 70)

"Monkeys are worth all kinds of prices, but if you start for home with three thousand you are lucky if you land 50 per cent of them in marketable condition.

"Just now we are doing a big trade in zebu bulls. Down in Texas the big stock raisers have discovered that the cross between the zebu, or sacred ox, and the native cattle produces an animal which is immune from ticks and some other maladies indigenous to the soil of the South. They are producing, I might say, splendid cattle in every way and are a great success. A first-class big zebu commands a price away up in the thousands, but they are mighty hard to get out of India. The rajahs do not like to see them exported, and for that reason the initial cost of a rare specimen is sometimes almost unbelievable. The sacred ox of the circus is generally an undersized animal.

"Now, when you come down to the breaking of wild animals—let us say of the cat tribe—we always pick those that are caught wild but necessarily young. We do not endeavor to educate cage-bred animals. A lion or a tiger born in the open naturally has a better constitution and is sounder in limb and wind. He is more liable to stand up under training and nine times out of ten is more intelligent.

"You see, animals raised in a menagerie or circus are more often than not inbred. Naturally, such being the case, they have neither the brains nor the stamina of the wild animals.

"Of course, it requires endless patience and work to break in a big animal act. I mean one where lions and tigers take part.

"The sale of animals is like any other business—one must make good or he doesn't stay in the business. If an animal troupe only lasted six or twelve months, the man who purchased them would always feel that he had not got a run for his money."

John Daniel, Captive Gorilla

"As I said in the first place, let us say we get an order, maybe from a circus, from a menagerie, or from any institution in the world of amusements. It may be a large order, or perhaps you can fill it from the home supply; but either way, you've got to get it. Sometimes the contract will call for a delivery of the animals at the purchaser's home. In that case the price naturally plays a part, because the risk of the transportation is one of the greatest that we have to contend with. You will realize this when I tell you of one loss our firm had. It consisted of one rhinoceros and four giraffes. The former died just as we were getting him aboard the steamer at an African port, and the four giraffes succumbed one after another in storms that blew up during the voyage. That cost us sixty thousand dollars in gold.

"The story of how the famous gorilla, John Daniel, was secured and finally placed on exhibition in New York City would make a chapter all by itself in the world's record of natural history. I first heard of this great ape through my sister, who discovered in some way or another that one was owned in the section of London in which she lived.

"At first I thought she must be mistaken, and in one of my trips to London I paid a visit to the people who had him in charge, although I confess I doubted all along that he was a gorilla.

"I found that my sister had reported correctly, and that the animal in question was then two years old. As nearly as I can gather, he had been secured during the war by a large dry-goods firm in London from one of their sea captains. How this sea captain had come by him or where he had originally come from appeared to be shrouded in mystery. But, anyway, these people had him, having purchased him from the merchants for the small sum of twenty pounds.

"I afterwards learned that when they acquired him he was in very bad health; in fact they expected he would not live more than a couple of days, having been neglected a good deal up to that time. But his new owners, although they knew nothing of the ways of great apes, speedily put him in condition, and his health was excellent when I first saw him.

"With these people he was not secured in any way, but was given the run of their house. I think he was the greatest monkey that ever lived. He acted just like a child who was one of the family. How he learned so many things I could not imagine, but he was scrupulously solicitous about his personal appearance. If his hands got slightly soiled, for instance, he would run to his mistress and hold them out so that he might have them washed. He would use a basin and soap, lathering himself profusely. He seemed to know almost every word that was spoken to him. I have often stated that in point of intelligence he was the best specimen I ever saw; added to that, he was a gorilla, and, as you know, the only one in captivity.

"Needless to say, I immediately tried to purchase him, but found that this would be impossible. The owners were people in good circumstances who regarded him as a pet. They informed me that they would not part with him for any price or under any condition. So, of course, the only thing left for me was to bide my time and await developments. I instructed my sister, who by the way had already become very friendly with these people, to keep track of him and to advise me frequently regarding his health, and also, should his owners manifest any disposition to dispose of him, to cable me immediately. I also had our London agent advised fully, so that if a deal should come up suddenly he would be in a position to close it instantly.

"Things remained the same for more than two years after I had first seen this remarkable animal. Of course, I kept my knowledge of his existence and whereabouts strictly to myself; but one day in the course of conversation with the Messrs. Ringling—John and Charles—and when we were talking about unique attractions for the menagerie, I mentioned the fact that I knew of a gorilla in captivity.

"Candidly, I think they thought I had taken leave of my senses. Both gentlemen refused to believe my statement and good-naturedly rallied me. For years they had been endeavoring to secure a gorilla, but had never even met anyone who was in touch with the real article. So, as I say, they regarded the information I imparted to them as a showman's jest and dropped the subject. Of course, I did not insist that the information I had given them was correct, because just then I was reasonably certain that I had no hope of securing him.

"Two years afterwards I happened to be in London. One of my first professional calls was on the people who owned the gorilla. I found he had grown until he was fully four feet high, and appeared to be in perfect health so far as I could see. I might say that this surprised me exceedingly, because everyone knows what a raw, unpleasant climate London affords during the winter season, and John Daniel was not under the slightest restraint. Sometimes on a rainy day he would open a window and go out and sit on the fire escape, remaining there until he was quite wet. Then he would come in, take a towel, rub himself vigorously and squat on a rug before the open fireplace until he was thoroughly dry."

Getting Mr. Ringling Interested

"I might tell you that from all our experiences with monkeys, big and little, this was especially remarkable. Most of them, when taken from their native wilds, fall victims to pneumonia and tuberculosis, and it would seem to anyone who had had experience with these animals that the mere subjecting to the raw, damp climate of London would be like signing his death warrant; but with this monkey such was not the case. He appeared to thrive on it.

"Of course, I again opened negotiations towards purchasing him, but his owners would not hear of it. I really made up my mind that I had entered upon a hopeless task, because they refused even to put a price on him.

"A few days after that I encountered Mr. John Ringling in Piccadilly, and as we were walking down the street our attention was attracted by a show window in which were displayed several stuffed animals, including a group of small monkeys; and while we were looking at them Mr. Ringling turned to me and said, 'Now, Benson, you have been telling my brother and me about this famous gorilla monkey that you have concealed somewhere here in London. That talk was all right in New York, but we're in London now, and although I was not born in Missouri, I am very fond of that state.'

"I countered quickly, because I figured that as I had regarded the securing of the gorilla myself as a forlorn hope, I could not prejudice the case one way or the other by letting Mr. Ringling see him, so I said, 'Well, if you've got an hour or so to spare we will call a cab and I'll take you right to the spot.'

"Even then he demurred slightly. I could see that he could not quite credit the fact that a real live gorilla could actually be in London without getting columns of publicity in the papers. But finally he consented to go, and in half an hour I was introducing him to the lady and gentleman who owned John Daniel. When he entered the drawing-room the monkey did not happen to be there. I asked his mistress where he was. She said that he was playing upstairs and called to him to come down. He responded immediately and bounded into the room on all fours. Previously to this I had told Mr. Ringling that he was perfectly harmless; but I could see even when he got into the house, and before he saw John Daniel, that he did not believe he was really a gorilla, but no doubt thought he was a chimpanzee or an ourang-utan—which, by the way, have often been palmed off on the unsuspecting public as gorillas.

"One of those itinerant bands which frequent the London streets was playing outside the house. John Daniel went to the window, threw the sash up and leaped out on the fire escape. When the band stopped playing he commenced to applaud by clapping his hands. Mr. Ringling never spoke a word and never took his eyes off the monkey from the moment he entered the room."

A Difficult Purchase

"When John Daniel's mistress went to the window to call him in, Mr. Ringling whispered to me in a swift aside, 'Benson, we've got to have that monk, no matter what it costs. Remember that—get him at any price.'

"I said something then about the purchase of the monkey and mentioned the fact that Mr. Ringling was a rich American who had a beautiful place in Florida. I told the lady that he had taken a great fancy to John Daniel and would give him a good home, if she cared to put a price on him. This, I might say, was the first time that I ever got an expression from her as to what her attitude was regarding John Daniel.

"'I would never sell him at any price if he was to be trained,' she replied quickly.

"It is unnecessary to state that I immediately assured her that if she disposed of him to Mr. Ringling he would never be trained. I told her that I would put up a cash bond to that effect, and I was perfectly safe in doing so, because, no matter what the showman's ideas may have been, John Daniel was too valuable to take even a chance on training. But still, when pressed further, she refused to name a price. Finally we took our leave, Mr Ringling merely saying that should she change her mind she could advise me at any time.

"Back at our hotel, he seemed to forget everything but that monkey. 'We've got to have him, Benson,' he kept on repeating. 'Get him at any price—there is no limit.' He left the next day for home, but cabled me from Cherbourg to be sure and secure John Daniel, and when the ship was a day out from port I got a radio to the same effect.

"Before leaving, Mr. Ringling impressed me with the fact that he wanted the gorilla landed in New York in time for the engagement of the circus at Madison Square Garden. He promised me a fine bonus if I succeeded in my undertaking; in fact he did not limit me to price, expense, pay or anything else.

"Well, next day I put two thousand pounds in my pocket and again visited John Daniel's owners. The fact that I guaranteed the monkey was not to be trained seemed to have considerable weight with them, and I played upon that point as my trump card. I thought perhaps that two thousand pounds would secure him; but after a little conversation I discovered that his owners had evidently been posting themselves a little, because when I mentioned that amount it was rather indignantly refused.

"So after working as hard as ever I did in my life for the better part of the day, I agreed to pay thirty-two thousand dollars in gold for John Daniel. Right then and there I handed the lady two thousand pounds and drew a brief agreement setting out the terms of the purchase, agreeing that the monkey should not be trained for any professional acts and stipulating that I should be allowed to live in the house until I got thoroughly acquainted with John Daniel.

"I have made a great many animal deals in my life, but I don't believe I ever was so excited as when I rushed to the telegraph office and sent Mr. Ringling a radio telling him of my success. Then I settled down at the home of John Daniel's former owners to become thoroughly acquainted with him.

"All went well for a week, and then I noticed a change in the people who had sold me the monkey. I could not find out exactly what they had on their minds. It might have been that they thought they did not get enough money for him or that they had formed such an attachment for him that they hated to part with him, but as the time for my departure drew on apace some way or another I sensed that I would have considerable trouble before I took him away.

"I just camped in that house and communicated with the outside by notes, which I dropped out of the window to confederates. Through them I engaged my passage for New York, and in the closing days of my stay I felt that relations had become so strained that there was a chance of my being prevented in some way from leaving.

"My assistants had built a cage and had everything in readiness when the time came. Then I had to resort to considerable strategy and literally kidnap John Daniel at the last moment. I got him into the cage and started for the ship on a motor lorry. When we arrived at the dock the sailing signal had been given and we were hoisted aboard with a derrick, I sitting on top of the monkey's cage, hanging onto the rope.

"As everyone knows, John Daniel created a sensation in scientific circles that was international. He only lived three weeks, but in that time well repaid the Messrs. Ringling for their tremendous outlay, public interest being almost unbelievable.

"Shortly after this remarkable animal's arrival in New York he contracted lung trouble and started to pine away. I think myself that he might have lived if allowed to stick to his former habits. He had been used to going around as he pleased and being entertained and amused almost continually. Of course, the life in the Garden was entirely different, so he succumbed to a changed order of existence."

A Grand Gamble

"We have some peculiar orders at times—ones that you would hardly dream of. For instance, we are supposed to keep a supply of snake venom on hand. We sell it, and it is much in demand for inoculation in countries where poisonous reptiles are prevalent. Then we sell a good deal of ivory, wild-animal skins and such.

"But the duties of a dealer in wild animals do not end by any means with the sale part of the business. Sometimes a circus owner will make a requisition for enough acts to cover a complete program. Then it is up to us to find him what he wants. We are supposed to provide strange people, if he wants such things, lion and tiger acts, high-schooled horses, arrange the menagerie, produce herds of trained elephants, and in fact, outside of the canvas, red wagons and baggage horses, put on the show; and that's some undertaking if you are looking around for something strenuous in the way of daily endeavor.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Benson as he lighted a fresh cigar, "this dallying with jungle stuff is what you might call the grandest gamble in the world. It's one thing to secure some rare specimen, pay a fabulous price for it, but quite another to land it safely in the market. Every day it is getting harder and harder. You have to pay more money for the new stuff, consequently the risk is almost doubled. Still the business will never die out. The great masses of the human race will always be interested in the quaint representatives of the animal kingdom. I think that interest is growing day by day with the spread of education and the knowledge acquired by the young folks.

"Yes, you can state with authority that the business of procuring wild animals is on a firm foundation. There will always be men to take the initial risks attendant upon securing them, and likewise those who realize that the public demand will justify any outlay within the bounds of reason."

What Cadillac brought to General Motors

SAID the Royal Automobile Club of London: "We will award the Dewar Trophy each year to the motor car demonstrating the greatest advance in the industry."

THE DEWAR TROPHY which Cadillac twice won.

In 1909, three Cadillacs were taken from the dealer's store-house in London to compete against the best that Europe could produce.

They were torn apart; the parts were tossed into a heap; it was impossible to tell from which of the cars any given part had come.

Then an amazing thing occurred. Mechanics, with only the most ordinary tools, stepped up to the pile, reassembled the three Cadillacs and sent them whirling around the track.

No other competing car could be rebuilt without filing and hand fitting. Cadillac had revealed to the world an unsuspected American achievement—perfect interchangeability of parts.

So the Dewar Trophy was won for American industry.

The three Cadillacs at the Brooklands track, near London, where they won the Dewar Trophy by a dramatic demonstration of the perfect interchangeability of their parts.

GENERAL

Maker of PASSENGER CARS AND TRUCKS

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · GMC TRUCKS

In 1912, Cadillac built the first car ever equipped with a complete electrical system of starting, lighting and ignition, and so won the Trophy a second time.

By a long succession of similar triumphs the leadership of Cadillac was gained. That leadership it kept and brought to General Motors.

* * * * * *

General Motors has built for Cadillac a wonderful new plant. It has contributed the united experience of its seventy-one divisions and subsidiaries to Cadillac craftsmanship; it has put its Research Laboratories at the service of Cadillac engineers.

Thus, giving and receiving, the two have reinforced each other. From the strength of the parent company Cadillac draws increased strength. From twenty years of Cadillac fidelity General Motors inherits a splendid tradition and an enduring ideal.

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD

MOTORS

Its Divisions and Subsidiaries make these ACCESSORIES, PARTS AND EQUIPMENT
which contribute to the merit of many other trustworthy cars

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JAKON RIMS • FRIGIDAIRE • NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS • KLAXON HORNS • HYATT ROLLER BEARINGS • AC SPARK PLUGS

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Deprive your body of one vital element, which many common foods are known to lack, and no matter how much you eat you will inevitably exhaust your vitality and tear down your health.

Be on the safe side; eat Yeast Foam Tablets and you will get in abundance a substance you need in order to build up and maintain vigorous health.

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TIMBER-LINE TRAILS

(Continued from Page 17)

By the simple process of turning in our saddles to scan our back track we could look out across the country which fell rapidly away, only to flatten out into the rolling grasslands of the Blackfeet Reservation. It seemed incredible that two such startlingly contrasted outlooks could be obtained from any one point of vantage. Beyond and below us, in the center of the tangle, two lakes nestled between the frowning walls of the peaks—the Two Medicine Lakes. A river of the same name serves as their outlet, sliding through a green valley toward the low country.

"You get a nice view from here," Jim said.

Brooks is conservative. If he ever made a rash assertion in his life it must have been years back. But in this simple statement he had described it as well as any man might. Mere mountain country may be depicted in words, but in the face of all this one must acknowledge that words are inadequate to convey even a partial impression.

The trail dropped down the far side toward the Two Medicine Valley. The tale goes that many moons ago the mighty tribe of the Blackfeet congregated each year for a grand powwow, there to recount the glory of the past round the council fires and to make medicine for the future. Then occurred a serious split and the nation was rent in twain, the head men of the opposing factions withdrawing with their followers. The next year the war chief of one party led his band to a secluded valley in the heart of the mighty ranges, there to confer among the haunts of the Great Spirit. It was slated that the leader of the rival forces, himself seeking a similar seclusion and environment, should penetrate this same valley with his adherents. Neither faction being willing to abdicate in favor of the other, their respective medicine lodges were pitched at different points on the little stream, from which event the country derives the name of Two Medicine Valley.

After switchbacking along rocky and precipitous sidehills the trail led down Appistoki Creek to the bottom and ended at Two Medicine Chalets on the point of the lower lake; a perfect setting, and the rustic log buildings fitted into the surroundings. That is another pleasant feature of Glacier Park. Whoever had the vision to select the sites for the various hotels and chalets was equally gifted with the ability to choose exactly the type of structure that would most perfectly blend and harmonize with each particular bit of landscape. The buildings do not offend the sensibilities of those who go to enjoy the natural beauty of the hills.

Throughout the evening the canoes of returning fishermen came sliding to shore, and as the lakes and streams of Glacier swarm with fish, and the Two Medicine Lakes are no exception, there were few who returned empty-handed.

A Land of Wild Flowers

Our next day's course led round the shoulder of Rising Wolf Mountain and up a stream called the Dry Fork, which title is decidedly inappropriate in July. Wet Fork or Roaring Fork would be far more fitting, as there were scores of streams rushing down from the snow banks along the rims. However, we were informed that the volume of water would decrease as the season advanced. A part of the Dry Fork country was burned over a few years ago, and we rode through a tangle of charred and fallen trunks, standing white skeletons of former forest monarchs, evidence of some man's criminal negligence. Reforestation had not made any apparent progress, but shrubs and flowers were already at work in an effort to conceal the scars. Jungles of tag-alder, service berry, mountain ash and dozens of flowering shrubs had sprung up to hide the blackened trunks. Orange-hued gaillardia asters competed with lavender fields of showy fleabane, the blue of nodding harebells, and crimson banks of fire-glow.

"You'll find more flowers in Glacier than in any other stretch of hills you've ever seen," Brooks predicted, and his prophecy was doubly verified.

Nowhere else in all the out-of-doors have I ever looked upon such a wanton, reckless display of color. One of the most striking scenes in Nature is a sidehill clothed with bear grass, each stiff waxen stalk surmounted by a six-inch snowy plume. The trail was fringed with clumps of yellow deer-brush and masses of red spiræa. The lower extremities of the snow banks were framed in solid gold. Countless millions of the glacial lilies or yellow dogtooth violets formed a carpet of two-inch blooms so dense as to render progress impossible without trampling hundreds underfoot. Columbine sprouted in such rank profusion as to make it appear in the class of common weeds; and above were the forget-me-nots, anemone, dryad, red heather and scores of alpine plants in riotous profusion.

Brooks was headed for Cut Bank Divide, which, he announced, would eclipse anything we had seen the previous day. This seemed doubtful, but it has been mentioned that Jim is conservative. We attained a saddle in the ridge and turned to follow it. The crest of solid rock narrowed and we rode out on a wall that pinched down in places to a width of five yards, with a dizzy drop of hundreds of feet on either hand. A stiff breeze bored through the pass and caused the tails and manes of our horses to stream downwind.

Small Game in Plenty

I have forgotten the altitude of Cut Bank Divide. Its height is not great, I suspect, as mountains go. Some peaks rise to a great height above the sea; others drop a vast distance to the bottom. Cut Bank is one of the last-named variety. Lofty spires towered all about, and on our left the cliffs dropped hundreds of feet to the rock rubble at their base, forming circular walls that stood guard over the blue lake in the bottoms. Green meadows, dotted with park-like clumps of trees, sloped up from the shores of the lake to the masses of slide rock piled at the foot of the mighty walls. Little wisps of clouds floated out across the basin, high above the lake but below the crests of the encircling rims. The cliffs on the right were similarly sheer. We could have flipped a pebble and watched its descent till it splashed on the surface of an icebound lake below, two-thirds of its shoreline ringed in by massive snowdrifts in which wind and wave had carved grotesque caverns. Undermined sections had caved from their own weight and plunged into the lake, there to float as miniature icebergs that showed dead white against its blue waters. Other lakes showed beyond and below it, descending in a series of steps.

These gemlike clusters of lakes were unnamed. That is another point about Glacier—its newness. We looked upon several spots that were easily comparable to the far-famed Lake Louise of the Canadian Rockies, yet which bore no name. In older and more-visited localities any one of them would have been exploited long since, and the feet of the thousands would have worn pathways round their shores.

Goats and bighorn sheep had left their tracks on the surface of the drifts and had followed the trail that led down the far side of Cut Bank within a few hours of our crossing. Bears had uprooted great patches of turf in grubbing for the bulbous roots of the glacial lilies, but we saw no big game on the eighteen-mile ride from Two Medicine to the Cut Bank Chalets. The smaller varieties, however, were everywhere in evidence, a contrast to the conditions that prevail in most mountainous regions, where there is a noticeable lack of small animal and bird life. Glacial marmots swarmed on all sides of the trail, their piercing whistles protesting this invasion of their domain. Hundreds of mantled ground squirrels scurried to their rocky retreats and watched our passing. A dozen or more ruffed grouse and sooty grouse hens were flushed with their chicks. A single harlequin duck, the first of these rare birds I had encountered in six years, winged its way up the creek. Beaver cuttings were numerous and several sizable colonies were sighted before reaching the Cut Bank Chalets, which nestled in an open park in the bend of a stream.

A family of porcupines had taken up their residence beneath the floor of the little log building. The Jordans, who were in charge of the chalets, stated that the occasional grunts and groans emanating from these bristly intruders might be attributed to acute indigestion, for on the preceding day Mrs. Jordan had sought to lure the quill hogs from their retreat by means of a grocery box in which salt meats had formerly been packed, placing this delicacy some twenty yards from the building with intent to block the hole after the porcupines had emerged. The animals had sallied forth in the night, devoured the choicest two-thirds of the box and retired once more to the underside of the house. Small wonder, Mrs. Jordan proclaimed, that beasts addicted to a diet of splinters should turn restlessly in their sleep and emit weird sounds.

Several tawny ground squirrels, probably the Richardson squirrel, lived close by, and the head of the family would scurry forth in answer to the little Jordan girl's whistle and feed from her hand, though he was suspicious of strangers. A sandpiper marshaled her brood on a sandbar just back of the cabin; and the fluffy mites, no larger than walnuts, ran with amazing speed and sought cover in the grass at our approach, emerging once more when the mother bird piped a signal that all was well. The whole of Glacier Park swarms with animal and bird life.

The trail over Triple Divide was still blocked by snow; in fact it is open but a few weeks out of the year. After riding some seven miles up from the chalets the horses were left at a point where a heavy drift pitched down across the sidehill trail. Water had tunneled it, leaving it in the shape of a sloping snow bridge with a ten-foot space beneath. We crossed a dozen such in the three-mile climb to the top. Water from melting drifts poured down from every point, some in tiny trickling waterfalls, some in mad frothing torrents. For as far as we could see—and that is some distance from Triple Divide—every peak and each ragged cliff showed as a network of silvery cascades, as the waters churned down from one shelf to the next. And the water that pours from the snow on this one mountain runs three ways—to the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Hudson's Bay.

A bear had crossed the divide; a gray wolf had followed through on bruin's back track, and sheep had left a network of trails in the drifts. A band of ewes fed in a little basin just under the crest, and we watched them from behind the rocks at a distance of sixty yards before turning back. As it was impossible to take the horses across we did not drop down the Red Eagle side of the pass, returning, instead, to the chalets.

A Close-Up of a Franklin's Grouse

A few days later we left the Many Glaciers Hotel, some distance farther north, and mounted the trail that led to Red Gap and through that pass to the isolated Belly River district, which few people visit. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Noble, who had named the gap a few years before, rode with us as far as the divide; also Ranger Butterfield, who has the reputation of being the one supreme trout-fly expert of Montana.

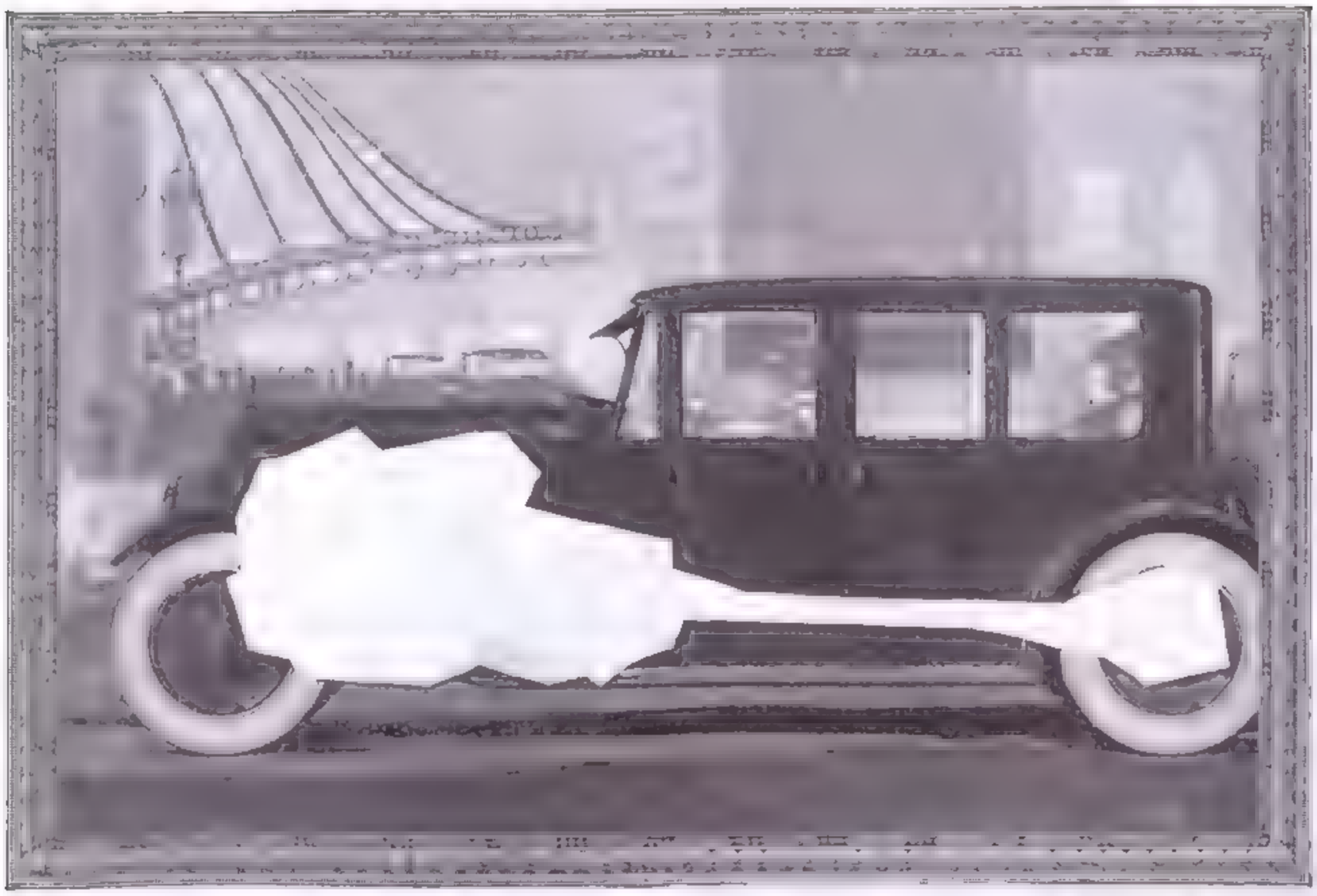
The low boom of a grouse rose from somewhere ahead. A big sooty grouse cock appeared in an open glade before us, strutting and parading his charms, his tail spread, wings trailing; the sounding plates on the sides of his throat were fully inflated and gleamed bright yellow in a sharp contrast to the dusky blue of his plumage. A second cock, two hens and a dozen or more chicks were scattered round within a radius of twenty yards. Some distance beyond, the trail was occupied by a Franklin's grouse, the true fool hen of the Western hills. She was busily engaged in dusting her feathers and permitted me to approach within six feet, then clucked uneasily and moved off the trail.

I followed and tried for a picture, whereupon she eyed me inquisitively and advanced to a point within three feet of the camera and, evidently deciding that we were harmless, started feeding on the buds of a low-growing shrub.

The trail followed a hogback across from Yellow Mountain, so named from its coloring, which is similar to that of the Cañon of the Yellowstone, shading from pale lemon to deep orange and rich browns. Both the character and the coloring of the country changed as the trail mounted higher and led out above timber line. Here the main body of the rocks was of a very deep red, many of the stratifications in varying shades of green.

Three bighorn rams were bedded on the side rock a few yards below the gap. They rose and walked away, angling back above our party and stopping frequently to peer

(Continued on Page 81)



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(Continued from Page 78

down upon this cavalcade that had disturbed their slumbers. Several goats clambered up a steep point above the sheep, their white coats held in relief against the dull red of the rocks.

The horses toiled up the last steep pitch and attained the crest of the saddle. Eight goats were feeding on a little bench, only their backs visible. The light was wrong for a picture and I essayed a flank movement to get the sun on them, but at forty yards an old goat raised her head and they were off.

A few days before, while standing in Cut Bank Pass, we had prophesied with some confidence that the rest of the trip was destined to be in the nature of an anticlimax and that no other spot would prove comparable to the wild beauty of Cut Bank. This convirtion had not been shaken by any point encountered during the ascent of Triple Divide, but as we stood in Red Gap and gazed off across the country that feeds the head reaches of the Belly River my allegiance to Cut Bank wavered and died. Never before had I looked upon such a ragged sky line; the hundreds of splintered sawteeth with the dead white of glaciers gleaming through every break.

Showers of descriptive superlatives would degenerate into mere inane babblings in the face of such eerie magnificence. Neither Brooks nor Noble expected protestations of enthusiasm—so we only looked.

A Visit With Professor Sarett

Butterfield and the Nobles turned back to ride the twelve miles to Many Glaciers Hotel, while our course lay down the opposite slope toward the head of the Belly River.

It was in this country that the Blackfeet met the Gros Ventres on their summer hunts. The Gros Ventres, noted fighters, were also heavy feeders, and the Blackfeet were amazed at the vast quantities of meat consumed by these tribesmen upon the termination of a successful hunt. The sign by which the Blackfeet designated these hearty banqueters—both hands extended before the abdomen and moved in a wide arc, presumably to indicate a paunch of generous dimensions—was similarly applied to the locality in pointing out to the first white men the country where they would encounter the warlike Gros Ventres. A literal translation would go something after this fashion: "The-country-where-dwell-the-people-who-eat-much-and-have-large-paunches," but with characteristic disregard of the rather interminable native nomenclature, the white men abbreviated somewhat and gave the region the appellation of Belly, which has now come to be known as the Belly River country. There has recently been some agitation on foot to change the name of this country, on the grounds of the alleged indelicacy of its present title.

Little bands of goats looked down from the crags above the trail. A big buck, his antlers in the velvet, was bedded in the first heavy timber, and he turned his head to watch us as we passed above him, but declined to leave his comfortable bed. The trail led down to a lake from which flows one fork of the Belly. Sheer falls have prevented trout from running up into most of these high lakes and streams of Glacier, but many of them have been heavily stocked in the past few years. We forded the stream fifty yards below the outlet and trout were breaking as far as we could see downstream, evidence that the stocking experiment had been productive of practical results.

The vegetation of the bottoms was of almost tropical density, and we rode through brakes of ferns that grew to the height of the horses. Frowzy shreds of moss hung from the trees. The trail was littered with deer tracks, and grouse were everywhere, sooty, ruffed and Franklin's, each old hen accompanied by a brood of chicks. Dusk had long since claimed the bottoms.

The clear plaintive notes of a Townsend's solitaire rose above the low ventriloquial hoot of a sooty grouse as the tangle gave way to a little open park in which stood a cabin, the abode of Lew Sarett, the ranger poet.

Sarett has been many things—for six years a guide in the Canadian Rockies, editor of Poetry Magazine, a ranger in the Yellowstone, a professor in Eastern universities among other things. Lew was just riding up to the cabin with a bushel or so of specimens for his botanical collection.

One room of the cabin was used as a storeroom, and during the evening a sudden commotion testified to the fact that it had been invaded by some prowler, Sarett having left the door ajar. In speculating as to the intruder's identity Mrs. Evarts, being familiar with conditions in certain parts of the Yellowstone, pronounced it a bear; Sarett decided it was a skunk, while Brooks predicted that the visitor would prove to be a porcupine intent upon making a meal of our saddles. Brooks, his way lighted by matches which the rest of us held aloft, moved into the storeroom, located a big porcupine, and worked on the animal with a broom handle until it headed through the door and disappeared into the night.

Far up the country toward the head of the Middle Fork of the Belly a tiny bright spot appeared. It might have been a star except that the black bulk of distant mountains loomed behind it. Disastrous forest fires were raging throughout the whole Northwest, and every ranger in the hills was constantly alert for any sign—a distant red glow at night or a drifting white haze of smoke by day—that would indicate the presence of a conflagration in his district. The tiny point of light glowed steadily, and after observing it at frequent intervals for two hours both Sarett and his chief pronounced it a camp fire, which surmise proved correct, for on the following day as we rode up the Middle Fork a party of campers stated that one of their number, after a long climb back into the peaks, had been caught on a bad ledge after nightfall and had elected to build a fire and remain until daylight.

It was necessary to ford the river a half dozen times before reaching Glenns Lake. This body of water, some three or four miles in length, had been stocked with Mackinaw trout through some unknown agency of the past, and fish have been taken there that exceeded forty pounds in weight. The Middle Fork country proved to be a game paradise equal to the region through which we had descended the preceding day. The way led through a forest of mighty Engelmann spruce, and the earth, sheltered by their close-growing tops, was carpeted with a matted tangle of undergrowth—service berry, thimbleberry, tag alder and mountain ash, false hellebore and nodding ferns. Hundreds of little streams tinkled through it all, tumbling from the depths of thickets to be swallowed up once more in the leafy tunnels of some fern brake. Every open glade and every sidehill shoulder that caught a few rays of the sun was a solid field of flowers.

Sarett gave us lessons in botany as we rode along, but finding us sadly deficient in scientific nomenclature he laid aside polysyllabic utterance and confined himself to such elementary topics as how to distinguish the birds from the flowers, and other simple exercises for the novice. After that we addressed the blooms by their first names and really began to feel acquainted with a number of the more common and informal varieties.

Surrounded by Waterfalls

In a tag-alder thicket by the trail we found the nest and eggs of the shy olive-backed thrush, the only nest of the species I had ever seen. Some miles beyond, a harlequin duck marshaled her brood on a tiny lake, and this, too, was the first scene of its kind for me, as I had never before seen a family group of the rare harlequins. The drake, one of the most strikingly colored of all our game birds, stood on a slippery bowlder in the center of a swift little stream that poured into the lake, the spray drenching his brilliant plumage.

A ride of a dozen miles brought us to the foot of a falls that broke through a rent in the walls above and poured over for a drop of several hundred feet. It seemed that our way was blocked, but the trail followed a series of ledges that pitched up at abrupt angles along the face of the bench, doubling crazily, and after whipsawing about from one eerie perch to the next we rode into the crevice which afforded an outlet for the falls. We threaded this break and rode out into a basin such as few men have ever seen.

In all the great outdoors there can be no more stupendous spectacle than that afforded by Indian Pass. Unbelievable cliffs rose from the floor of the basin, forming an amphitheater for the clashing elements of the gods. The rims of these walls were capped with glaciers, and no less than thirty waterfalls, ranging from four hundred to twelve hundred feet in height, roared down from these melting ice fields to the floor of the gorge below. Behind the glacier crests a second series of rims towered aloft, these in turn capped with perpetual ice, their faces also shot with the white streaks that were foaming cataracts. The number of falls within sight from this point could not have been fewer than four score; and with hundreds of lesser cascades and trickles pouring from every crevice in the walls and leaping from every intermediate shelf. The whole fabric of creation seemed to vibrate with the hollow boom of the falls, and the wind shrieked through with a banshee wail such as one hears whispering round the gables of an ancient house on a winter's night, only amplified a thousandfold. And back in the ant hills known to us as big cities little men were quarreling over trivial differences of creed and cult. All such should make a pilgrimage to Indian Pass.

Yet even here the perfect balance that is so apparent throughout all Nature was not lacking. The basin was floored with a solid carpet of flowers of every hue under the sun; several of the falls spread for many yards along outcropping shelves and formed lacy curtain effects as if to screen the savage nakedness of the rocks. One goodly stream poured from an overhanging point many hundreds of feet above our heads. The whirling winds caught it, and there in midair it writhed and twisted, its entire volume churned into mist and fanned for three hundred yards up the basin, where the rays of the sun played with it and struck a dozen rainbow glints throughout its length; underfoot a carpet of flowers, a rainbow canopy overhead to soften and beautify the whole wild scene.

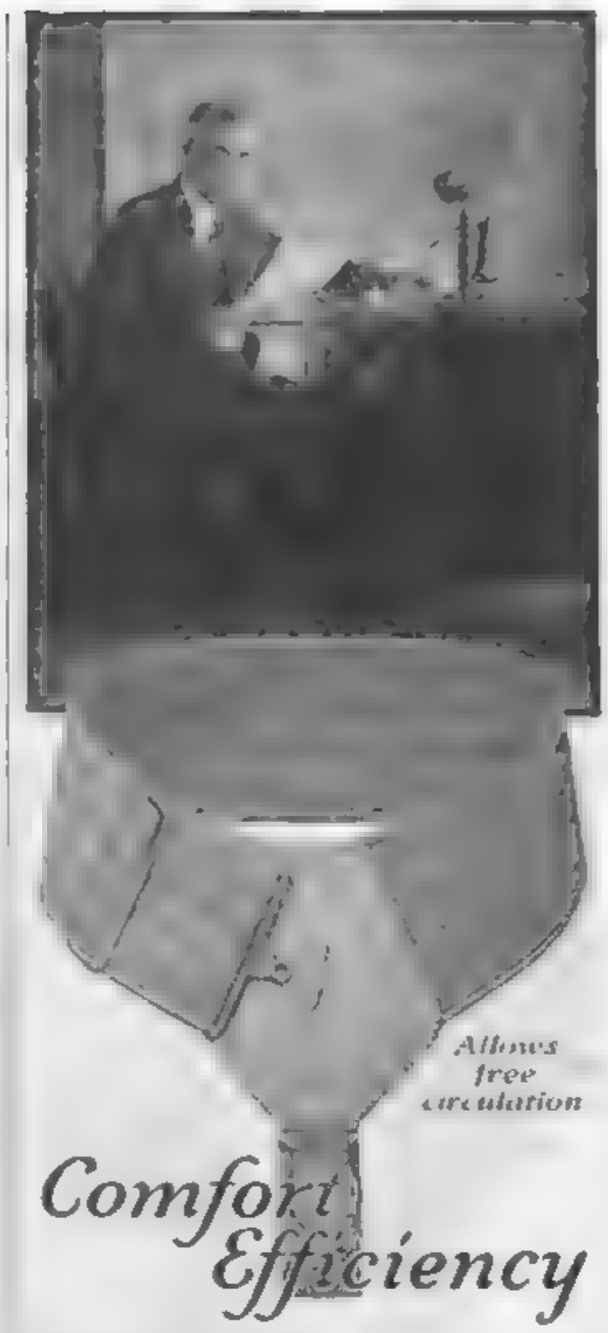
An Ill-Advised Project

There is some talk of opening this country by automobile road, although there is no actual move on foot to start building. An auto road here would be distinctly ill-advised. It would not touch Indian Pass and kindred points or even bring the motorist within sight of them—could not without an extremely difficult and expensive bit of engineering; thus it would serve only to open a few more miles of mountain highway for the automobile tourist who could not possibly cover the half of such stretches as are even now open for his travel, not even though he should drive every spare moment of his time for the rest of his natural life—and without opening anything of a scenic nature other than that afforded by any average mountain road. The lack of it would work no hardship on the motorist, while its presence would merely lop off one more little territory of the very few that are still available for those millions of our people who would spend a part of their vacations beyond sound of the automobile siren.

Such projects constitute another reason why new automobile roads in our national parks should be placed on the same basis as reservoir sites, which last can no longer be granted by executive authority, but require a specific act of Congress. Once this action has been taken and a new road calls for specific legislation instead of executive permission, it will provide time in which the handful of public-spirited citizens who are working to protect our interests will be enabled to investigate any bill proposing a new highway, and determine whether it will result in benefit to the many or is merely another bit of ill-advised road building.

The proposed main highway through the park from east to west, upon which work has begun and the time for completion of which is estimated at three years, will link the two sides of Glacier, between which there is now no means of communication or travel, making both accessible to the tourist. It will follow the Garden Wall Trail along the Continental Divide and will become one of the most interesting and scenic of all mountain roads. Also it will afford a far better view of the peaks adjacent to Indian Pass than would any road on the Belly River side.

From Indian Pass we looked down into the beautiful Waterton Valley. Waterton Lake is another point where there is a move on foot for development; one more link in the long chain of nibbling, which, if you permit it, will soon whittle down our national parks to the vanishing point. The lake crosses the international boundary and there is continual agitation toward



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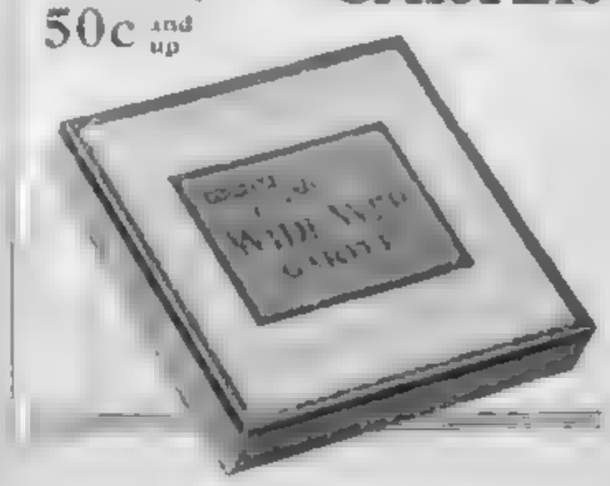

damming it and flooding the Waterton Valley for irrigation purposes in Canada.

In leaving the Belly River country we followed a different route from that by which we had entered, riding eastward up the trail that leads over the pass between Gable and Chief mountains.

The crest of Gable Mountain is reputed to be the haunt of a hundred or more bighorn sheep. I turned the glasses upon it and sought to pick up some of them on the green meadows that sloped between the rock ledges, but the distance was far, and unless a sheep had moved about, it would have been impossible to make the animals out, even with the powerful binoculars. I have no doubt that the sheep are actually there, as it is typical bighorn country and one that has never been molested.

Just across from the Gable, Chief Mountain rises alone, a solitary detached sentinel standing apart from its fellow peaks, the only connecting link being a long low saddle, while on the far side it makes a tremendous downward sweep to the low country at its base, dispensing with the usual rolls of foothills. This lonely tower was the abode of the Great Spirit. Here he could brood alone and watch over the low country to the eastward where dwelt the Blackfeet, his favorite people, and from the same point could peer back into the heart of the hills and see that all was well.

The legend has it that there came a time of privation and distress to the Blackfeet tribe and their numbers dwindled. A mighty war chief elected to go alone to the very abode of the Great Spirit on the summit of Chief Mountain and there intercede with Manitou for his people. As he neared the base of the mountain he chanced across a white buffalo, a choice offering to appease the offended gods. The chief gazed upon this propitious omen with great joy, slew the creature and carried the heavy head to the very top of the peak, there to offer it up to the deity who had frowned for so long a time upon his tribe. The pilgrimage took long, for the village was located many miles from the hills, and things were going badly with the Blackfeet. But at last the great chief returned, and coincident with his reappearance game was seen grazing near the village. There was meat in plenty, the stricken quickly recovered, and an era of great prosperity descended upon the Blackfeet nation, while its numbers increased like the leaves of the trees in the spring.

Later we met Ranger Gibbs, who has spent more than forty years in the hills of Montana. Somewhere round thirty years ago Gibbs ascended Chief Mountain and was amazed to find an ancient buffalo skull on the summit. Seven years back a mountain climber scaled the peak and was equally astounded upon seeing the bleached skull, so he brought the relic back with him in verification of his tale. News of this incident reached Gibbs and he hastened to get in touch with the man, who, upon hearing the history of his trophy, relinquished it and sent it to Gibbs, and the ranger made a second trip to the summit of the mountain to replace the skull at the point where it had been left by the Blackfeet chieftain so many years before.

Where Outdoor Folks Flock

There could be no doubt that in Glacier we had come to the end of the trail in our quest for an ideal pack-trail park. It qualified on every count. Through a chain of fortunate circumstances it had come down to us in its natural state, a monument to the few public-spirited men who caused it to be set aside, and the park-service officials who have guarded it since. Perhaps the most marvelous stretch of country in the world lies within its boundaries. The hundreds of lakes and streams afford a paradise for the fishermen, while the hills shelter an abundance of the rarest game birds and animals in quantities that will soon operate to stock the adjacent hunting country. Glacier trails are not marked by the usual long tedious stretches between main points of interest. Here all the wonders of Nature are massed in such staggering profusion as to make it appear that each bit of scenic magnificence competes for prominence, struggling to be first to impress its glories on the imagination of the traveler; ragged peaks and vertical drops, misty lakes and frothing cataracts, sparkling glaciers and placid trout pools crowding upon the vision in such swift succession as to make every foot of every trail of vital interest to the horseman or pedestrian.

In the back country of Glacier one meets more of a certain type of people than are encountered in the rest of our national parks—an outdoor type rather than the three-day tripper. All along the trails we met them, athletic young men and women, middle-aged folk who have kept themselves young, scores of them riding and hiking over the trails and stopping overnight at the little back-country chalets. Even now the Park Saddle Horse Company maintains between six and seven hundred head of riding stock and will have to increase that number to a thousand or more in the very near future.

There is another feature about Glacier: It is possible to preserve it as the great saddle-horse and hikers' trail park and still not deprive those who cannot cover it in this way of the privilege of seeing this country that every American should see. There are many hundreds of square miles in Glacier, room for all and opportunity for every man to see it by whatever means are most suitable for himself and according to the time at his disposal. One road now parallels the east side of the park with stub roads running back to the main points. Two Medicine, the Cut Bank Chalets and Many Glaciers Hotel are all located at the end of such branch roads. Still farther to the north one may drive almost to the foot of Chief Mountain, though that particular stretch of road is in bad shape and scarcely feasible for automobiles.

A Great Summer Playground

Those whose stay is limited may come from Glacier Park Hotel on the railroad to Many Glaciers Hotel by auto stage in one day, and back the next if desired, turning off en route to traverse the stub roads leading to Two Medicine or Cut Bank Chalets; or they may stop at St. Mary Chalets and take the twenty-odd-mile round-trip launch ride to Going-to-the-Sun Chalets at the far end of beautiful St. Mary Lake. The park authorities are developing and enlarging grounds for auto campers along and at the end of these stub roads, camps from which superb fishing for several varieties of trout will be easily available. The west side of the park is similarly paralleled by a road, at present in a rather primitive state, from which stub roads may be built back to the chief points of interest. When the main cross-park highway is completed it will afford opportunity for tens of thousands of tourists, whose vacation time is limited, to cover this wonderland of America in a few days' time by auto, stopping at modern and attractive hotels; room for other thousands in the automobile camp grounds; all these, and still leave the isolated north-central and south-central sections for the pack-trail park where those who will may follow the trails beyond the sound of the motor horn.

Glacier is one of the less-visited of our national parks. It is destined to become the greatest of them all, the favorite summer playground of the nation. That is inevitable.

After attaining the pass between Gable and Chief mountains there was still a twenty-mile ride ahead of us before reaching the road that follows the east edge of the park and runs north into Canada. But before leaving the pass we turned for one last long look over the Belly River country, wondering if, upon the occasion of our next visit—for whoever looks upon it once will some day return—we would find that the nibblers had despoiled this spot which should be the heritage of our sons and daughters, handed down to them intact in the shape it was when the Blackfeet chief and the spirit of Manitou, side by side, looked out across it from the mountain. Would we find an auto road winding through it? Would the purity league have succeeded in altering the ancient name to Perkins Hollow or some such more delicate title? Would the irrigationists have dammed the streams and flooded the valley, leaving it a tangled, ill-smelling mess of rotting timber and oozing mud flats? We looked up to the lonely sentinel peak and addressed the Indian God whose spirit dwells there, asking through the medium of the skull of the sacred white buffalo that his most blasting curse should be laid upon all men who would exploit this country for the gain of a few quick and easy dollars and to the great and everlasting loss of all America.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Evarts. The next will appear in an early issue.

"You can't beat Topkis at double the price"

YOU'RE not the first to ask why a clothes crank like me chooses Dollar Topkis when I can afford to pay two or three times as much.

"Try Topkis and you'll know why. Topkis gives me more satisfaction—more value—for one dollar, than I can get for two dollars in any other athletic underwear I ever saw.

"Why, I can't get a union suit—at any price—that fits as well as Topkis. No skimpiness anywhere. Big, full-cut armholes that can't cramp my shoulders. Extra wide, extra long legs that never creep up.

"Loose and airy; lets my skin breathe. Yet no hint of bagginess. I tell you, Topkis is designed to fit real human beings.

"Good quality material, too—better than I've ever seen in athletic underwear at double the price. That's why Topkis feels so soothing—and wears so well. Seams closely stitched; never burst open. Best of all, man—the buttons stay on.

"Why should I pay more, when I can get Topkis for a dollar?"

Men's Union Suits $1.00. Best nainsook and other high grade fabrics.

No good dealer will ask more—although many say Topkis is *worth* more.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c per garment, 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits and Children's Waist Union Suits.

Ask for TOPKIS Underwear. Look for the Topkis label.

Write for free illustrated booklet telling how to judge underwear.

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Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

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There's a Thief in Your Business You Don't Suspect

Though you can't see this stealthy rogue, he's robbing you right and left all the time.

He made you blunder in footing up that last sales slip—and you let him do you up brown that time with a 7 that looked like a 1.

How much did he cost you the last time you made out your accounts? And when you sent out your monthly bills? You'll never know, but it was enough.

For his name is Error, and he's on the job whenever you trust to pen-scrawled figures and add them by the "put-down-2-and-carry-6" method.

What's more, these mistakes are but a part of the problem. Still bigger and more damaging are the errors of judgment in running the business, due not so much to wrong figures as to a lack of enough figures of the right kind.

These are the figures that tell you important inside facts about your business—the facts that make possible keeping expenses in check; reducing dead stock; cutting down losses from bad debts, and many other vital things in management.

There's a way which will give you both accurate figuring and enough real figure-facts about your business at the same time. Thousands use it. It's simple, costs little and quickly pays for itself in bigger profits.

Just call the Burroughs man today and he will show you how it's done. He will bring to you the experience of the oldest and largest organization of its kind in doing that very thing, and the particular equipment that will just fit your own needs. Your phone book or your banker will put you in touch with him, or write to the Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Detroit, Mich.

Better Figures *for* Bigger Profits

Burroughs

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-BILLING-CALCULATING MACHINES

TRIUMPH

(Continued from Page 19

"Not at all. He is a Frenchman, and, moreover, I believe he is a talented Frenchman. An artist. He is," she added, "very young."

"Ah?" said Bébé.

"Yes; not over twenty. I meet nowadays few men under fifty. All my friends—writers, actors, critics, managers, artists—have, you see, arrived; and, alas, one does not arrive at twenty. No, one starts at twenty—one starts and one is tingling with enthusiasm and illusions and expectations of great things. At fifty the great things perhaps have been accomplished, but where are the enthusiasms and the illusions? Gone, Bébé. And the expectations? Well, the time must come when the best of us must realize the limits of our genius; when we must say to ourselves, 'Thus far you can go and no further. This is your greatest work.' I suppose that time must come, Bébé?"

The old woman vouchsafed her a keen, searching glance.

"It has certainly not yet come for you," she said calmly—"you, who are but thirty-four. What is the matter with you, Liane? Doesn't your new part please you? You are childishly and ridiculously depressed."

Liane did not answer at once, but sat and nibbled at the crisp green-white lettuce on her plate. Presently she looked up at the old woman opposite her and said with a visible effort at cheerfulness, "Nothing is the matter, Bébé, except that for an hour or so this afternoon I have been face to face with youth—clever, cocksure, magnificent youth—and I am not sure that I liked the ordeal."

She was not sure. There lay the trouble. The afternoon had unsettled her and she was no longer sure of anything, not even of herself.

In a way it was humiliating, and, she told herself, completely absurd that she, a brilliant actress of thirty-four who had been flattered by kings and pursued by princes, should permit her hitherto splendid poise to be shaken by an insignificant boy of twenty who played with paints; a boy, too, who metaphorically chucked her under the chin and treated her as if she were a stupid, pretty little dairymaid. Indubitably he thought her younger than she was. She was glad of that; and then immediately she hotly denied to herself that she was glad or that it made the slightest difference to her.

"I am a middle-aged fool," she said aloud in her bedroom to which she had ascended immediately after dinner. "I shall not go back to pose for him tomorrow."

She removed her dress, and slipping a loose robe of green silk, fantastically embroidered, over her slim, pale shoulders seated herself at her dressing table and commenced vigorously to brush her hair. It was such hair as Mélisande must have had. As she brushed it, she remembered with secret pleasure, scarcely admitted even to herself, that Paul Sarenne had exclaimed with enthusiasm at sight of it—had compared its color to that of wheat in the sun.

When she had finished brushing her hair she braided it into one large, loose braid, and having taken off the rest of her clothes got into bed. The typewritten sheets of her rôle in Les Etoiles Qui Chantent lay on the night table beside her. It was a difficult and a long rôle, and she was aware that she ought to be hard at work on it. In two weeks the first rehearsals were to be called, and it had been her invariable custom to saturate herself thoroughly in her parts, even before rehearsals; but tonight the rimed couplets seemed inane and meaningless—stilted, roundabout expressions of trivial emotions; detours to avoid the direct but rocky road of brutal truths. And then she was compelled to admit that she was employing the same circumlocutions with herself. Why not be frank and confess unashamedly that it was very possible that she was in love with the youth who played with paints? Why not? What was there shameful in the confession, what was there humiliating? Older women than she, less beautiful women than she, less significant women than she, less desirable women than she, had not balked at a disparity of age. She recalled instances among her friends—some happy, some unhappy, but none of them ashamed of having a boy lover or a boy husband.

"I could help Paul a great deal," she thought, "if I were his wife," and was pleased with that point of view.

But she must see more of him, become really acquainted with him, learn him, in short, before she could be sure of anything. Thus far, she told herself, it was physical attraction and a little more, perhaps, that drew her toward him. She must see to it that that "little more" became a great deal more; she must plan to see him often—constantly. She wondered how she should contrive this.

But she need not have lain awake wondering, for Paul Sarenne—from no equivocal motives, certainly—contrived it himself at their next meeting. She went to him, of course, on the following afternoon; and she went with only one thing clear in her mind—she would not reveal her identity. No, she would play fair with him; she would not sweep him off his feet by the glory of her fame, but, if possible, by the glory of herself.

When she came up to him she found him, as before, working at his easel. He seemed, however, discontented and he was certainly irritable.

"There you are," he muttered; and then added more graciously, "It is not your fault, but the picture is not right. Putting the figure in the foreground has ruined the composition. It breaks the line. I can see it now, but I couldn't see it yesterday. So, my little one, out of the picture you go. Are you distressed?"

"No," she answered as calmly as she could, "I am not distressed. I could have told you yesterday that you were giving too much importance to the figure. It should be incidental to the landscape, whereas you make the landscape incidental to it. That is bad art."

"I Shall Never Ask the Impossible a Second Time of You. I Shall Go Elsewhere"

He glared at her, half angry, half amused.

"Where," he asked, "did you pick up your astounding knowledge of art? Have you been posing in the studios and listening to the chatter of the idiots who frequent them? I fear so, I fear so. You women are amusing and very similar. You remind me, you, of the charming and adorable girl whom I am engaged to marry. No, don't look so surprised. It is true that I intend to marry, and very shortly. Perhaps you know her. She is called Claire Rolland and her father keeps a small hotel over there at St.-Cloud—the Hôtel du Bon Chasseur. Do you know Claire?"

"No," said Liane; "I know very few people in the neighborhood."

"Well, you remind me, I say, of Claire—not physically at all, of course, but mentally. Both of you try to be intelligent about subjects of which you know nothing. Art, for example. Claire—who, I repeat, is adorable—used to attempt valiantly to criticize my paintings as if she were the art critic of some journal. Composition, color, drawing, handling of mass and of detail nothing was too complex for Claire. Finally I told her brutally that thereafter, whenever I showed her a picture, she should confine her criticism to one sentence. She should say, I told her, 'Paul, my love, it is perfectly beautiful and you are a genius!' Since then she has obeyed me faithfully, and, as you may imagine, her one sentence is far more appropriate and truthful than the nonsense with which she was wont to regale me."

Liane laughed.

"You are old-fashioned," she observed. "You are so old-fashioned that you do not believe women have brains. And you are so old-fashioned that you paint like Monet and the rest of the impressionists. Is it possible, I ask myself, that, on one so young as you, men like Cézanne and Matisse and Picasso have made no impression? I had thought that youth was the age of revolt, or at least the age of experimentation; but if all our young French artists were as conservative and as conventional as you there would be no progress in French art."

She perceived with pleasure that she had angered him. He flushed handsomely and his black eyebrows met frowningly over his indignant eyes.

"Patter of the studios!" he exclaimed. "That is all women are capable of—parrot patter picked up in the studios! Thank God, I have never been to a Paris studio; and, thank God, I have never been nearer to Paris than I am now. I paint the way I want to paint, not the way some fools think it fashionable and clever to paint. I reproduce beauty in the manner I believe best adapted to its reproduction. I paint as my soul dictates, not as Cézanne or Picasso dictates. I belong to no school—I am my own school. There," he added, "that will do. I have wasted enough breath and enough time. I might as well be talking to that barge."

"You are gallant," pointed out Liane. "I will say good-by."

She waited an instant, trembling lest he should take her at her word and let her go; for she was staking all on the chance that he would not. In her brain was confusion and tumult and a great clashing of emotions brought about by the knowledge that he was engaged to marry Claire Rolland, the daughter of a hotel proprietor in St.-Cloud. She visualized Claire—very young, with perhaps the prettiness that the young so often possess—a naïve, trusting little black-eyed simpleton, awed by and worshiping this handsome, bullying male.

She determined then and there that Claire should not have him. Knowing her own resources—although for the first time in her life not completely confident of them—she made up her mind to exert them to their utmost. She, who had hitherto been invariably the pursued would now turn pursuer. But unfortunately she had already said good-by to him. She wondered what she should do to avoid leaving. He saved her the trouble of wondering long.

"Take your pose again, if you wish," said he abruptly, "and we will recommence. We will try if it will do with the figure smaller. And I suggest that we refrain from discussions of art. If you insist on talking, there is always the weather."

She sighed her relief, and then, of course, said, "I'm not certain that I want to pose for you now. You are not very polite."

"Must one always be polite?" he demanded.

"Apparently not," said she, and went obediently to sit under the willow tree.

(Continued on Page 88)

In 10

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WITHOUT exception the internationally acclaimed artists of the New Hall of Fame have chosen Brunswick for which to record exclusively — a tendency so marked in musical circles that Brunswick now is looked to for the premiere recordings of the great artists of today.

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A FUNDAMENTAL appreciation of good music—that unmistakable mark of culture the world over!

Are you providing it for your children? Or do you feel that an ordinary school education, alone, will tide them over?

Modern educators say not; say that home musical training is all-important, inviting that subtle advantage of personality which enables some persons to advance so much further, in the keen struggle of life, than those less fortunately endowed.

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All have recorded many of the famous classics of music. And their work represents so comprehensive a musical training that foremost educators, internationally, are advocating its importance in every home where there are children.

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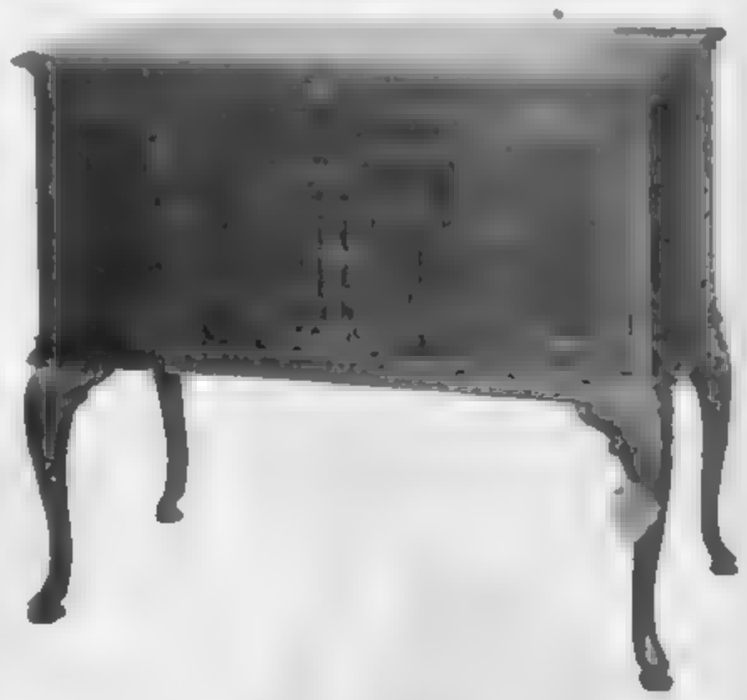

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WICK AND RECORDS

Mothers Do This

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Mothers of fifty nations send for Quaker Oats.

The high and the lowly want this supreme food in its most delightful form.

Lovers of oats, wherever they live, have been won by the Quaker flavor. All the world over, this is the dominant brand.

Consider that when you order oats.

Here is matchless flavor without fancy price.

Here is the utmost in an oat food, at one-half cent per dish.

Do that because oats are important.

This is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food, nearly the ideal food.

Every pound yields 1810 calories of nutriment.

It is rich in minerals, which growing children must have. It is rich in vim-food which grown-ups need.

This is your food of foods. Then why not make the dish enticing—why not serve the best?

Quaker Oats

Only ten pounds in a bushel

Flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The puny, under-flavored grains are all discarded

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

(Continued from Page 85

The picture went better that day. He painted the figure smaller and succeeded in harmonizing it with the composition of the landscape. They said little to each other; but, as he worked, his good humor returned to him, and once he exclaimed, "I still maintain that you have beautiful hair! Nothing that you do or say will alter my opinion of that."

Twilight was upon them when he expressed himself satisfied with the day's work.

"That is better, much better, that is far better," he observed as, standing at her elbow, he scrutinized his picture. "In fact, I might say that that is very good, indeed."

"Yes," she agreed, "it is very beautiful and you are a genius. Isn't that what I am instructed to say?"

He laughed and put his arm approvingly about her shoulders.

"You learn quickly, little one," said he. "With training you should go far."

He looked her in the eyes, critically, in that impersonal manner of his which she resented and which she was determined he should some day abandon.

"Listen," he said suddenly, "I want to paint your portrait. You will not object—you will find the time to come here? A serious portrait, I mean—full length and almost life size. It will be a masterpiece and it will make you famous. It will be exhibited in the autumn salon, and artists will clamor for your services as a model. You will be able to make a great deal of money. Come, say that you agree."

She turned her head away that he might not see the delight on her face.

"How long will it take?" she queried, feigning hesitation.

"Ten days—two weeks. It is impossible to say, but probably not more than two weeks. Certainly not more than two weeks if you come every day."

"I am not sure I can manage it," said she. "I will see what can be done and I will let you know tomorrow. You will need me again tomorrow, will you not, in order to complete this—the small figure?"

"Yes, for half an hour perhaps."

"Very well, I will let you know tomorrow."

"Remember," he urged, "that this is serious. I will make a great portrait of you and your future will be assured. You will be able to go on the stage—the Folies-Bergère—any of the music halls."

"Ah," she said, "the stage!"

And, without knowing why, she shuddered a little. He was promising her a future on the stage! How little he knew what she desired! How little he knew what she already possessed and how lightly she esteemed it! She could have laughed aloud, but her laughter would have had no mirth in it.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

Staggering, unexpected question! She caught her breath quickly and drew away.

"Why do you ask me that?"

"I don't know," he said, unaware apparently of the confusion he had wrought within her. "Sometimes—now, for instance—you look older than at others."

"Sometimes," she said, "I feel older than at others. It is natural, I suppose. Women are like that."

He nodded his agreement.

"Yes; you look anywhere from twenty to thirty. You ought not to rouge at all. It is bad for the skin, and in some lights makes you look older than you really are."

She tried to laugh.

"Nothing can make me look older than I am. I am centuries old. I am as old as Lilith, who, if you remember, was created before Eve and was immortal, since she left Eden before the fall."

"Then," he said cheerfully, "I shall paint you as Lilith."

III

IT RAINED on the next day—a thin, misty, autumnal rain—and Liane was in despair. She was even irritable to Bébé when the latter, in some alarm, urged her to eat her luncheon.

"One would think you were in love," observed Bébé suspiciously.

"Perhaps I am. Would it be unnatural?"

"*Bon Dieu!*" Bébé cried. "Unnatural? It cannot be possible! One is not such a fool at your age."

It was then that Liane displayed a violence of temper that amazed and sincerely frightened the old woman; but the outburst was brief and ended in apologies and a few tears.

"It is the youth whom you encountered the day before yesterday?" queried Bébé.

"And yesterday too," admitted Liane. "And today if the rain will stop. If the rain does not stop, Bébé, I may never see him again."

In her heart she knew that this was not, in all probability, true; but being in need of sympathy she exaggerated the pitifulness of her plight. Bébé stroked her hair, soothing her.

"If he is a man," said she, "he will be there whether it rains or not. He will be there if there is an earthquake and a flood."

"You don't know him, Bébé. He is not in love with me. He is going to marry another woman."

"In that case he is a fool, and you will soon make him see that he is. But you surely you don't want to marry him! You, who refused the Prince of Servania and the Grand Duke Ivan and I don't know how many others!"

"I would rather marry him than be Sarah Bernhardt."

Bébé made a deprecative noise with her tongue and the roof of her mouth.

"My poor child—my poor child!" she said. "But if you want him so badly as that you will assuredly get him. There is no man living that can resist you!"

"We shall see," answered Liane more calmly. "Does it still rain, Bébé?"

It still rained, but as three o'clock approached the opaque clouds began to break into swirling, straggling gray veils, and presently a patch of clean blue appeared among them and the sun shone on the warm, moist earth. Liane borrowed Bébé's rusty, not too fashionable waterproof cape and went out exultant. Paul was waiting for her, tramping up and down impatiently.

"I didn't know whether you would come or not," he greeted her. "Of course we can't paint, but I want to hear your decision as to the portrait. Have you decided? Of course you have!"

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked. "Aren't you grateful to me for coming in spite of the rain?"

"It is not raining," he pointed out. "What have you decided?"

"I have decided to pose for the portrait on one condition."

"Condition? What condition?"

"That you allow me to choose and provide my own costume."

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed. "You know nothing about costumes—at least you certainly don't know so much as I about costumes. It is my business to know about costumes."

"This time," she said firmly, "it is my business."

"You will ruin the picture! What is it you want to wear? A pink ball gown, I suppose, or a kimono. Women always think they look best in the things they look worst in. What have you in mind?"

"You will see it when I begin the sittings," she answered, "and if you don't like it then you need not paint the portrait at all. Myself, I think it will be extremely becoming."

"I intended making a sort of pastoral out of the thing," he grumbled, "with the willow and a touch of the river for background, and you in something completely simple, of no period at all—loose-hanging, almost drapery. A pastel done in oils, that's what I intended."

She nodded, smiling.

"In that case," she said, "you will certainly like the costume that I have chosen."

He regarded her suspiciously. He was vexed. He disliked giving in to a woman's whim.

"You will adore me in it," she added, still smiling at him.

"I don't want to adore you," he said; "I want to paint you."

"You might do both," said she.

This suggestion seemed to pass completely over his head, leaving him unscathed. He did not even trouble to deny such a possibility.

"Very well," he said with a gesture of resignation; "when will you be ready? Tomorrow?"

"No; the day after. The day after, provided I leave you immediately. I must go to Paris in connection with it."

He agreed reluctantly. Some little Parisian dressmaker, he reflected, was making her what she doubtless considered a magnificent gown—pink chiffon embroidered with pansies, or something of the sort; a gown for the Bal Bullier on Saturday nights. It would probably have panniers,

(Continued on Page 91)

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(Continued from Page 88)

too, in order thoroughly to conceal the lines of her body. She would look like a Christmas card or a decorative calendar. Well, let her go.

She went. To Bébé's surprise, she ran into the house, breathless but triumphant.

"Telephone to Paris for the automobile at once, Bébé," she cried. "I am driving into Paris this afternoon."

Bébé gasped, "To Paris!"

"Yes, stupid, to Paris. Telephone immediately to have the car brought out."

"It will be half an hour before Jules can get here with it."

"Precisely! That is why I want you to telephone immediately."

During the thirty-five minutes that elapsed before the arrival of her automobile Liane behaved like a débutante about to attend her first ball; or more, perhaps, like an understudy intrusted unexpectedly and for the first time with the rôle of the star. She was both jubilant and nervous; she was delighted and agitated; she was in turn loquacious and silent. But to the mystified Bébé she vouchsafed no explanations.

When Jules, the chauffeur, arrived she directed him to drive to Vignet's, in the Rue de la Paix. Vignet was her dressmaker, an artist in his line, famous on two continents. Liane, herself, had contributed not a little to his fame, for when she appeared on the stage one always learned by the program that "the costumes of Mademoiselle Delaunay are by Vignet." It was an excellent advertisement for Vignet, and, sensible of its value, he was correspondingly grateful.

She entered the establishment, then, imperiously but hastily. She demanded to see Monsieur Vignet himself. He came with alacrity and unction, a fat little man, immaculately overdressed. He bowed; he kissed her hand; he was enchanted to see her and was at her service. Metaphorically he was on his knees at her feet.

"Albert," she cried, cutting short his protestations, "it is about my costume for the second act of Les Etoiles Qui Chantent. You remember it? Turquoise blue with the medieval girdle of semiprecious stones and the fillet for the hair?"

Albert remembered, he assured her. Had he not devoted himself to its creation? Days and nights—days and nights.

"Good!" said Liane. "Well, I must positively have it by the day after tomorrow."

"Madame!" he exclaimed, sincerely horrified. "You ask the impossible!"

"Albert," she repeated with ominous calmness, "I must positively have it the day after tomorrow."

To his credit he sensed that she meant what she said, and he summoned his forewoman, Madame Thérèse.

"How far advanced is the turquoise-blue costume?" he demanded.

Madame Thérèse held up her hands.

"But it is scarcely begun," she said.

"You see, madame," said Albert to Liane, "you ask, I regret, the impossible."

"Very well, Albert," answered Liane, "I shall never ask the impossible a second time of you. I shall go elsewhere."

"Madame!" they cried in suppliant chorus.

There was a brief silence. Albert looked at Madame Thérèse and Madame Thérèse looked at Albert. Then Madame Thérèse said tentatively, "Perhaps if I could induce the girls to work all night and all tomorrow night ——"

"Exactly!" said Liane. "You should have thought of that before."

"It would, of course, be an added expense."

"Have I ever balked at that?" demanded Liane.

"I will see what can be done," said Madame Thérèse.

"No, you will promise that it shall be done. My automobile will be waiting for it day after tomorrow at two o'clock precisely. If it is so much as five minutes late I will not take it—or any of the other costumes."

Albert bowed.

"Madame may be assured," he said. "It will be ready at the hour."

"Thank you Albert," she said more gently. "This is not a mere whim of temperament on my part, you will understand. It is very serious, on the contrary. It is of the utmost seriousness. I shall remember your amiability in the matter and it is possible that some day I may be able to render you a kindness in return."

"Madame," said Albert, "you have already overwhelmed me with kindness—you have permitted me to create the garments that clothe the most beautiful and the most talented woman in Paris."

"You flatter me, *mon cher*," said she, smiling. "You know, I perceive, the words that women like to hear; and I, Albert, am, after all and before all, nothing but a woman."

She sighed a little, aware of the truth of her statement.

IV

WITH a hooded cloak thrown over the turquoise-blue costume, she went to meet Paul Sarenne in trepidation. She did not fear that he would not admire the costume itself—no artist, she knew, could fail to admire it—but she feared lest it should not correspond with his predetermined ideas of what the costume should be. And she realized that he was certain to be suspicious as to where she had procured it—suspicious and catechetical. She was still resolute not to betray to him her identity before she should have from him some sign that he loved her. And thus far he had, beyond a doubt, given no such sign. Vanity and an unconfessed desire to prove to her own satisfaction the efficacy of her charm over him dictated her attitude in this. She would sink or swim, but if she swam it would be unassisted by the buoyancy of her worldly fame. It was more than a little quixotic of her.

"Well," he said when she stood before him, "throw off the cloak and let me see this wonderful costume."

She obeyed him, her fingers trembling at the hooks. She felt almost as must have Monna Vanna.

The cloak fell sibilantly to the grass beside her, and she stood, a Botticelli-like figure, smiling slantingly up at him. With a sweep of her white arm she flung her long hair, the color of ripe wheat, down her back and over her shoulders, gleaming yellow against turquoise. Her robe flowed straight and narrow to her ankles, and on her bare feet she wore sandals, strapped above the instep. Loosely about her waist hung the girdle of old silver, intricately wrought and splendid with a multitude of jewels. At her brow was a slender fillet of silver unadorned. Paul Sarenne marveled at her in stupefied silence.

"Will it do?" she inquired at length.

"You are very beautiful," he answered simply. And then he added, almost in a whisper, "Who are you?"

She laughed lightly. It was she, now, who was self-possessed.

"I am Lilith," said she—"the woman that was created before Eve."

"You are very beautiful," he repeated; but even in the full fervor of his admiration there was the impersonal note; it was still the artist that admired rather than the man.

And at once he wanted to begin painting. He was so eager, so carried away with his enthusiasm for her as a model that he neglected even to ask her where and how she had procured so magnificent a costume. He could think of nothing beyond the picture she made and the picture he would make of her.

That picture is now, of course, well known. She stands beside the trunk of a willow tree, a branch of which stretches out horizontally across the canvas above her head. Her body is almost in profile, her face turned toward you. Her head droops a little, but her eyes are looking up and away. Her hands are clasped loosely—almost lifelessly—in front of her; there is weariness in the lines of her arms; there is weariness in all the lines of her body. Her face is beautiful and sad and suffering and filled with a sort of childlike wonder that she should suffer—wonder that there should be suffering in the world.

Strange that he should have painted her thus! Some premonition must have rendered his brush prophetic.

She came to pose for him every day for two hours, and the work progressed rapidly. There was and is not the slightest doubt in the world that he was inspired. He painted in a tumultuous but silent frenzy. He scarcely spoke to her except to caution her when she lapsed from the pose. He painted as if he had but ten days left to live.

Every evening, when she returned to the little villa, she was exhausted physically, and mentally she was despondent; for although he was progressing and the portrait was progressing, she herself was standing

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 91)

still. She was no nearer to him—no, she was, indeed, not so near him as on the day they had first met; and in ten days she would be forced to quit the villa and return to Paris for her rehearsals. Her career! She commenced to hate her career—to hate all arts. It was his art that had come between him and her, that had caught him up and obsessed him and rendered him oblivious of her: and it was her art that at the end of a brief ten days would drag her away from him.

A brief ten days!

On the tenth day the portrait was finished. Even Paul Sarenne admitted that it was finished; that he could do nothing more to improve it; that, in truth, as he confidently and triumphantly stated, no man alive could improve upon it. The work accomplished, he relaxed and became human—grateful even. He thanked her vociferously. She had, he said, been an inspiration to him; and she was, accordingly, deserving of a great deal of the credit for the success of the picture. Could he do anything for her in return? How could he reward her? He would pay her, of course, for her time—liberally—more than he had promised.

She stopped him with a cry so bitter that he regarded her in astonishment.

"Paul," she whispered, her face turned from him, "you say that I am beautiful, and you love beauty. Is it impossible for you to love me, then, for my beauty?"

He came to himself with a start, as if waking suddenly from a dream. He wondered that he had not suspected it before. She loved him. He was filled with a great compassion for her; would have done anything in his power to have spared her; anything in his power except to renounce Claire, the daughter of the hotel keeper at St.-Cloud. Claire was his ordained mate; he and Claire understood each other completely; Claire lived only to adore and worship him, and whatever he did was good in her eyes. Claire knew his habits and his idiosyncrasies; she was almost a part of himself.

And this woman—this woman who was only a stranger! What did he know of her that he should love her? Nothing, except that she was very beautiful.

"My poor child," he said gently, sincerely compassionate—"my poor child, I am so very sorry."

"I love you," she said.

"What can I do? What can I say? You know—I told you surely long ago—that I am to be married."

"I love you," she repeated.

"It will pass," he assured her for want of something better to say. "Love is kind, because it does not last forever."

"I love you more than you have ever been loved, more than you ever will be loved. And I have never loved anyone before you. Does that mean nothing to you?"

"I am sorry," he said again—"I am very sorry."

He was sorry, but at the same time he was becoming a little impatient. This scene could not continue indefinitely. It embarrassed him that she should so humiliate herself.

"My poor child," he said, with an air of courageous resolution, "there is only one thing I can do. I can say good-by and go out of your life."

With a sobbing cry she went on her knees. Her eyes were pitiful.

"Paul!" she said, and could not find the strength to say more.

She knelt for a little while with her face in her hands, searching for self-control, summoning her pride. At length she stood up, dry-eyed.

"Good-by," she said tremulously; "good-by, my friend. I will not say that I am sorry for what I have done. I am not sure that I am not glad—glad, I mean, that you should know that I love you. It will not harm you, that knowledge. Adieu."

"Adieu," he murmured, dazed, at a loss.

She turned and left him. He saw the turquoise blue of her dress weaving in and out of the yellow-green willows. She did not look back.

■

WHEN the curtain fell on the second act of Les Etoiles Qui Chantent the dressing room of Liane Delaunay was nearly mobbed by people of importance. In the auditorium outside sat the president of the republic and a multitude of others far more notable. The president had split his gloves. It was a complete triumph.

Liane, still in her turquoise-blue costume with the jewel-studded girdle of old silver, sat exhausted before the mirror of her dressing table, extending a white, listless hand for great men to kiss as they filed by. Vaudin, the world-famous old sculptor, allowed himself the privilege of delaying the procession while he exchanged a few sentences with the star.

"We all wondered," he said, "about the costume in your portrait by that young fellow Sarenne. We wondered, of course, principally why you condescended to pose for an unknown genius, but also we wondered what the costume represented; we had seen you wear it in none of your previous rôles. Now we know. Madame, you are a triumph. And Sarenne, too, is a triumph, but he owes his triumph mainly to you.

"The gold medal which the jury awarded him at the exhibition should have been yours. I kiss your hand worshipfully. I felicitate the greatest woman in France."

She smiled wanly.

"They tell me," she said, "that the portrait is the furor of the salon, Monsieur Vaudin. Is it true?"

"It is very true," answered the sculptor. "Sarenne has made his name."

"He has talent?"

"He has genius."

The sculptor hesitated an instant, and then he ventured, "Might one ask, Madame, how you came to know the young man?"

She turned her face a little away from him and her fingers played unquietly with the silver articles on her table.

"You may ask," she said, "but the answer is of no importance. I know him no more."

She took a rouge stick from the table and applied it lightly to her lips.

"I think," she said, "that I need more color."

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

Prohibition has done in the cow individual. There are practically no pubs left to be shot up, you see. Of course there are blind lions where the thirsty may procure very abominable eyewash. But obviously a cow fellow cannot ride whooping loudly into a speak-softly, as such places are called. It simply isn't done. Besides, there are no more swinging doors through which to ride.

WATSON *(rethreading his needle)*: But the Indians, the stagecoach, scalping—and all that primordial, barbaric sort of thing?

HOLMES: The Indians are gone, Watson—gone to their jolly hunting preserves. You remember that even in the somewhat civilized East End of the States the shopkeepers used to put wooden Indians with uplifted bludgeons outside their doors to indicate that they employed aborigines as bill collectors. Clever, of course, but a bit thick, I should hazard. As for the stagecoaches, they, too, are gone. In New York, I recall, those pioneer vehicles used to career frantically from Washington Square to Central Park with the mail, relaying it on from the barges along Canal Street. Pink me, Watson, it may have been crude, but it was courageous—dashing up Fifth Avenue like that in broad daylight through those hordes of bandits! You mentioned scalping. Scalping is still good form, I believe, but vastly modified. The scalpers nowadays operate exclusively near the theaters, oddly enough, but there is positively no bloodshed, Watson. The procedure is frightfully complicated and I won't attempt to explain it, but the idea seems to be that if you are idiotic enough to go to the theater you are legitimate prey for the scalpers, and you pay them an advance ransom—or something of the sort.

WATSON: Then our dear cousins are wedging in a bit of savoir-faire, what?

HOLMES: Don't crowd your conclusions, my dear fellow. Keep on your upper undergarment! I haven't told you about their hooligan gangs. There's an institution for you! Perhaps a curious outgrowth of feudalism. At election time these gangs make themselves useful in attack or defense for various candidates. Suppose you are up for parish council and have grave doubts about your prospects in the constituency. You summon your hooligan gang and proceed to acquire political influence by equipping them with lethal weapons and turning them loose in the doubtful locality. Of course word of it gets about and your opponent's batman rushes off to tell his master, who in turn gathers his hooligans, each with his lethal weapon. Once the feud is joined the whole bothersome business of how he shall cast his vote is simple for the hitherto bewildered citizen. He watches how the guerrilla warfare goes from the discreet seclusion of his shutters. As the gangsters lethally advance on each other from lamp-post to pump and from pump to ash receptacle, certain of them, of course, click off for all time and what not. The feud concluded, it merely remains for the constituent to count the casualties, awarding his ballot to the candidate with the greater number of survivors. It's a gamy idea, but rather the least bit deplorable.

WATSON: And how would you correct it?

HOLMES: Well, the polls should serve a double purpose—make them flogging posts. You know, Americans always vote in barber shops for some recondite reason, and every barber shop has a party-colored pole. Just flog the crude fellows at these poles and they would be shamed out of their hooliganism. No man enjoys being flogged before his manicurist. And if that would not suffice—of course one could always execute them. —*Arthur McKeogh.*

Book Reviews

My Check Book

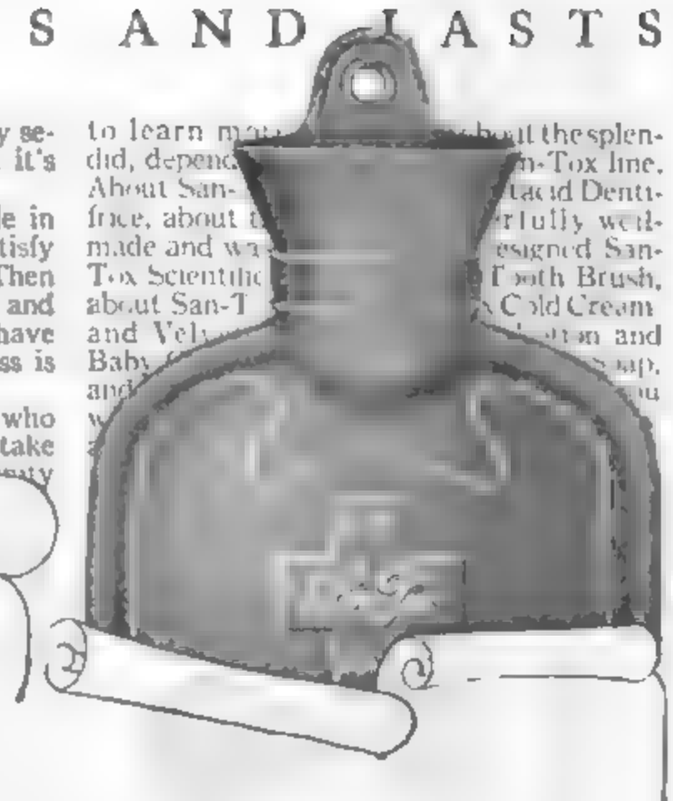
IT MAY not have the classic touch;
Perhaps it lacks the stylist's art;
Its plot may not amount to much,
But yet its pages touch my heart.

There's pathos in each word I read,
There's tragedy in every line.
But still I seek in times of need
That battered old check book of mine.

And so, although no vellum rare
Encases it, nor leather fine,
No book I own can quite compare
With that old friend—check book of mine.
—*Newman Levy.*

Why Not?

A HOT WATER BOTTLE THAT LASTS AND LASTS



Just because anything but a *good* hot water bottle is a leaky, scaldy nuisance, and because anything bearing the San-Tox brand *must be* good, we have developed what we really believe to be the finest hot water bottle b[illegible] the best that you could buy. [illegible] store. Ask the San-Tox druggist to show it to you. See if you don't agree.

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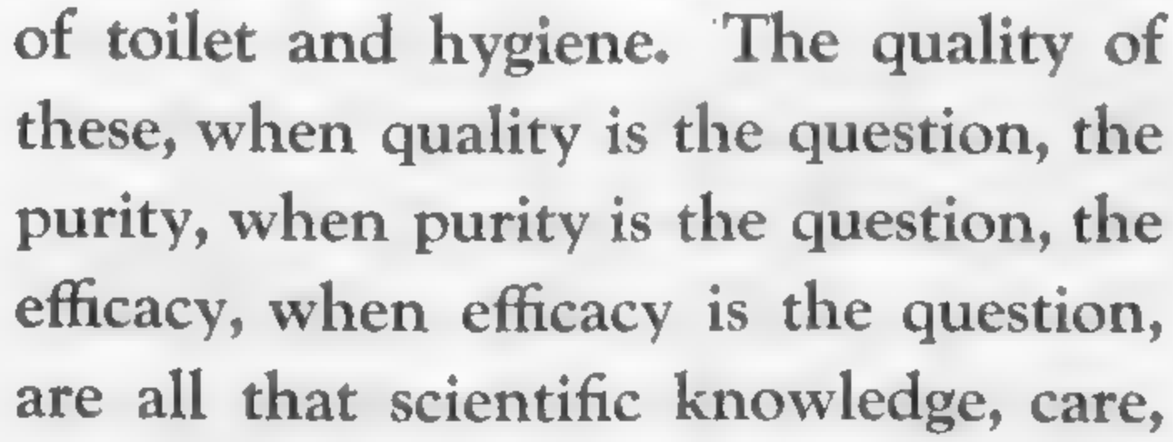

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THREE BLACK COWS

(Continued from Page 23)

his earlier years Mr. Flack was made a member of a cabinet which reflected so much credit on the President who named it that there was some talk of presenting him with a card in Cabinetmakers' Union No. 1. He has been sent on delicate diplomatic missions to Europe and South America by high administration officials in the past; and his long residence among the hard-shelled cave dwellers, or Semi-Original Families of Washington, gives him easy access to the seven social planes or sets which cap the vast but fragile pyramid of Washington society. His meditations on affairs of moment are therefore frequently sought by those Washingtonians who have no opinions of their own, but who are obliged to pose as political oracles in their respective social circles.

He is doubly guarded, usually, from any expression of opinion by the uncommunicative atmosphere of the Metropolitan Club and by his long training in the State Department, where the workers are sometimes so averse to parting with information that they think twice before replying directly to a request to be told the time of day.

It is a different story, however, when the gloom gets on his nerves or when he has been upsetting himself with a nectar substitute. He is, for example, addicted to a drink known in Washington as a Black Cow.

The Black Cow was brought to Washington from Chicago by Gen. Charles G. Dawes, who is believed to have invented it. General Dawes is also believed to be one of the few persons in the world whose nervous energy is sufficiently strong to resist the depressing effect of three Black Cows.

A Black Cow is made by half filling a tall glass with rich cream, and then filling the rest of the glass with sarsaparilla. When David Augustus Flack has had three of them he becomes morose and longs to speak frankly on most subjects that enter his head. Dropping three Black Cows into David Augustus Flack is like dropping a cake of soap into one of the Yellowstone geysers. The act results in an almost immediate eruption.

"These Black Cows," observed Mr. Flack, as he moved restlessly in his leather-covered armchair in the corner of the Metropolitan Club, placed the glass which had held his third Black Cow on a small oak taboret with a gesture of repugnance, and stared moodily in the general direction of the State, War and Navy Building—"these Black Cows give a person a peculiar sensation. If one were able to establish the fact that the Black Cow, instead of being invented and introduced into Washington during the past year by General Dawes, had long been a popular drink in Boisé, Idaho, one might have an explanation of the persistence with which Senator William Edgar Borah, of Boisé, Idaho, strongly, fearlessly and determinedly views nearly everything with alarm, not to say with horror. One might then explain it all by saying that Borah drinks four Black Cows for breakfast every day, and that he thus forces himself to a gloomy outlook on all measures, suggestions, beliefs, theories and proposals, no matter by whom they are made, held or advanced. And when Borah, lacking anything else to oppose, advances the idea of a third party and then proceeds sternly to frown upon his own idea when it is seized by his impetuous colleague, Senator La Follette, one might argue that he had taken an extra Black Cow for breakfast. But of course the distinguished senator from Idaho has never even heard of a Black Cow, either by that or any other name, so that the reason for frequent heartburnings over so many things must remain a mystery to everyone, including, probably, himself. But you can get an idea, from what I say, of the peculiar influence of too many Black Cows."

Mr. Flack fingered the black pearl in his diplomatic cravat and fixed his eyes absently on the mulatto-colored spats that graced the ankles of a near-by secretary of legation.

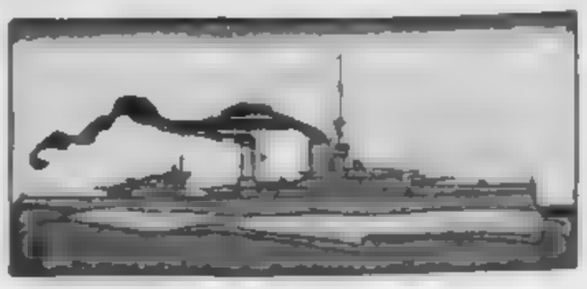
"Partisan politicians are too prone," he continued, after he had bent one end of his gray mustache down into his mouth with a caressing forefinger, caught it gently against his lower teeth, and dislodged it again with a slightly proud movement of his upper lip—"partisan politicians are too prone to explain occurrences by using their imaginations instead of by using logic and the facts. After the late election Washington was filled with agitated Republicans who, aside from eating and sleeping, did nothing except run from one person to another for days on end, asking in dazed tones, 'How do you explain it?' Then without waiting for replies they would attempt explanations themselves, after which the persons whom they had asked for explanations would give different explanations. With each different explanation the participants in the explanations became glummer and glummer. Their behavior was strikingly similar to that of a score of Washington society leaders who gathered for lunch not long ago. When the lunch was about half over, one of the leaders told in hushed tones how her dear little Pomeranian had eaten too much caramel custard and died of cramps. The lady in the next seat followed with the harrowing tale of how her beautiful Belladonna, an aristocratic Spitz, had been run over by a common flivver. The next lady joined the procession by recalling vividly the death of her poodle, Snooks, who had caught pneumonia from going out late at night without his knitted sweater. And after that the remaining ladies started simultaneously to relate the harrowing details of how their pets had passed away, with the result that every member of the party burst into tears, and the luncheon was ruined. The election was ruined for the Republicans by their own explanations; and at the same time the Democrats were busy issuing large numbers of patronizing and exultant explanations of their own.

"If all these explanations could have been made into one big explanation it would have been large enough and important enough to explain the fourth dimension and the Einstein theory in ten words of one syllable. As it was, the numberless small explanations explained nothing except the inability of the politicians to know what the people were thinking and why they were thinking it.

"It proved, also, that politicians know very little about even the trade to which they have devoted their lives, and that we should therefore view with distrust the findings of politicians who spend a few weeks in Europe and then come back to this country with widely differing stories as to what is going on over there. If this country wants reliable information on Europe it should scrap the reports of politicians, propagandists, business men and junketers who have never learned the basic principles of reporting, and depend on the reports of reliable newspaper men who have no interest in anything except facts, and who have learned how and where to get them.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Flack, nodding distantly to three generals, a cabinet minister and two senators who hesitated in the doorway, looking as cheerful and chummy as six pallbearers—"as a matter of fact the Democrats should worry as much over the last election as the Republicans, for it gave every evidence that in the thickly populated Northern States the foreign-born and foreign-descent population was voting solidly together in protest against almost everything. This is a recent development in politics, made possible by the strong national spirit aroused in our foreign-stock population by the war.

"In present-day national political campaigns the bulk of the efforts of the campaign committees, when not given to the difficult task of raising money, has to be devoted to hog-tying the foreign-stock vote. This can be more readily understood when you realize that the total population of the ten leading American cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles—is something over fifteen millions, and that the foreign-stock population of those cities is more than ten millions, or 66 per cent of the whole. By the expression 'foreign stock' I mean people who are foreign born, and American-born children of foreign-born fathers and mothers. A large part of this new population of ours has been politically oppressed for centuries; and when they are suddenly given the vote it seems to be their nature to do strange and wonderful things with it. Many of them come from the new countries of Europe; and it is in these very countries of Europe that one sees the newly emancipated voters voting for everything under the sun so long as it's something different from what they've got.



"This is a difficult thing to explain," declared Mr. Flack, signaling peremptorily to a near-by waiter who was dozing on his feet in the middle foreground, and gesturing meaningly toward his empty glass. "Won't you," he urged, "join me in a Black Cow? No? Then bring me one Black Cow, George, and don't stop for a nap until you've delivered it.

"You see," he continued, "having been reminded of their origin by the war, and awakened to their outstanding importance by the mischievous outcry in behalf of the self-determination of nations, they realized that the time had come for them to do something about the condition that confronted them. All of them were displeased about something. This was obviously their chronic state in the old countries before they left—obviously, because if they had been pleased with Europe they would never have left it—and it has now become their chronic state in America. They are displeased because America won't enter the League of Nations or they are displeased because some people persist in advocating the entry of America into the League of Nations. They are displeased because taxes are high or they are displeased because somebody wants to Americanize them too rapidly or they are displeased because insufficient efforts are being made to Americanize them. They can find something at which to be displeased at the drop of a hat, as was the case out in Spokane or some such place not long ago, when the Greeks of the city became passionately displeased because a candidate spoke of the late Demosthenes in a manner which seemed to the Greeks somewhat disrespectful.

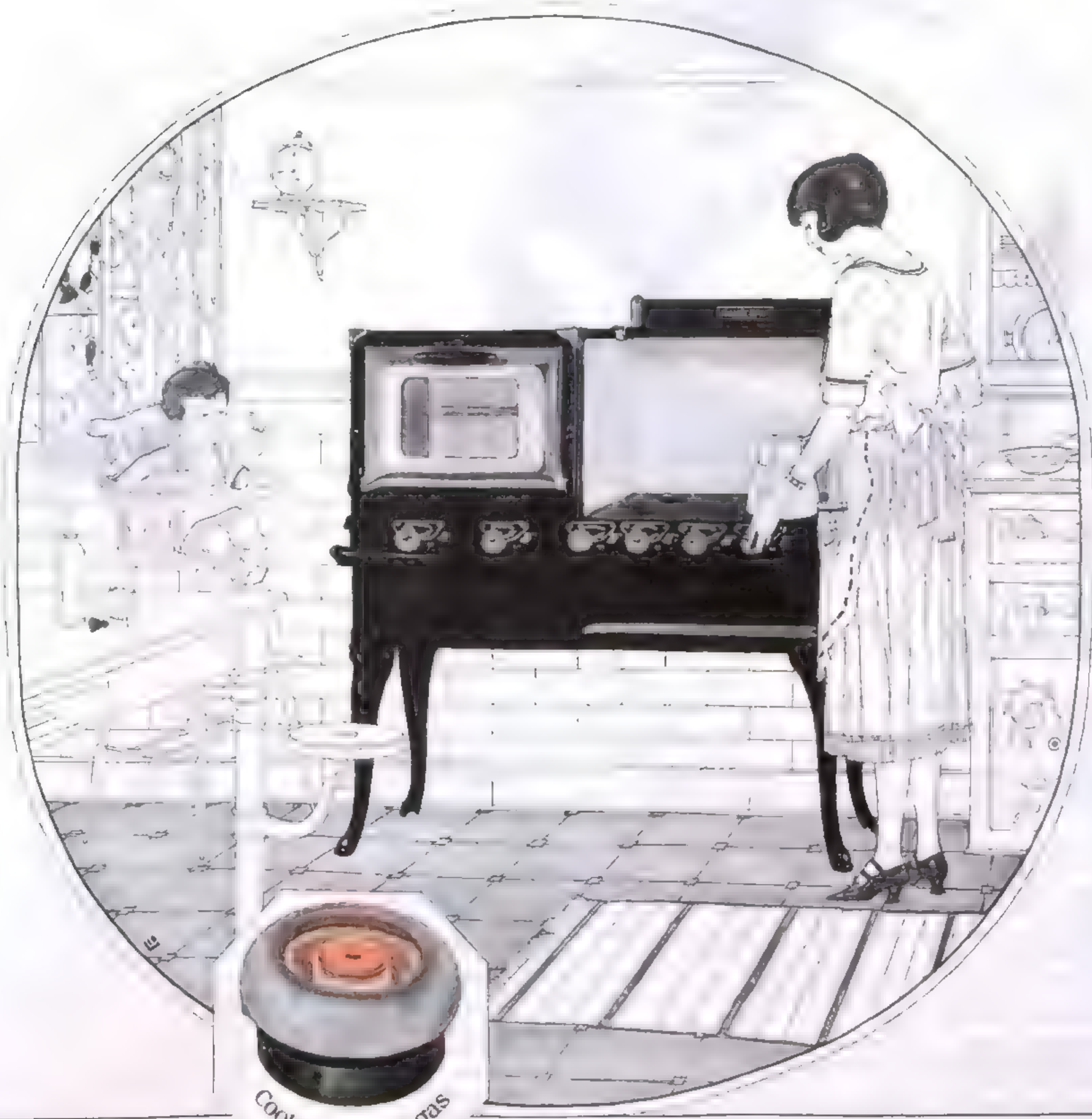
"It's the selfsame story in the new countries of Europe today, and has been so ever since they were politically freed at the end of the war. They elect a man to office with wild cries of delight on one day, and in three days' time they kick him out of office with equal enthusiasm. In this country they have been united by the fact that they're far from home, and they have voted solidly against existing conditions. What is more, they will probably keep right on voting in the same way for years to come. Therefore I say that the Democrats should worry just as much as the Republicans. The Democratic Party and the Republican Party are as much like each other as the two legs of a pair of trousers; so that if the foreign-stock voters unite to throw a Republican out of office they will also unite at the next election to throw out the Democrat who replaced him.

"Speaking of foreign stock, Venizelos, the distinguished Greek statesman, has asked that one million Greek refugees be allowed to enter this country in spite of its immigration laws. If we were to let in a million Europeans every time something unpleasant happened in Europe we'd be taking them in at the rate of at least twelve million a year. We would probably still be accused by venerable and crotchety European statesmen of leaving Europe in the lurch; but we would have done much to relieve Europe's distress. We would also have added large amounts of unpleasantness to our own internal affairs, which fact wouldn't cause any additional distress on the other side of the water."

George, the waiter, at this moment placed a large Black Cow on the taboret at Mr. Flack's elbow; and Mr. Flack moodily lifted it to his lips and allowed one-third of the mixture to pass rapidly down his throat.

"Venizelos, however, shouldn't be too hastily condemned for his request," he resumed, after he had removed a few slight traces of Black Cow from his mustache with a large gray silk handkerchief which he drew, magicianlike, from the inner recesses of his left sleeve. "Nor should we be too prone to leap upon Mussolini for waving

(Continued on Page 99)



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The RED STAR Burner cooks as fast as gas. It gives you a hot gas oven for baking, and saves one-quarter of the fuel. No woman in her city kitchen can do better work.

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Printed forms serve as guides. They guide thinking. They guide the writer in what to say, and they guide the reader in what to do. If you make it easy for the people in your office to have and to use printed forms, they will get more work done.

You can make it easy to buy printed forms by ordering all your office and factory printing done on Hammermill Bond paper.

There are several strong reasons why it is to your advantage to standardize on Hammermill Bond.

In the first place, Hammermill Bond is a strong, durable paper, with a quality that commands respect and a finish that makes it easy to write on and read from.

For your stationery, orders, billheads and other forms you will want different colors. Hammermill Bond is made in twelve uniform colors as well as white.

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HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

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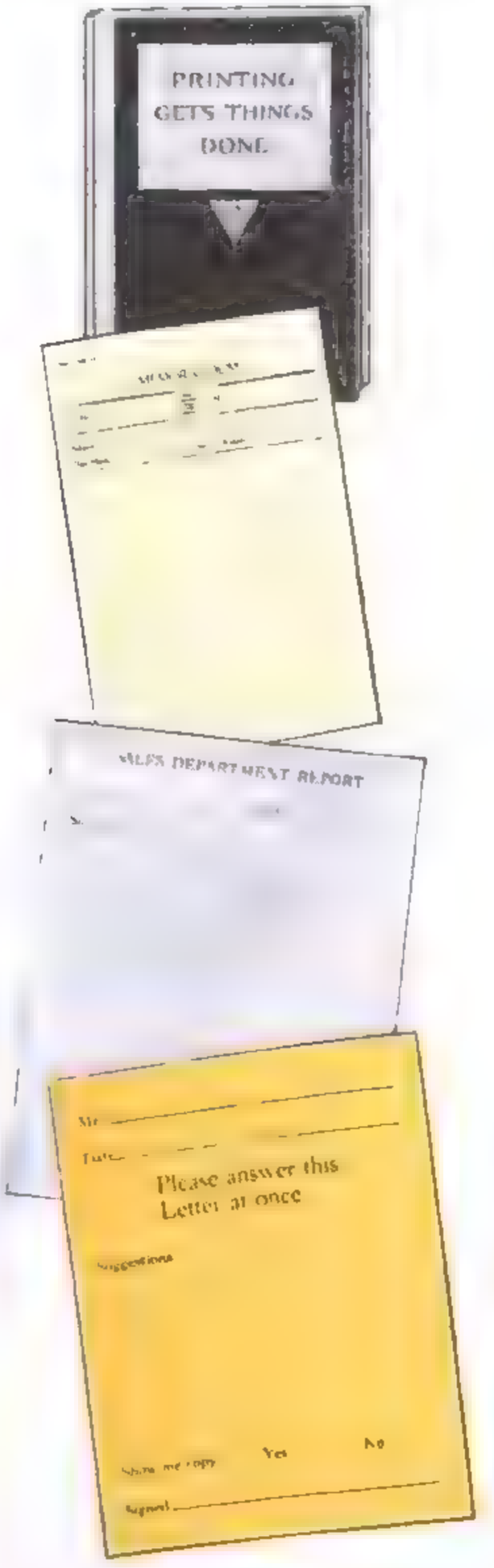


HERE are three forms that get work done. They are simple, but they bear the very important date line. Any form is worth its price if it gets dates on messages that are otherwise undated. These are typical of the forms shown in our free book, "Printing Gets Things Done." Write for a copy.

(Continued from Page 96)

the black shirt and howling that America should admit at least one hundred thousand Italian immigrants every year. These men are naturally fighting for the interests of their own countries; and it is a poor worm that won't do that. Before we think harshly of them let us devote attention to people nearer home who are advocating similar additions to our already too-large supply of foreign stock, but advocating them for financial reasons instead of patriotic reasons.

"You will find ardent appeals being sent out for assistance in modifying the immigration law 'to the end that the European supply of journeymen tailors may come to our shores unrestricted and in unlimited numbers.' The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which controls the labor end of the clothing business, takes in thousands upon thousands of aliens fresh from the docks, and makes it possible for them to earn from forty to sixty dollars for a forty-four-hour week from the start.

"The big clothing manufacturers are not allowed to have learners in their shops. The union attends to that. That is why labor that cost three dollars per coat in 1915 now costs twelve dollars, and also why certain operations in clothing manufacture that cost thirty-two cents in 1915 now cost one dollar and seventy-five cents.

"This country doesn't need an influx of thousands upon thousands of new immigrants to work in the clothing industry, but it does need to have tailoring taught in manual-training schools and industrial schools."

When the Rogers Bill is Passed

"If a country as great and resourceful as the United States of America, with a population of 115,000,000 people, cannot be successful without importing additional millions of the poorest labor of Europe to do its work, then it does not deserve success. Furthermore, nothing could be more dangerous economically than the demand for cheap labor in order to increase output at a labor cost. A country can easily slip too far along that pleasantly sloping road, continually keeping down costs by increased output, but constantly adding countless problems to its already staggering burdens because of the inrushing and indigestible aliens.

"And it might not be a bad idea to remember that if everybody in business were to keep down costs by increased output, the world's production would soon become so enormous that it would overreach its powers of absorption. Instead of howling and bellowing about high production costs it is very essential that the world at large should limit its productivity to its consuming capacity. Both Germany and Great Britain are experiencing distress today because their domestic populations are wholly unable to take up the goods they are able to produce.

"That is why we shouldn't think too harshly of Venizelos and Mussolini They are trying to get us to let down our immigration bars because their own people would be temporarily relieved at the expense of our lasting discomfort. But some others are doing it because they lack even the patriotism of the cuckoo, which lays its eggs in other birds' nests and then deserts the eggs, and because they have the economic sense of a swarm of locusts, which ruin a farmer's crops and die of indigestion into the bargain."

Mr. Flack picked up his Black Cow and gazed disapprovingly over the top of it at a young American diplomat who stood in the doorway conversing with a friend in a pronounced English accent.

"Some of our most distinguished diplomats," he resumed, "especially the ones who have the bad habit of acquiring English accents after a few years of associating with English diplomats in other countries, are going to be horribly distressed when the Rogers Bill is finally passed and the consular service and the diplomatic service are put on a footing that will make it possible for consuls to be used in the diplomatic service and vice versa, and which will also make it possible for consuls and secretaries to rise to well-paid positions and to be retired on a proper amount of pay when they get so old that their joints creak ominously at all official functions.

"Hitherto our consuls have had to keep plugging along in foreign countries even though they were half blind, lame, and suffering from as many symptoms as can be found in a patent-medicine advertisement, and all because this country had made no provision for retiring them. At the same time they were obliged to watch army officers being retired on comfortable pensions in the full strength of middle life because of partial deafness or some equally terrible affliction that would permit them to enter business gayly and make a large and commodious salary just like finding it. Naturally the American consul was apt to have a cynical and embittered outlook on life, especially when he was further treated by the diplomatic corps as a European royal family might treat a person who was sufficiently low and contemptible to engage in trade.

"When the Rogers Bill is passed all this will stop. Bright young men from all parts of the United States will have plenty of incentive to enter the foreign service, both because of good pay and because of better positions to be earned. Hitherto the diplomatic service has been recruited almost entirely from residents of the Eastern seaboard, many of whom know no more about the sentiment and opinions of the remainder of the United States than a Montenegrin mountaineer knows about bridge whist or the constitution of the State of Pennsylvania. Diplomatic careers were frequently chosen by young men who had a little money and didn't want to engage in anything so disagreeable as real work. These are the young men who are so prone to acquire English accents, and who shudder for five minutes at a time at the mere idea of being put on the same plane as mere consuls. One of the secrets of their shuddering is that if they have to compete with a lot of bright young men who know that they will be pushed ahead if they make good—as they are going to be pushed by the Rogers Bill, which provides for promotion for merit only—then they will have to do some real work, and there is grave danger that a lot of them will be left at the post.

"The acquiring of English accents by our younger diplomats is an interesting affair. Some of them succumb at the end of three or four years, and come home exuding clusters of words in a purely British manner. Others—our Minister to Poland, Mr. Hugh Gibson, is a good example—mingle for years with some of the most pronounced accents in Europe and never alter the style of speaking which they developed in Los Angeles, Fort Wayne or Billerica, Massachusetts. It is my fixed belief that an American diplomat or consular officer—though consular officers are singularly free from the pernicious habit—who permits himself to acquire an English accent should, by an amendment to the Rogers Bill, be forced to regain his American accent by being stationed in a Maine logging camp for a minimum of three months. This would either kill him or cure him; and I am frank to say that some of the cases of English accent with which I have come in contact in the Squirrel Cage, as the State Department is frequently called by less reverent spirits, are so far advanced that any determined attempt to cure them would probably result in death."

Are Our Morals Stagnant?

Mr. Flack sipped meditatively at his Black Cow and appeared to contemplate with some pleasure the thought of an overaccented young diplomat enjoying the hospitality of a Maine logging camp.

"What with the catchwords and cooked-up phrases that are going the rounds nowadays," he continued at length, "a person hardly knows where he stands unless he ceases all work for at least three or four hours every day and devotes that time to finding out what it is that people really mean when they say something. Recently there have been a number of reformers and uplifters careering madly around the country and emitting frequent and ear-piercing yelps about the amazing moral stagnation of America. They screamed about it with such vigor and vivacity that they actually had me thinking that there had never been anything so morally stagnant as America since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah. But when I began to look around for the large piles of stagnant morals that ought to have been lying in plain sight I couldn't find any more of them than must necessarily exist in the most advanced countries. So far as I am able to understand these press agents and advertisers of our amazing moral stagnation, we are morally stagnant because we do not see our way clear to jam forcibly down the throats of certain nations of Europe the medicines and nostrums that they lack the gumption to swallow themselves. Examination fails to show that we are any more morally stagnant than England or France or Italy or Hungary or Turkey or Greece or any other country of Europe that you may care to name; and that is a conservative manner in which to put it. All this talk of our amazing moral stagnation is, in short, genuine simon-pure piffle, twaddle and tosh.

"The same thing goes for a great many of these political cut-ups who have been rearing up on their hind legs and howling at the top of their lungs that they are progressives. A close examination of the progressivism of some of these loud speakers shows that they advocate certain fads that their brother politicians—not statesmen, but politicians—refuse to advocate. Some of these so-called progressives gained their elections on platforms which, when boiled down, reveal themselves as nothing more than the good old slogan, 'I am for the old flag and an appropriation'—the slogan that helped to make Colonel Sellers famous in the days before common-sense people had begun to trust in those who screamed so penetratingly about moral stagnation and progressivism. Some afternoon, when all these near-progressives have come out of the West with their large black hats and their coarse sincere voices and their campaign promises that they haven't a chance—and never had a chance—of keeping, I'll tell you a few things about them that will make you want to go out and drink yourself to death on Black Cows."

Unfinished Business

Mr. Flack savagely tossed down the remaining third of his Black Cow and growled ferociously in reply to a timid nod from a new member who had been a member of the club for only five years.

"Yes," he continued more calmly, "the population of Washington will be increased in the regular way when the newly elected Congress assembles; by the addition, as regular citizens, of the large number of defeated congressmen who cannot bear to go home to the old home town and sit around with their feet on the radiators waiting for their law practice to start practicing again. It is a relief to us old-timers to see that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge has been returned to office, even though his fight was of such a nature that he will be plucking the cruel splinters from his spare New England frame for many months to come. He is back, however; and once again we rest serene in the knowledge that he and Boston Common, those two great landmarks of the old Bay State, are safe from profanation for another six years.

"One thing which I cannot get, however," said Mr. Flack despairingly, "is the complete list of presidential possibilities for 1924. Until the last election every senator except George Moses thought privately that he had an excellent chance to occupy the presidential chair eventually, and not everyone was sure about Moses. Since that time a few of the defeated senators have lost hope, I believe; but a number of the newly elected ones are believed to be nursing some fond expectations. One of the most prominent possibilities is supposed to be Ralston, who looks like Grover Cleveland. This will undoubtedly be a great help to him unless he has to compete with somebody who looks like George Washington."

Mr. Flack stifled a yawn by pressing down his mustache firmly with the forefinger of his left hand and seizing it for a moment between his teeth. "I have not touched," said he, "on French militarism, on liquor withdrawals, on the international oil bickerings in Persia or Mesopotamia, on the Bursum Bill, on President Harding's lack of advertising ability, on the painful state of affairs that exists in Alaska, on whiskers in the House of Representatives, on why senators usually look like actors, or on many other things that I am anxious to treat in a few random words. I find, however, that my Black Cows are resting a trifle heavily on me and giving me a sort of fat-headed, if I may use the word, complex. If you will excuse me, therefore, I will postpone the remainder of my talk until another time."

With these words David Augustus Flack turned his face to the wall and fell immediately into a light and semiaudible doze in the most approved Metropolitan Club manner.

"It Clamps Everywhere"

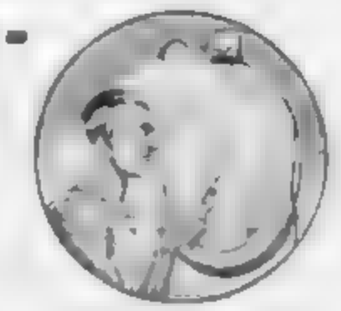
$5

READ-
Clamp it on bed or chair; or anywhere.

WRITE-
Clamp it or stand it on your desk or table.

SEW-
Clamp it on sewing machine or table.

SHAVE-
Clamp it on the mirror or any handy place.



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TRADE FARBERWARE BROOKLYN MARK

How merchants are using *Dramatized Selling* to build up Farm Trade

—*as reported by a traveling salesman*

A unique window display that "never fails to produce a crowd before it on days when farmers are in town" is reported to Farm & Fireside by R. C. Bowden, traveling salesman

The display consisted of a single pair of Crompton All-Weather Corduroy Trousers, one leg fastened to the ceiling, the other supporting a heavy steel rail. A card in the window stated: "This pair of trousers has been worn six months by (a well known farmer). Buy a pair and try them."

Interest in the product, sales of these trousers, increased greatly as a result of this display. It was Dramatized Selling—making a dramatic story of the simple, honest facts about the product which the manufacturer had repeatedly emphasized to the farmers of that community through advertising in Farm & Fireside.

Any issue of Farm & Fireside, any product advertised in its pages, as shown below, offers you the same opportunity for Dramatized Selling, for cashing in on the confidence in the product which advertising has created. In proof of this, witness the following incidents, as also reported by Mr. Bowden:

How other merchants are doing it

Two years ago a hardware merchant handling Devoe Paints (as advertised in Farm & Fireside) in a town of 2,000 population saw business going to a cheaper, unknown product. He painted his store, half with Devoe Paint and half with the cheaper paint—and now, with the Devoe-painted surface practically as good as ever, the other side cracked and peeling off, he is getting about all of the paint business in his town. Dramatized Selling, surely!

A furniture merchant applies Dramatized Selling to window shades. In one window he has a Hartshorn Shade Roller (as advertised in Farm & Fireside) which has been used four years; in another window he has a cheap roller which, he points out, is the third one used during the same period. He sells three times as many Hartshorns, he reports.

In the rice belt of eastern Arkansas, Mr. Bowden investigated a window which had doubled the weekly sales of a hardware merchant. The idea is simple enough—a showing of merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside, a few copies of the magazine opened at the advertisements and an attractive sign, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside." Dramatized Selling again!

Dramatized Selling wins confidence

Can farm families who read about the products listed below in Farm & Fireside each month be otherwise than impressed by Dramatized Selling, dramatized displays, of these products? Certainly those merchants who tie to the products advertised in Farm & Fireside are gaining that most priceless of all assets, *confidence*—a confidence built up during the years by editorial and advertising policies which have made Farm & Fireside truly "The National Farm Magazine."

The instances reported by Mr. Bowden, traveling salesman, prove the soundness of the plans outlined in our recently published booklet, Carl Brown's Letter. If you have not received a copy of this Letter, written by a practical, everyday farmer, just write us, "Send me Carl Brown's Letter," and we will gladly do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

TIE *to these products advertised in*

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Barrett Everlastic Roofings
Black Flag Insect Powder
Brown's Beach Jacket
Burpee's Seeds
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
Champion Spark Plugs
Chandler Motor Cars
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Chevrolet Cars
Clark Grave Vaults
Clark's O. N. T. Crochet Cotton
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Crompton "All-Weather" Corduroys
Dandelion Butter Color
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Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Dodge Brothers Cars
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Du Pont Products
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Fresnone
Gillette Razors
Glastenbury Underwear
Goodrich Tires
Goodyear Tires
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Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
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Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Iver Johnson Bicycles & Firearms
Jewett Cars
Kelly Springfield Tires
Lehigh Portland Cement
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Overland Cars
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Pillsbury's Flour
Planet Jr Implements
President Suspenders
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"Wear-Ever" Utensils
Willys-Overland, Inc
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

ON THE JOB

(Continued from Page 7)

He spoke of some of the labor problems in his own state—which state I do not intend to name—and at the close he had several practical suggestions to make.

"As I see it," he said, "you want to walk around your problem of women in industry and look at it from various angles of actuality. Well, different mills employing women have different labor problems. Take, for example, this one"—I omit the name. "There you come up against night work—married women, with children, all foreign. You might look into that. Here's another, a model plant in which they have 100 per cent foreign workers. You might like to make some comparisons between our foreign and our native American women and see how the Americanizing process sets in. Here's a plant in which they employ, all told, about seven thousand girls, average age twenty. That's a kid proposition, you see. They've got girl psychology down cold. Here's a factory concerning which some complaints have come in, and I'm sending my inspectors out to investigate conditions. You might give that the once-over. Here's one in which they have a heavy labor turnover. Always an ad in the paper and a Girls Wanted sign out. You might see what's the trouble there. Here's another in which the turnover is extremely low.

"All these plants are heavy employers of woman labor. And their production—and therefore, in the long run, their financial success—depends on how successfully they deal with this element of the game. They may increase machinery and automatic devices *ad infinitum*, but in the end it all boils down to the human adjunct who tends the machine. My staff will be glad to make appointments at these mills and to go around with you."

Thus he put the whole state works at my command.

Aimless Job-Hunting

With this official open sesame I set forth on my fact-finding explorations throughout his state. And by dint of talking to women, young, old, single, married, American, foreign, skilled and unskilled, who sifted into the employment bureau seeking a job, and unpacked their private griefs and worries as frankly as if they had been consulting a doctor or a priest; by checking up their intensely human histories with the director, who, handling thousands of such cases in a year, has come to be an expert judge and can separate the workers from the shirkers almost at a single glance; by visiting woolen mills, silk mills, cotton mills, electrical works, laundries and celluloid plants—I can tell you exactly from what company your next presidential campaign buttons, with Vote for Hughes, or All for Al and Al for All, will come—by talking with foremen, superintendents and personnel and works managers who discussed modern factory architecture, systems of lighting and heating, night work, amusements, sports, team competition inside their own factory and with other plants, bonuses, benefits, labor unions, white-squadron girls, employes' representatives sitting on juries to settle employment disputes, and all the thousand and one devices by means of which they keep the women contented at their machines and so speed up production in the plant; by checking up this mass of data through conferences with labor leaders and union organizers who are out to solidarize women in the industrial field, and finding it, I may say incidentally, a heavy uphill task—in such fashion, advancing slowly, concerning myself chiefly with the fact picture of what is, rather than with any ideal of what should be, I began presently to perceive a few streaks and striations and definite tendencies—we will not dogmatize and call them laws—that seem to characterize this stupendous woman tide of labor which each morning flows out into the world and each night ebbs back into the home. It was their natural, unconscious reaction—their behavior, as modern psychologists say—that I wanted to get; not industry's reaction to them. That is already clear; it all hinges upon one word—production.

And one night I settled down to go through my heaps of notes and group certain big, outstanding characteristics on which everybody, all the way up and down the line, seemed to agree. The first question dealt with why they were there at all.

"Girls," I wrote, after summing up all my testimony on this point, "seem to drift in and out of industry in the most casual, accidental and haphazard ways. They are like leaves blown on the winds of chance. They land in one place, or they land in another, without any apparent will or volition of their own. In general, there seems to be no set purpose or ideal as to the work itself, or in the choice of a job. It is usually blind luck why a girl enters one factory rather than another. Maybe her chum has started to work at a certain plant and reports that there is a vacant place at the machine. 'Yes, I like it fine,' confided a girl to me. 'You see, my friend Sadie, she was working there, and she told me it was just grand. She makes nineteen a week, piece time. It's steady, and she's out at five. That's the job for mine!' Or possibly her family has moved near a mill which draws all the girls of the neighborhood. Or there may be so many mouths to feed in the family brood that the young ones, at sixteen, are pushed automatically out of the nest to rustle for themselves; and, unschooled and unskilled, there is no opportunity to pick or choose. Or a girl's mother may not intend her daughter to go out to work at all, but a flying brick from a house in course of construction hits the parental breadwinner on the head, and that flying brick causes widening ripples in the family pool. The daughter pins on her hat and starts out to hunt a job. She asks around among her girl friends, and if nothing turns up she marches herself into the nearest public employment bureau and takes the first thing presented that offers the most cash. It's all as casual, blind and unpremeditated as love or life or death."

These, I should add, are the youngsters just starting out, at sixteen, seventeen, eighteen years. A girl may, in her very first job, and particularly if she has gone through a vocational school, have some vague, incoherent ideal as to her work, and the kind of task she considers herself best fitted for; but even that appears soon to disperse like early morning mists as she settles down to the hard reality of toil. This is undoubtedly true of a very large number of young girls. The first year or two these flappers flick in and out of industry, and throw up their jobs for any or no reason, whim or caprice. They are full of ginger and giggles and fine irrepressible youth. They think jobs grow on every bush, and they quit—"walk out on the boss," is the picturesque phrase—four or five times during the season. This, of course, when times are normal and industry on the upward swing. Nor do these girls belong to the floaters, the shifters or the mental irresponsibles. On the contrary, they are often fine, lively human material—the best there is. They would show up high grade on the intelligence-quotient tests.

The Ferment of Youth

Miss Burns—but that is not her name—trade counselor for the juniors in a certain state employment bureau, thinks this high labor turnover among the flappers might be accounted for on the principle that they were searching blindly, unconsciously perhaps, for the ideal job best fitted to their natural needs. They flit around, instinctively, much as the birds fly south.

Commenting on this idealistic explanation, a veteran social worker remarked dubiously: "Well, often they're searching; but just as often—no, even more often—they're not. It's youth; just youth, bubbling, fermenting, rebelling at confinement, trying to kick off the lid. Of course," she summed up thoughtfully, "these girls hope to escape out of industry. It's not their primary affair. They use it, drift in and drift out for a thousand and one reasons, or none at all. They come back to it in a crisis, but they don't regard it as a permanent part of their destiny as does man. One and all, consciously or unconsciously, they hope to escape—escape through matrimony. Industry, to the vast majority of them, is simply regarded as a casual premarital episode."

Which comment brings me point-blank to the second characteristic that marks the attitude of the young woman worker in industry toward her job—the hope of escape; escape out of it altogether through matrimony. This hope colors her entire relationship; loosens it, unhinges it, so to

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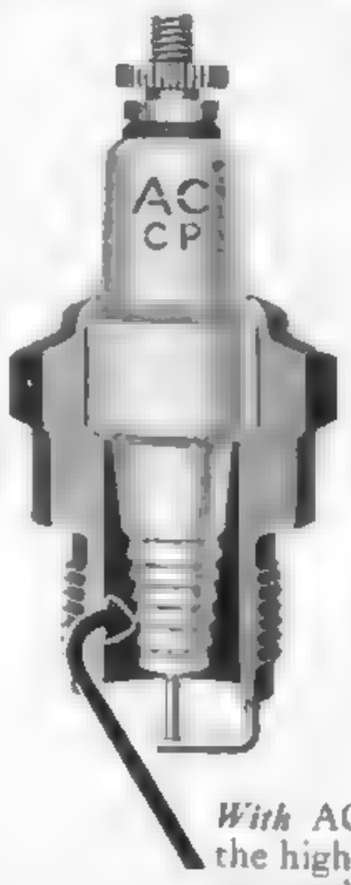

Hard starting and poor performance in cold weather have always been bad enough, but these difficulties become worse each year because of fuel conditions. Spark plugs with the ordinary smooth-surface porcelain permit an accumulation of soot, particularly when the choker is used to any extent. Upon stopping the engine in cold weather the gummy deposit on the surface of the porcelain will harden, causing short circuit and making it almost impossible to start.

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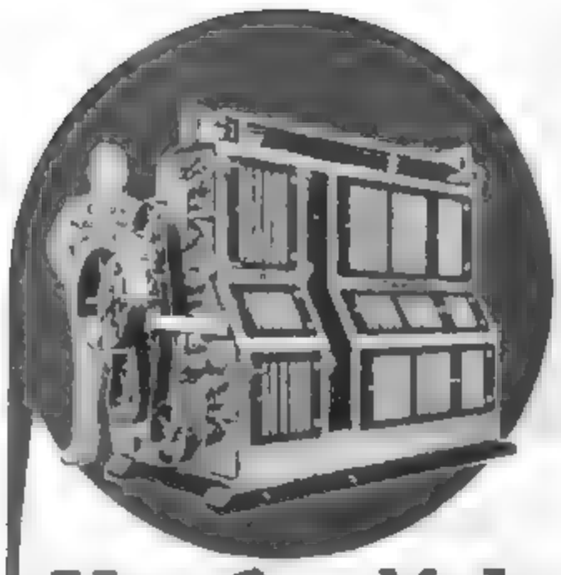

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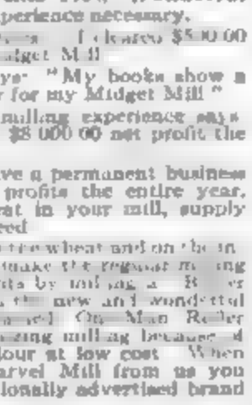

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speak; renders it more complicated, uncertain, irrational and insecure. Does she actually escape? Of course not; at least, not altogether. But whether she actually does or does not is beside the point, for she hopes to; and it is this hope which energizes and directs her conduct in the affair.

Confirmation of this idea of escape through marriage came to me from all sides. First of all, from the girls. Did they like their work? Yes, well enough. A job was a job. "But, say," exclaimed a weaver indignantly, "you don't think I'm going to stand in front of a machine all my life! Nothing doing!" A skilled worker, pulling down thirty dollars a week, her point of view was identical with that of the little girl who did nothing all day but punch holes in metal on an automatic machine. Like her job? "Oh, yes," she laughed, "it's easy as playing. All I have to do is not to think. That sounds funny; but, say, that was just exactly what was the matter at first. Absolutely! I used my mind on it, see, and tried to do it right. And the first day I made so many mistakes I just broke even, and the girl beside me went eighty cents in the hole. We got fined, you see, for every piece we spoiled. Now I don't think about it; just punch and punch and let my mind roam." This girl had worked in a cigarette factory and in a packing plant, and her philosophic conclusion was that a job was a job. "Some's not so bad; some's worse. But I'm not going to be here long, anyhow." And she smiled at me knowingly.

"A better job somewhere else?" I queried. "More pay?"

Escape by Way of Marriage

She laughed outright at what she considered my joke, and added soberly, "Gee! I don't know about the pay!" After which she twisted her hand around so that I could see the engagement ring, and murmured, looking down at the symbol, "Next month!" Next month she would marry; she would escape out of industry and into matrimony; after which life or Nature would have the drop on her; the plot would begin to thicken. Nevertheless, she was hell bent to marry—in spite of the long line of married women whom she passed daily at the factory gate inquiring anxiously for night work. What had these to do with her? Irrational humanity!

Three labor leaders whom I encountered in my search gave me another angle. No one of them knew the other, but they were in complete and depressing unanimity. Women, they said pessimistically, were hard to handle, hard to knock common sense into, hard to organize. Said one whom I shall call Mr. White:

"Women are the devil to do anything with; to help; to organize. They hope to get out of industry altogether, and for that reason they're not intrinsically interested in changing the status of their conditions or of their pay, or in joining unions to fight exploitation. To do so gives them a sense of permanency, and a sense of permanency is just the very thing they don't want. You can't make them listen to logic. You may fuse them for a fight, but they'll disintegrate on you the next week. Of course, the reason is, Nature's whispering to them that this isn't their real job and they won't be in it long. That's the point of view of most factory workers, expressed or unexpressed. Industry's their halfway house, not their final destination, and this makes them mighty hard to organize. To give you an illustration: Last winter I was trying to organize some of the girls in the white-goods industry. They were badly underpaid and their hours were long, with no extra pay for overtime. I stood outside of that factory night after night with my feet in the snow, trying to persuade those overworked girls to organize, and the answers I got were nothing but frivolous evasions of the issue; silly tomfool replies. I particularly recall one—a girl and her chum.

"'Well, you see, it's this way,' she responded to my appeal. 'I don't expect to work in this dump all my life!' And her chum added fervently, 'I should hope not!'

"And then I tried to make them see the real fact picture.

"'What are you going to do?' I asked. 'You'll find conditions in other unorganized plants just as bad.'

"'I guess you're right, at that,' said she. 'But I should worry. I'm going to be married next spring. Got my hope chest half full.'

"'Well,' I persisted, 'I'm glad to hear that. But you'll have a sister coming along. Don't you want to fix things better for her?'

"'Nix on that,' laughed the girl. 'Besides, my sister's got a fella too!'

"'Well,' I went on. 'All right about sister,' I said. 'But here's something else again to think about: Let's say you are married and happy; children come. Then your husband falls sick; there's no weekly envelope coming in; no cash, no coal. You find yourself one morning back at the same old plant, asking the gateman for a job. And your wages are still the same old level, and there are more mouths to feed. How about it—eh, sister? It pays to organize.'"

Upon which, the organizer related, the girl had regarded him a space searchingly, her face moody and overcast, and then she broke into a ringing laugh.

"Ain't you the big gloom!" she exclaimed. "To wish all that tough luck onto me. Say, mister, you'd ought to go into fortune telling. You'd make a tall hit—I don't think! Come on, Geraldine!" And the two had scampered off, giggling, into the night.

And, of course, she was right. Who wants such a sinister forward glimpse into the book of life? You're off your trolley, mister. You're talking about some other girl. The girl on the next machine. But not me! And the organizer also was right. Moreover, his statements were heavily documented by facts; harsh, bitter, incontrovertible facts.

"And still they will marry!" I murmured. "Even after you point out so clearly what's coming to them. Imbecile humanity!"

"Well, I wouldn't go quite so far as that," he replied with a dash of grim humor. "But you see how it is! They're their own worst enemies."

The other organizers, one a Jew and the other of undiluted Pilgrim forefather stock, heartily indorsed this depressing point of view. They did not exactly hold the women responsible. Nevertheless, they delicately imputed reproach. Women, they hinted, balled up the game all around. Not exactly inferior, but illogical, irrational—just couldn't see where their own best interests lay; in short, deplorable.

From the works manager of a gigantic plant, one branch of which employs seven thousand women, I obtained a less irascible and yet at bottom confirmatory statement of fact.

"With us," he began, "it's a kid proposition all the way through. The average age of our girls is twenty. So we have to know girl nature; we have to get their psychology down cold; what they like, what they won't stand for; we have to keep them contented, or they'll whiff off to other concerns."

Trouble-Making Silk Stockings

He related an amusing instance in which gift boxes of silk stockings, presented to the best girls of each department by an overzealous young employment manager, were such a howling success that they upset the labor balance of an entire industrial district, and hot words were passed between rival millionaire mill owners, of which "reprehensible conduct," "immoral practices," and "degrading honest labor" were the least of the epithets slung; and a retaliatory secret house-to-house canvass was started among the girls, promising God knows what—possibly a house and lot—until the rash young employment manager stopped the internecine warfare by getting down on his knees and promising solemnly to abolish the silken hose. But even now the bare mention of the words "silk stockings" at an interlocking directors' meeting will cause a certain fat old party to turn pink around the gills and emit an indignant "Gr-r-rumph-rumph-rumph!".

"Of course," he continued, "we're working constantly to reduce our processes so that the girls do less and the machines do more. That's going on all the time in industry, replacing human action with machine action, for the machine is automatic, perfect and can be relied on, while the human can't. But in the last analysis it all boils down to the human operative who runs the machine.

"Looking at it sheerly from the financial side, machines cost money. It costs money to let them stand idle. With us, for example, it costs about five hundred dollars to train a girl to the point where she's of use to the company. The breakage and wastage in a plant of this kind"—it was an electric-lamp factory—"is extremely high. And to invest that amount of money in a girl, and then to lose her, or permit her to leave, dissatisfied, for some preventable cause, is just like throwing a monkey wrench into the apparatus. So we study how to hold the girls.

"It goes without saying that there's always the problem of labor turnover with them. They don't regard their jobs as permanent. I'm speaking now about our own particular group. This work requires delicacy, precision, and so we must have operatives who are light-handed, nimble and quick, or they will smash more than they are worth.

"Now, most of these girls intend to get married. Their jobs are just to fill the interim. Thank God that's so! But it rather complicates things for us. As to the time they stay? Oh, three or four years at most. Then they're off or married. There's a sense of impermanency in hiring girl labor on this account.

"Please don't think I'm complaining. I'm all for the girls. I say thank God they do marry! And if it weren't for the looks of the thing I'd give them two pay envelopes, one for their mothers and one for themselves. They work hard. Why shouldn't they have a bit of fun?"

Some days later I found myself in a large woolen mill, a plant employing several thousands of women and men. It had been recommended to me by the labor commissioner as possessing model conditions of work, with wages ranging from 10 to 15 per cent higher than other woolen mills in the same town. I was anxious to see the inside of this mill. With the tradition in the back of my head of the old hand looms, the ancient pictorial tapestries whose weavers, highly trained craftsmen, worked out exquisite and complicated designs, I expected to find here deeply skilled women, artists practically, who took a craftsman's pride in the beauty of their designs.

Machinery With Brains

What was my astonishment at discovering how wide were my preconceived notions from the actual fact! With hand looms the machine is nothing—a clumsy vehicle; the craftsman is all. With modern machine looms the case is exactly reversed. The machine supplies 90 per cent of the brain power; the machine does the work; the human adjunct simply tends it, keeps it roaring along. Take, for example, spinning. Conceive a vast well-lighted room of the latest scientific construction, filled overhead with complex whirring machinery. Girls stand before big machines, perhaps twenty feet long, upon which are hundreds of tawny fast-moving threads being wound on spindles. At either end of this long machine stands a girl, her eyes fixed on the moving threads. She watches; nothing else.

I pause to watch one at the machine. She is a pretty blond-haired Russian girl, and the superintendent explains that she and her sister, also a spinner on the same floor, support the entire family. She makes, piecework, over twenty-five dollars a week. And still she stands, arms folded, smiling faintly. She knows, though she can distinguish no word on account of the rhythmic overhead roar, that the superintendent is saying what a smart girl she is and how well she manages her machine. For that is the whole secret—managing the machine. And by managing it, he means simply keeping it going, not permitting it to rest. So she stands, arms folded, one eye on us and the other on the flying machine. Click! It stops—automatically. It does not, you see, depend on the girl, on her attention or concentration. That would be to depend upon her brain. So it stops of itself when something goes wrong.

The girl's eye flies down the long row of motionless threads. Ah, one is hanging loose! Broken! With a lightning flash of her hand, almost too quick to be seen, she knots that thread and touches the machine. It begins to race once more. She steps back and resumes her position of watchful waiting. And that is all of her job. She watches, she knots the broken thread, she restarts the machine. Fatiguing? Yes, for she stands all day. Highly skilled? No. The brain is in the machine.

That is spinning. With warping it is the same. Here, too, the machine is all-powerful, and the warper's job consists solely in keeping the complicated machine in action and knotting the broken or defective threads.

(Continued on Page 105)

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(Continued from Page 102)

"But show me the weavers," I implored. "Surely there's some diversity, some intricacy, some exertion of human brain power there!"

But here again the machines, vast, complex, racing monsters that filled the air with a mighty rhythmical and not unpleasant roar so that we shouted in each other's ears and still could not be heard, had stolen away all the interesting brain part of the job and left the human adjunct simply two or three elementary functions to perform. The weaver stood between two clicking, racing machines. She watched. Click! The big black fellow at her back stopped; stopped automatically. What's wanted? A new spindle. She shoves one in, starts the machine and stands away. She looks off, speaks to a learner beside her, then turns and enters into desultory conversation with a loom fixer, a highly trained mechanic who, with his kit of tools, kneels by a crippled leviathan across the aisle. And presently again—click! It's the other monster now. This time it's a defective thread. The weaver notes it, unravels the imperfect section and starts the machine again. And so on, endlessly. In certain silk mills where broad silk is made a weaver tends not two but four machines. And some of these girl weavers pull down a hundred dollars every two weeks. There's a shortage of them right now.

A Contrast in Attitudes

In the course of my visit to the woolen mill I had a talk with the works manager, an extraordinarily intelligent man, formerly a college professor of psychology who assisted in the now famous trade I. Q. tests in Washington during the war. I had asked him to speak out of his own practical experience on the attitude of the woman factory worker towards her job.

"The first big thing you observe in handling as I do both men and women," he began, "is that the man's attitude toward his job is fundamentally different from that of a woman toward her job. Let us take, to start with, the average man worker. He is intrinsically interested in the job itself; he wants to know all about it; he wants the best wages going, the best conditions, the best hours; and, moreover, he is willing to fight for these things. In short, he wants to better himself; he wants to climb. You may call this ambition, or enlightened self-interest, or what you will; but you'll find it at the bottom of most of his actions. A man, for instance, may take a job, learn all about it, decide it isn't big enough, good enough, with enough opportunity to climb, or after he's taken it he may get a better chance elsewhere. But he will not, on account of any of these reasons, just quit—throw down his tools, walk out and leave his boss in the lurch with an idle machine on his hands. No, the average workman will not do this; not out of exaggerated loyalty to his employer, mind you, but because of what I prefer to call enlightened self-interest; because he knows his reputation will follow him; because he considers his work a life job. So what he does is to notify his boss he is going to quit, that he isn't suited, or that he has a better berth; or maybe he feels his boss out to see if the latter will raise his wages if he consents to stay. The point is that he won't quit without notification, without talking it over with the foreman and letting him know what's wrong.

"That's one element of difference. Another is that you can use that enlightened self-interest with men to make them better workmen, to induce them to climb. You can say to them: 'Now, see here. Here are some jobs as foremen, plant superintendents,' or whatever is the next step up. 'We need good, alert men with experience and heads on their shoulders for these jobs. Now go after them! And the best man wins!' And the men will work like beavers to land those jobs. Or you'll find, often, that it isn't even necessary to speak. The men themselves have their eye on a job higher up that they've picked out secretly and believe they can hold down. They begin to work for it; they put themselves in the way to be noticed for it; and if the incumbent wabbles, or fails to deliver the goods, woe to him! For they're right behind him on the trail, ready to jump into his shoes. I am speaking here, not of the floater, the shifter, the moron or the mentally irresponsible, or the nervous, high-strung agitator or natural trouble maker, but of the average working man, honest, steady, reliable, sober, home-loving, who works at his job by day and tinkers around his home by night the ordinary good citizen.

"That's the case for the average working man. But it's not true—and I speak from a large practical experience—of the average woman worker. First of all, we must admit that she is not intrinsically interested in her job; it is not her primary concern. Women will leave their jobs; they will fail to show up; or they will stay out at Christmas time to do extra shopping without notifying us, even though they very well know that we grant leaves of absence if they tell us beforehand in order to make other provision about their machines. But no, they simply go off on some little private quest of their own. Or they will quit altogether, without warning, without a word. The job is their secondary affair, the home, husband, children or sweetheart being their primary affair. And whenever this primary affair is threatened, gets into a tangle, or a complication comes up, whiff!—they are off like a shot, without warning, without compunction, to attend to their primary concern.

"This characteristic shows in three ways: It shows in their absenteeism. It shows in their quitting without notification. It shows in their refusal to accept responsibility. Let me illustrate that third point first. I have been sold—and by sold I mean that I have committed errors of judgment—over and over in women workers. To give a concrete example: I'll have my eye on a certain woman, a good worker, competent, handles her job well. I'll offer her a position as forewoman on the floor. She turns down the offer. They've turned down my offers of advancement over and over again.

"At first I was astounded. What? Refuse higher wages? Refuse to climb? In the beginning I thought it might be some individual reason or idiosyncrasy on the part of that particular worker. I learned better. It's the attitude of the average woman worker. I question her. No, she replies, she doesn't care for the job; doesn't want the added responsibility. Then I dig deeper, I persist. Why doesn't she like the responsibility? And she replies that she doesn't like the feeling of being clamped down where she can't get out at a moment's notice should an emergency arise. She's willing to do her own work and to do it well; but her face is turned in another direction, and she refuses to take on anything she can't instantly drop when her primary concern calls. Well, there you are. That's biological."

Feminine Absenteeism

"So we must admit that in industry woman labor is more expensive than man labor on account of their tendency to quit without notice, and to be absent, resulting in idle machines. With women we always have a greater labor turnover problem, and we must take that into consideration. I can prove this to you by a glance at our monthly reports. In this plant, for example, we employ twice as many men as women, so that normally, if the percentage of quits and absenteeism were the same for both, the men's should be twice as high. But that is by no means the case. Let's look at some of our monthly reports."

He rang for his secretary, and while she searched the files he continued: "In a big plant like this, with expensive machinery, with keen competition and a bookful of orders to be filled, to have the machines stand idle on account of a tie-up with labor may result in a loss of thousands of dollars, possibly a close-down—usually preventable—so that we make a careful study of employment, as well as of the psychology and background of our people. This particular mill pays 15 per cent higher wages than the surrounding woolen mills. We have reduced our labor turnover to about 16 per cent, while the concern down the road, in the same business and with the same class of women employes, have a labor turnover three times as large. In fact," he finished dryly, "we've got our percentage down to such a fine point that it's subnormal. We'd be better off financially if we'd weed out some of the older, slower ones and take on new blood—but we won't. That's one of the so-called imponderables, the invisible assets in business. These old workers have been faithful to us; we'll be faithful to them, even though, financially, they're a drag. We make, in the long run, by the reputation we

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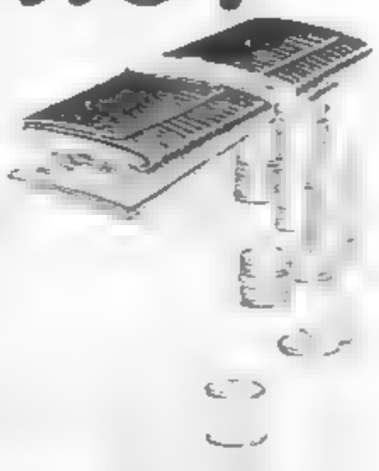

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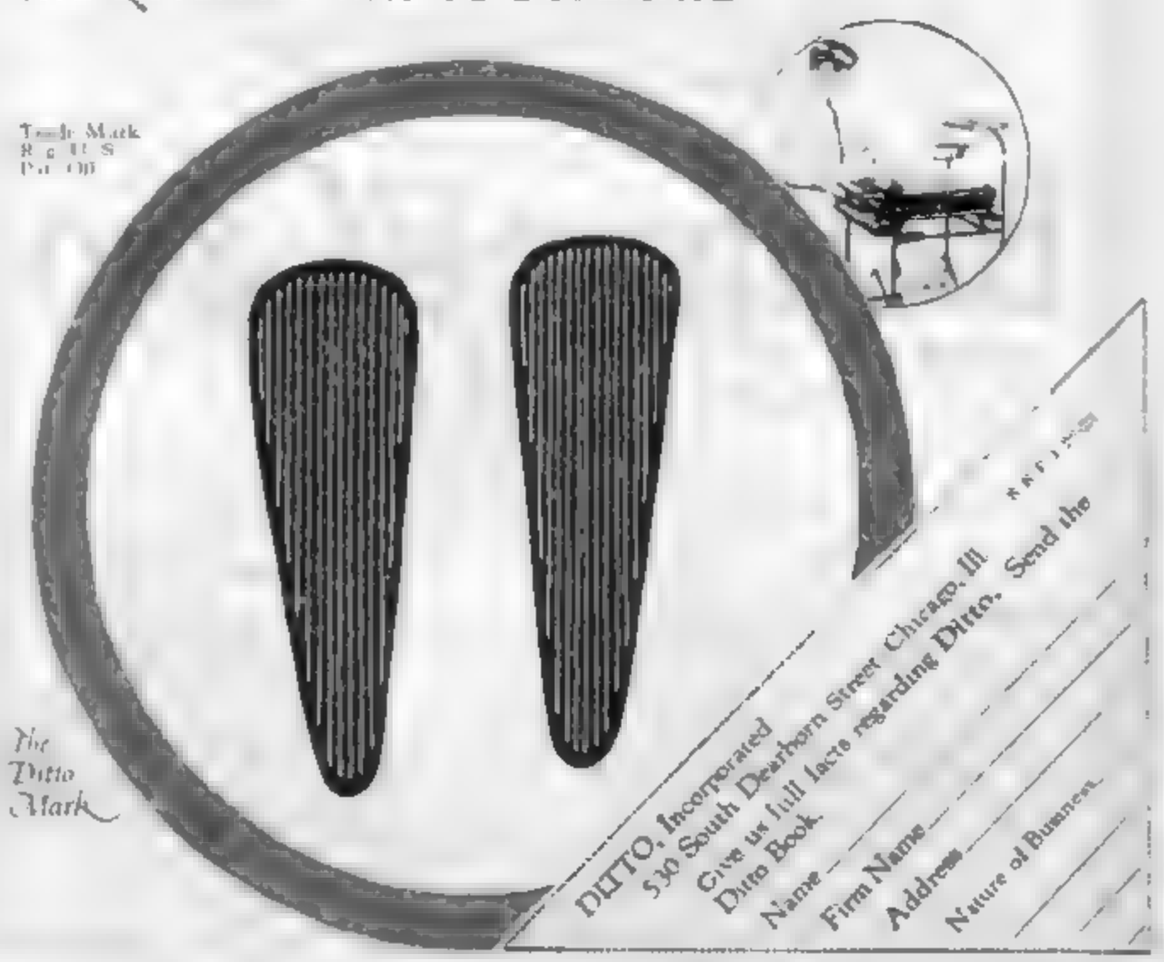

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A NOBLE creation of the American Republic, lying between the hills of Maryland and Virginia, Nature has lavished her fairest gifts to create a fitting background for this city of magnificent distances. No other city in the world equals Washington in grandeur and physical beauty.

A city of gleaming white buildings; of wondrous museums and memorials; of beautiful parks and circles—a city whose charm and restfulness and almost endless number of places and objects of interest combine to make it indescribably fascinating to every visitor—that is Washington.

You could spend weeks here, wandering from place to place, almost bewildered by the number of interesting things that beckon you at every turn in the Capitol, White House, National Library, Treasury, National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Corcoran Art Gallery, Lincoln Museum and Lincoln Memorial. Seeing all this, you will have only just begun.

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gain for justice and fair play. The workers remember. That's what we call establishing a trade memory. And to establish a trade memory like that is a good thing, even from a financial point of view; it's a breakwater against disaster when a crisis arrives."

The secretary laid a sheaf of reports on his table. He motioned me to draw up my chair.

"And now," he began, "let's take a look at these exit sheets. We'll choose at hazard, no matter what month. Here the number of workers are ranged, male and female, with their absenteeism, their layoffs, their discharges and their quits all duly tabulated and the specific reason indicated in each case. In that way I can tell exactly where I stand at a glance. M stands for male and F stands for female. And remember, there are twice as many M's as F's in this plant.

"Now, let's look for the voluntary quits. No M's; four F's. Four times as many women as men. Reasons, D. D stands for domestic—something was wrong in the home. Those are quits, mind you, not temporary lay-offs, or discharges by us. And they're not maternity cases, either, or sickness of the woman herself, for that would be indicated here."

We ran through several other sheets, and the results were the same; the quits and absenteeism of the women far exceeded those of the men.

"And so there you are," he concluded. "Those are the chief problems in hiring women from the plant manager's point of view: Greater expense due to absenteeism, quits, refusal to accept responsibility and a lack of real intrinsic interest in the job—all of which result, directly or indirectly, in financial loss."

"In a nutshell, then," I said, "the situation may be summed up thus: Between modern industry and women exists a deep, irreconcilable conflict, not always apparent on the surface and usually ignored. Industry's after one thing, she's after another; and in a crisis or emotional pressure she takes her own road, leaving her employers to do the same."

"That's right," he laughed. "Bad for industry, good for the race. In employing women we're straight up against biology, and biology is hard to beat."

Rare Feminine Treasures

Thus far I have noted what the manager termed biological aspects of the general situation. These aspects, it goes without saying, were most conspicuously marked in young women under thirty and the married women with families; and these two groups constitute the bulk of female labor today. The older single women, who for one reason or another have formed no matrimonial ties, make, so all agree, fine, steady, competent workers. And usually they advance. You find them forewomen, heads of departments, policy makers.

Once I came upon such a woman. The manager introduced her as a superforewoman, for she occupied a unique position in the firm. She and her brother had started out together as youngsters and worked up from the bottom in the plant. The brother had climbed until he was vice president of the company and was worth millions. A portrait of him hung downstairs in the lobby. When he traveled they switched on his private car to the train. His sister, sturdy, admirable, remained in the place which she had won for herself.

But these single, mature women workers are in such a minority of numbers that they stand out as exceptions to the general rule. In a plant containing several hundred women you will find not more than two or three of this group. Often not a single one in the whole concern. When you do find them they are excellent; wedded not to mere men, but to their jobs. The foreman sings their praises to the sky.

"I just wish all women were like that!" says he, pointing to one with pride. "No monkeyshines about that woman! Been on her job, rain and shine, for eighteen years. Got her little pile in the bank!"

But, as I said, the percentage of such women is so small that it cannot be taken as representative of the general factory-worker group.

Inevitably a study of this kind becomes involved with the immigration problem, for almost the first thing one observes is the striking and fundamental difference between the European and the American labor tradition as regards women; and the difference, arising out of that tradition, between the native American girl and the daughter of foreign-born stock. The American tradition we know. It is, in brief, sufficiently high wages to enable a man to maintain his family in decency so that his wife, especially during her child-bearing years, shall not be forced to go out to work.

American girls do not like hard, rough, dirty jobs under bad conditions, no matter what the pay. They are choosy, discriminating. "Pernickety" was the word one disgruntled foreman used. Another described them as more refined, temperamental, harder to please.

Said another: "They're all wild about the white-collar jobs. They can make twice as much on the floor of my factory, but will they take those jobs? Not on your tintype! They prefer something where they can be dressed up like a lady—and get nowhere."

This, of course, is only partly true. But what is true is that the difference in social caste in certain types of jobs looms rather large in their young eyes. They will tell you they do not like such and such a factory position because it is a social step-down. They carry their little social measuring rod along with them into the industrial world, and their measurements are rather nice. Sheer wages, mere money, means much less to them than to the daughters of the foreign-born. They are on the climb, not for higher wages but to better themselves and to marry on a higher plane.

A Contrast in Types

A girl of this group came into the bureau one day. She had quit her job. Why? Bad pay?

"Oh, no," she replied indifferently. "I made enough. It's not that. But the work's rough and dirty and the smoke gets into your hair. And just look at my hands!" She held them disgustedly aloft. They were red, chapped, the palms crisscrossed with innumerable small nicks and cuts. "Handling metal plates," she explained. "The sharp edges cut your hands. And that's not all. I don't like the girls. They're not nice. My mother wouldn't like me to hear language like that. And say, those foreign girls are regular man chasers. They chase anything in pants. My mother doesn't want me to work there any more; and my father doesn't like it either."

We found this pretty, nice mannered and rather fragile girl a more suitable place.

This same refinement and sensitiveness to social grades obtains in their choice of men. The American girl, if she cannot find the particular kind of mate her little private dream calls for, will turn her suitor down. Here again she uses her small social measuring rod. She may marry older, or she may not marry at all. She is less aggressive, less primitive in the chase. She will not hide a man's hat so that he cannot go home and thus elude her charms, as they claim the foreign girls do. And in general, throughout courtship, she is fussy, skittish, temperamental, and has to be eased and kidded along.

But the girl of foreign-born parents—Italian, Polish, Hungarian, Yiddish, Russian or what not—while she is still held in the bonds of family tradition and before the Americanizing ferment sets in, differs fundamentally from the American worker in her attitude to these three major points: To wages, to work conditions and to men. In all three respects she is more rough and ready, more stodgily vital and easier to please. With the European tradition of women as beasts of burden still strong in her blood, with a background of stark bitter poverty, hardship, hunger and toil, the mothers for untold generations bearing large families, keeping the home fires burning, and at the same time toiling abroad in sweatshop or field—with such an inheritance behind her, it is not surprising to find the daughter of the foreign-born immigrants stoically ready to take on almost anything in the shape of a job or of wage or of a man. She is habituated, by centuries of servitude, to endure.

In the course of my explorations I went out to visit the plant in which the American girls had refused to work. I could not blame them. It was situated down in a bad neighborhood by the tracks, where gangs of young toughs and bootleggers made a Roman holiday of the law. The girls were chiefly foreign, Polish and Italian. The work was dirty, heavy and

(Continued on Page 109)

CHOOSE YOUR TOMORROW

BUT YOU SAY: "I can't live on 'climate' and 'scenery'." No more could you—if that were all there is to California. The very "climate" and "scenery" that give California its charm also provide California with its prosperity—with protection against such violent economic shocks as were experienced in the past few years.

California's delightful climate means a year-round-crop-growing season and California's beautiful valleys produce fortunes in fruits, in vegetables and grains. California's lofty mountains mean cheap hydro-electric power and snow waters for irrigation. California's verdant hills mean profitable pasturage for her herds of livestock. California's boulevarded roads mean speedy and economical motor transportation. California's trim towns and storied cities hum with great commercial, financial, manufacturing and shipping enterprises.

The Pacific Ocean that washes California's shore yields more than thrills to the vacationist. It gives California access to the vast markets of the Orient and South America. San Francisco Bay may rival in beauty and coloring the fame of Naples, but it gives more than that to California—a landlocked, thoroughly protected port capable of harboring all the navies of the world.

Thus, at the same time that a bountiful Nature made California a playground in which to LIVE, she gave it a super-workshop in which to PROSPER.

Between 1910 and 1920 the population of the United States increased 14.9 per cent. During the same period the population of California increased 44.1 per cent. Today, three and a half millions of people occupy a state that will accommodate thirty millions in prosperity.

In 1919 California was the fifth state in the value of crops produced. In 1920 and 1921 California was second. In the average crop value per farm, California leads the first five crop producing states 100 to 200 per cent. Nearly a million acres of irrigated land are now available for settlement. There will be at least 10,000,000 additional irrigated acres when California's magnificent water resources are fully developed.

Between 1910 and 1920 the output of California's factories increased over 243 per cent in value.

Half the people of California have savings accounts, whereas the national average is but one in ten. The national average for savings deposits is $224.00 per capita, as against $370.00 per capita for California.

Homes are more home-like, living is cheaper, schools are better built and teachers are better paid in California.

There is an automobile for every family in the state, a car for every 5.16 persons, 99 cars for every 100 farms. Last year 22,923 motor cars chugged over the passes of the Sierras and down into the sunny foothills and valleys of California—tourists seeing the state, many of them for the first time. *Six months later one out of every three of these visitors had taken out a permanent license plate for his car*

They came as tourists—they remained as settlers. They found what you will find when you come to California—that for the man who brings ability and a fair stake to start with, the pioneer's opportunities are richer in California today than in the magnificent days of '49. For a chance to grow and prosper, for a chance to live better—come to California.

Meanwhile, let Californians Inc. supply whatever specific information about California you happen to need. Californians Inc. is a non-profit organization of California citizens and institutions interested in the sound development of the state. Its services are without charge, its information is authoritative.

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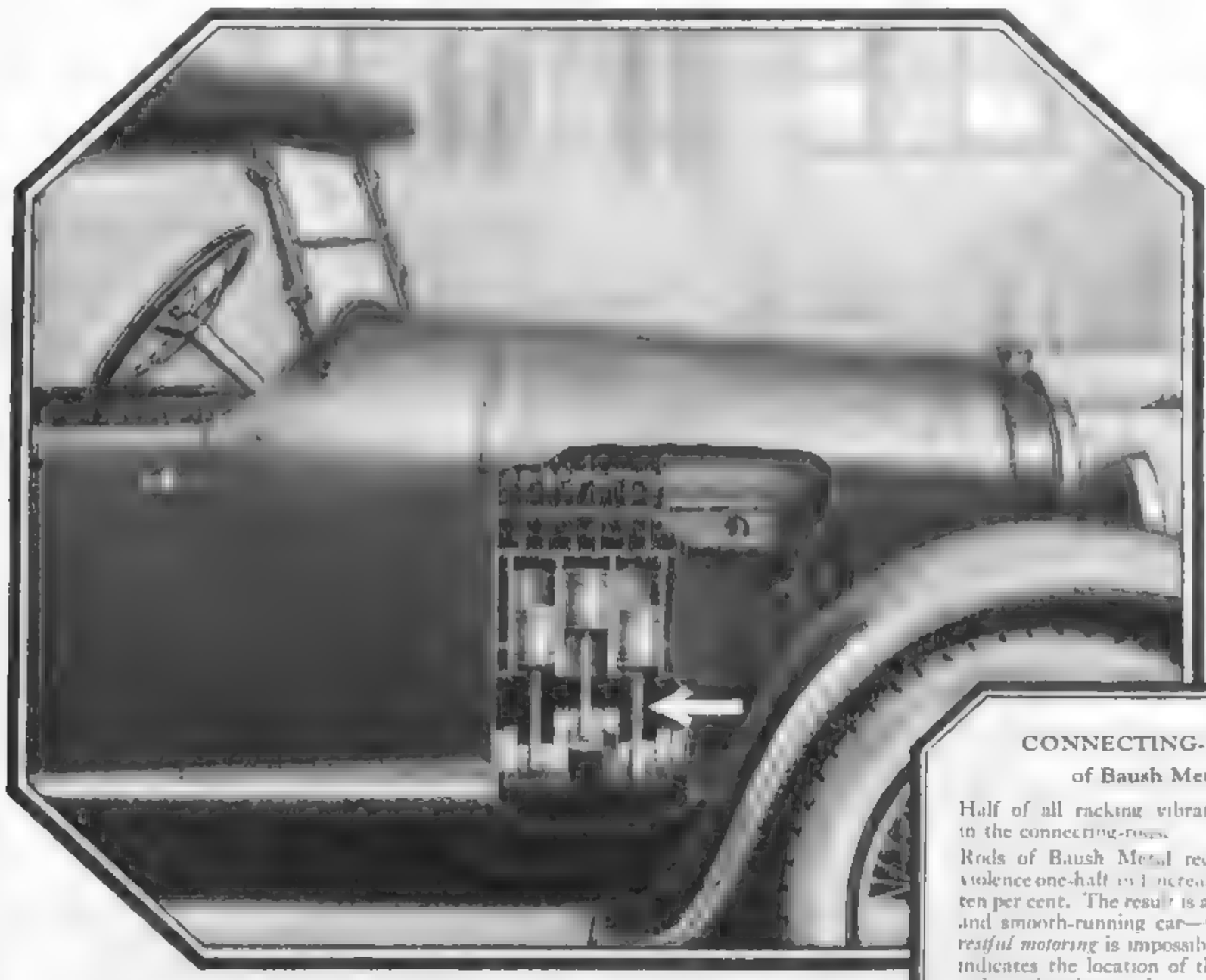


HAPPY is the motorist who [illegible] *free from car vibration—* [illegible] *nuisance that* [illegible] *adjustments, un-* [illegible] *power, and destroys restful motoring.*

Motor cars do not wear out [illegible] *vibrate out. Vibration is the external* symptom [illegible] *moving parts the* disease. *Baush Metal cures the* disease itself *by nullifying vibration in moving parts where the disease originates.*

CONNECTING-RODS
of Baush Metal

Half of all racking vibration originates in the connecting-rods.

Rods of Baush Metal reduce vibration violence one-half and increase motor power ten per cent. The result is a non-vibrating and smooth-running car—without which *restful motoring* is impossible. The arrow indicates the location of the connecting-rods in the picture above

Vibration causes most car troubles

WHEN you feel a car shiver and shake from the strain of heavy vibration, you know that knocks and rattles will soon appear and that your new car will soon be an old one. So commonplace are these facts that most motorists give them little thought—until they are in trouble.

Have you ever realized that more destructive car vibration originates in the *connecting-rods* than in all other sources combined? Have you further realized that the *weight* of your connecting-rods determines whether these vibrations shall be mild or violent—harmless or destructive?

Engineers have known for years that light rods would make vibration harmless, but could not find a satisfactory metal lighter than steel. Baush Metal—the superior Duralumin—now solves this whole problem. This light, strong, dependable metal eliminates half of all the destructive violence coming from connecting-rods.

Connecting-rods weighing three pounds each, as most steel rods do, create three-pound vibrations. Rods made of Baush Metal, weighing only one and a half pounds, create but one-and-a-half-pound vibrations. Thus Baush Metal makes rod vibrations comparatively harmless and preserves otherwise wasted power in its original form for safe delivery to the crank shaft, where it belongs.

The immediate result is a smooth-running, non-vibrating car and a gain of ten per cent in *useful power*. It means tightness and strength for years instead of months, less adjustments, more power when you want it, quicker pick-up and less gear-shifting on busy streets. It means more miles per gallon, less repair bills. Above all, it means *restful motoring* during the entire life of your car.

The use of Baush Metal connecting-rods in any automobile involves no change of mechanical design. The whole magical effect is brought about by making the rods of Baush Metal the superior Duralumin.

To The H. H. Franklin Company goes the credit for first adopting rods of Baush Metal as standard equipment. This progressive organization was quick to see their value and adopted them after two years of exhaustive tests.

Other leading manufacturers have subjected Baush rods to tests totaling several hundred thousand miles. Watch for their announcements of adoption. Also note that the first to act will be those having the longest records for conservative and consistent advancement of their engineering values.

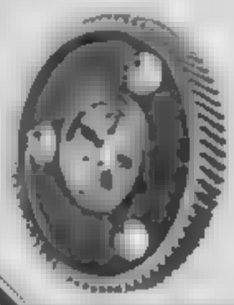
The Baush Metal connecting-rod is only one of numerous ways of applying this remarkable metal to moving parts—the source of all serious vibration. Its presence in any moving part can be confidently accepted as proof of your car manufacturer's sincere wish to nullify vibration and to give you the benefit of the best Duralumin obtainable

TIRE RIMS
of Baush Metal

on four wheels save 40 to 80 pounds. Every pound saved *below the springs* improves riding comfort, makes driving easier and prolongs tire life. Baush Metal is non-corrosive, which means enduring rim beauty and no wall weakening by sharp instruments when tires must be removed.

TIMING GEARS
of Baush Metal

have won a host of friends through their dependability. Their light weight insures quietness and durability. They cannot stretch as do other devices. Thus they maintain perfect timing precision throughout the life of the car. More than 180,000 now in use. No dissatisfaction has ever come to our notice.



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BAUSH METAL

The Superior Duralumin

(Continued from Page 106)

rough, unskilled or semiskilled piecework, the processes consisting usually of four or five motions, endlessly repeated at a high rate of speed, and very wearing to the nerves. A clatter of machinery, heat, smoke, and sometimes fumes. Hours from 7:30 to five. Here it is sheer suppleness and youth that count, and the girls learn to work at tremendous speed.

I stopped to watch a Pole, a girl of twenty, the fastest operator on her floor. She worked with a rhythmical rack and swing of her entire young body that would have wrenched an amateur's muscles from his bones. The particular process she was engaged upon consisted in making paper jackets or pasteboard covers for the electric batteries. She stood before her machine. With her right hand, from a near-by revolving stand, she reached for a sheet of cardboard half covered with glue, and with her left hand she thrust it into the machine—two motions. With her right foot on the pedal she started and stopped the machine two motions. With her left hand she removed the jackets—completely made—and tossed them across the table to another girl—two motions. Six motions in all, but involving practically every muscle of her arms, legs and back, and repeated endlessly at a tremendous rate of speed, with a rack and wrench, so that she bore a fantastic resemblance to a jumping jack jerked about by a string.

At lunch these girls bolt their food with nervous haste and then dance wildly, madly, with a hysterical abandon which seems to calm their nerves. They refuse to sit still a minute, and all lectures, noon-hour talks or one-man entertainments they vote too slow. The noise of the machinery, the monotony, the speed, the wear and tear on their nervous systems, only music or dancing can appease.

I paused at Rose Cronin's table. Rose is a riveter. She operates an electrical machine which rivets copper nails into the battery; and when the electrical riveter comes into contact with the rivet fine copper particles fly up which sometimes become imbedded in the eyes. Of course, Rose should wear goggles, but she won't—unless the inspectors are around—because it slows down her speed. She makes what is called good money—sometimes as high as thirty dollars a week. She chews gum nonchalantly as she manipulates her machine; it soothes her nerves. Her bobbed hair is tightly screwed up on curl papers for some evening festivity.

"A dance?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Rose. "Just a gentleman friend coming in to call."

With her deviltry, her smoky blue eyes and high-strung vitality, Rose is the Circe on that floor. A wild dancer and an A1 magician with the boys. She is burning her little candle of life at both ends and making a merry conflagration. Not one of the survivors.

A Dash of Paprika

"As you see," said the employment manager, "most of our women are foreign, with a dash of paprika thrown in. We're working now at the very peak of our busy season, with all kinds of orders ahead, and still we're short of help. You see, we have a big labor-turnover problem, because the work is rough. The metal we use in some of the processes cuts their hands, and the smoke gets into their hair. And so, though we pay well, even more than they can get elsewhere, the American girls won't stay. They come, try it out and quit; and there's not enough foreign girls to fill the demand. But next week," he added, "we're going to start night work. That'll catch them! You ought to see the long line at the gate waiting to sign up!"

"What?" I exclaimed, aghast. "You can't get day workers, but you have no difficulty in finding women who will work all night? What a horrible paradox!"

"Well," he explained, "it's not the girls. They won't work at night, neither the American nor the foreign ones. Why should they? They work during the day."

"Well, then, I don't understand ——"

"That's simple. It's the foreign-born married women, with families. They can't come during the day on account of their housework and the children. They won't leave them; in fact, they can't. There are the children to get off to school, and the cooking and washing and mending; it keeps them tied down. But at night the menfolks come home; they keep an eye on the babies—and the women are free to work night shifts."

"Beautiful arrangement!" I murmured. "They work all day in their homes and work all night with you."

"That's about the size of it," he agreed.

"And these women are all foreign born?"

"One hundred per cent."

It is not within the scope of this article to discuss night work in mills, save only to say that in each case, without exception, where I ran across it, the employment manager declared that the women who engaged in it were married foreign women with families which kept them busy by day. It is the European tradition of woman as the beast of burden grafted bodily upon American industry.

"Why do you run night shifts, anyway?" I asked one superintendent.

"Production," he replied laconically.

And this group of women is the only large group available which will work double shifts—put in a day's labor in the home, and then tie their shawls on their heads, go out and put in a night's labor in the mill.

The Transition Period

"These foreign mothers," continued the employment manager of the battery plant, "are very strict with their children. They take charge of the weekly envelopes, buy the heavy, outlandish clothes and shoes which the girls come to hate, and supervise their conduct with young men. No free-and-easy camaraderie or running around of nights. The second or third evening a young fellow comes to the house the father takes him aside and inquires his intentions and financial standing. If these are not satisfactory, the next time that young man calls the mother meets him at the door and remarks coldly: 'My girl, she go-a out. She go-a wiz Tony Angelotti. They marry soon.' And the philanderer beats it for some warmer clime."

This is the case of the foreign girl so long as she remains bound by the family tradition. She works hard, turns in her pay to her mother, stays home nights and marries young. But sooner or later these rigid bonds of tradition begin to weaken, to loosen, to break. The girls take up English; they chatter it among themselves and even bring it, despite stern and violent remonstrance, into the home. They giggle at their parents' rough, uncouth, foreign clothes and ways. They feel vaguely ashamed. They are climbing up toward new ideas, new jobs, better social positions in life, and husbands who can give them sealskin coats and automobiles.

It is during this difficult transition period, when they have thrown overboard their old traditions and have as yet acquired no solid ballast of new ones to take their place, that girls often go on the rocks.

"What can you expect?" exclaimed a plant superintendent who had several hundred such young transitionals in his employ. "These youngsters, I mean the small percentage of tough ones who mess up their lives, are to some extent working off the old repressions and struggles and bitter hardships which kept the noses of their ancestors down upon the grindstone for hundreds of years. These girls are young and full of vitality, and their vitality, suppressed through long monotonous hours of factory work, bursts out in their leisure hours like a flame fed by oxygen. Then, too, you must remember that some of them are making what for them is big money, and it goes to their heads. The majority pull through."

There are certain ultra-modern novelists, playwrights, sociologists these days, swivel-chair artists all, who, sitting aloof in their studies, have set themselves to plot what they call the worker's curve. They analyze, psychoanalyze, synthesize and agonize, and finally turn out a formula by means of which they prove that the workers of the world are hairy apes or Calibans or abysmal brutes. As fascinating indoor sport, this is all very well, but it's rather short on truth. For the fact is, as anybody can tell you who comes within gunshot range of any he and she specimens who toil, whether with nimble hand or brain, that Robots and hairy apes and Calibans and abysmal brutes are present in the germ plasm of us all, high and low, rich and poor, and those of medium degree. We can't be grouped by occupation, or money, or its lack. "Daily, with souls that cringe and plot, we Smais climb and know it not," is about the only sociological formula which seems to hold good all the way up and down the human family tree.

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THE SUNBEAM

(Continued from Page 9)

little street outside the door, where a language predominated which no normal American could understand, where donkeys drew painted carts, and folks carried water on their heads, down at the end lay the blue water and the ships.

Almost any day you could see one fresh from over there where things were neat and right, where the only smells were clean smells of gasoline and smoke, where the buildings looked real and regular, and they wore creased pants and the bread was soft so you could get a grip on it.

Giovanni's voice broke in on his reverie and reminded him that home was very far away. Giovanni's words were clear and distinct through his whiskers, and made Willie turn quite cold.

"Petto has prayed to the saints to find you," said Giovanni. "He is praying now right around the corner."

"Say," said Willie sadly, "Petto needn't be so sore. What does he want anyway? Instead of helping a poor hard-working guy who is out of luck, what did he do as soon as I skipped off the boat? He commenced to hold me up with a gun. Say, he ought to have known I wouldn't hand over the real stuff. Of course, the diamonds I give him was glass—of course!"

Willie's confession of ethics, and even the tearful pleading which underlay his speech, left Giovanni placid and judicial, as though his mind was dealing with other weightier thoughts than glass diamonds and the tribulations of a venturous profession.

"What you need," he repeated more emphatically, "is a friend who loves you."

"I knew it!" groaned Willie. "I knew it, you fat old bloodsucker! How much do you want to get me outa here—outa here clean?"

In the untrammeled outpouring of his gratitude, in the sentimental relief which comes over most kindly souls, Giovanni advanced on Willie with outspread arms.

"Ah," sobbed Giovanni, "I knew it! It was the saints who told me that because I love you, you would understand."

But religious fervor seemed scarcely to soften Willie's adamantine heart.

"How much?" said Willie coldly.

"The diamonds," said Giovanni simply, "and I tell nobody. The diamonds—that is all."

Plain though Giovanni's request was, and concisely expressive of a primitive and common want, it had an effect on Willie on which not even Giovanni's foresight had calculated. Instead of sorrow or righteous indignation, Willie was laboring under a rare and strange embarrassment. A rosiness almost like a blush was mounting to his forehead and to his ears, quite as though he had been touched in some tender and amorous debate. He cleared his throat and tried to speak, then cleared his throat again.

"I I ain't got the diamonds," he said at last in a thin small voice.

"Ain't got?" echoed Giovanni. "Holy Mother! What you think I am?"

Willie grew redder still, and hung his head in guilty shame.

"You won't grab it off," he said despairingly. "No hard-boiled guy would. Sometimes I don't know why I done it myself. I ain't got the diamonds any more because—because I give 'em back to the lady I took 'em off of. There ain't any diamonds—any more."

Incredible though it sounded, there was no doubting that halting, shameful speech. It may have been the astonishing insight it gave to Willie's character which caused old Giovanni to lean against the wall, his face purple with emotion and his breath coming in rattling gasps.

"Santa Maria!" he groaned. "It is too much! Tell me you are joking!"

"I knew y' wouldn't get it," said Willie sadly. "Don't artists give away their pictures? Well, believe me, it was art to get them diamonds."

The emotion under which he was laboring then made him abnormally forgetful. In the enthusiasm of self-justification he had forgotten the cares which beset him and had turned the better to see Giovanni, so that for a second his back was towards the door. He was warned only by Giovanni's look of horror before catastrophe overtook him. The next instant he heard behind him a familiar official voice, cool as the sea breeze on a northern sea, rough as a diamond on glass, and wholly undeniable.

"Willie," said the voice, "see if you can reach the ceiling."

Willie gave a cry of misery. His hands shot up in a familiar gymnastic attitude and he felt his face burning with a new shame, a new mortification. Nor was he alone in the throes of grief.

"*Dio mio!*" sobbed Giovanni. "I don't get da mon'! I don't get da mon' from nobody!"

"You said it, father," replied the voice. "Willie, you turn around."

He turned obediently, his hands still high above his head. There in front of him stood a big man, a very big man, with a derby hat tilting far backward on his head and a cigar tilting upward from the corner of his mouth. His face was very red and his suit of plain clothes—very plain, indeed—was wrinkled from travel. His hands also were red, and very large and capable, and one of them was gripping a handsome nickel revolver.

Even the cops at home used to say that Willie was game and polite; and now, though his heart was like lead and his mouth was dry, he essayed a smile of welcome. He tried, but failed, and why not? For he was standing face to face with Nemesis—face to face with Sergeant Sweeney from headquarters.

"Willie," said Sergeant Sweeney, with his old conventional words, "you may as well come along quiet."

"Sergeant," said Willie reproachfully, "ain't I always quiet when I get pinched?"

"Shut up," said Sergeant Sweeney, "and hold still."

With a swift professional thoroughness Sergeant Sweeney did his duty. Out of Willie's pockets they began to come—the little trinkets he loved and cherished—an automatic pistol, carefully greased, a simple but effective pair of brass knuckles, a ball of twine, a little packet of steel implements which his father had given him, a silver pocket flask, a gold cigarette case.

"Sergeant," began Willie feebly, "lissen—lissen, sergeant,"

"Shut up!" said Sergeant Sweeney.

And out they still came—clip of cartridges, carefully oiled and greased, a small section of lead pipe wound around with string, a pearl stick pin falling tinkling to the floor, and a photograph.

"Honest," cried Willie with sudden energy, "that ain't nothing—honest, sergeant! I just took it outa the Sunday paper."

Sergeant Sweeney, cold and unmoved, retained the picture in his thumb and forefinger, and made a terse gesture with his revolver toward the rush-bottomed chair.

"You can put your hands down," he said, "and sit there and shut up."

With twisted coat, tie awry, weak and bedraggled, Willie sank into his seat, and Sweeney looked at the photograph.

"Lissen, sergeant!" cried Willie with a catch in his voice. "You ain't got nothing on me—honest, sergeant. You must have heard. I—I give back them diamonds."

Sergeant Sweeney, however, was looking at the photograph with an amazed intensity, almost wonder. So great was his interest that he replaced his revolver in his pocket and flattened the picture on the palm of his right hand. Looking back at him was a girl, calmly aloof and beautiful, and about her neck was a string of diamonds.

"Sergeant," cried Willie, "ain't I told you? Ask the lady—ask her pa—if you don't believe me."

Sergeant Sweeney moved his cigar into the other corner of his mouth and tilted his derby hat back farther on his head.

"B'gad," he muttered, "it's Miss Smythe-Brown all right! No wonder the old gent's half crazy. I see it now. It was a kidnaping game."

"Ain't I told you I give 'em back?" reiterated Willie, writhing with pain.

Sergeant Sweeney removed his cigar.

"I got you," said Sergeant Sweeney, "and I know your little game. Thought you could pull that, did you? It's lucky the old gent had an eye peeled. It's what I always said. No normal crook would give anything back unless he was playing for something else; but you don't kidnap any young ladies now—see?"

"Sergeant," said Willie, "you otter know I wouldn't try a thing like that. Why, sergeant, I only play the honest stuff!" (Continued on Page 112)

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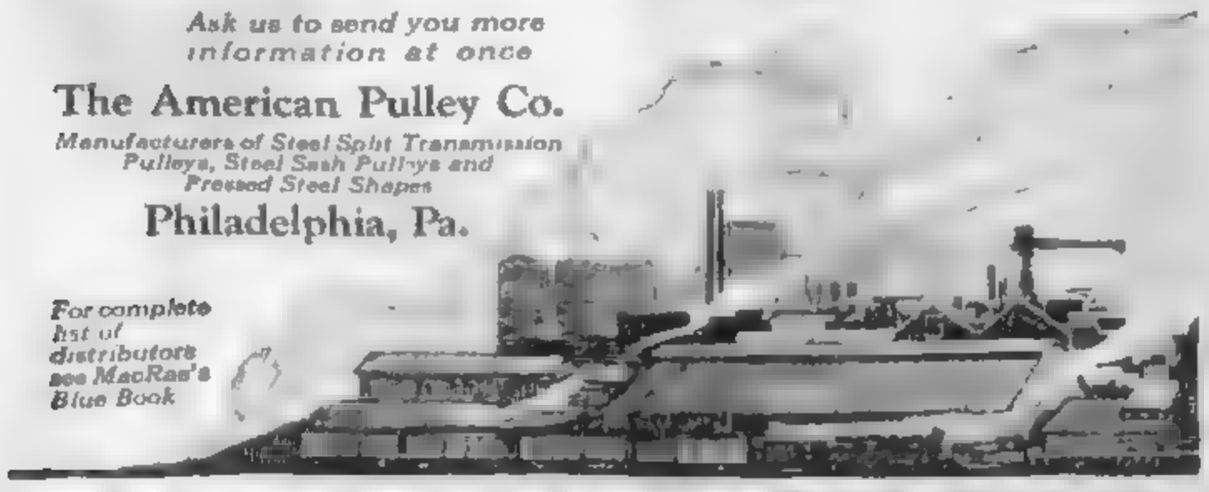

AMERICAN
STEEL SPLIT
PULLEYS

Continued from Page 110

But Sergeant Sweeney apparently cared little for ethics, for in answer he held forth a pair of shining handcuffs.

"It don't matter," he said, "because you're going anyway. You're wanted back home for housebreaking. Hold out your fists."

"Sergeant," pleaded Willie, "won't you tell something to a poor guy who is outa luck? It isn't true—he didn't get you over for that?"

"Since you want to know," said Sergeant Sweeney, "he did. I'm taking my vacation, and Mr. Smythe-Brown's paying my expenses. He's sick of you hanging around. Hold out your mitts!"

"Cheest!" cried Willie. "So that's what comes of being kind and honest!"

And as Willie spoke Sergeant Sweeney's cigar fell from his palsied fingers.

"Jumping Judas!" roared Sergeant Sweeney. "Where the hell did you get that?"

And there was reason for his wonder, for in Willie's outstretched hands was an automatic pistol.

"Where'd you think, you boob?" demanded Willie pleasantly. "Outa the seat of my chair. Any guy who knows always keeps two of everything. Hey, you!"

Old Giovanni started, filled with new life and hope.

Sergeant Sweeney made a gasping, choking sound.

"Turn out his pockets," said Willie, "and then call Petto the Wop. Hand 'em over. Take yer time. He won't hurt you."

In spite of the confident ease which etiquette had taught Willie to wear on such occasions, there appeared reasons for doubting his assertion. Sergeant Sweeney's rough, unpolished nature had come to the surface at a time when polish and breeding were needed most. His face had the purple, richly colored look of a man struggling with some heavy burden. He seemed overcome with a desire for words and yet unable to speak. Not until Giovanni had closed the door behind him did an explosion of sound burst from the sergeant's deep chest.

"When I get out of this"—he began.

Willie had removed a letter from the sergeant's bill folder, and with it a roll of money, which he weighed carefully in his left hand; but on his mind were other things than mere financial gain.

"Sergeant," he said, "we've met before in a business way, and you know I do things right. Mebbe you won't get out. That's why Petto's coming. You remember Petto."

Sergeant Sweeney gave such a convulsive start that Willie pressed down the lock of his pistol.

"You cold-blooded little fish," cried the sergeant, "if you try anything like that ——"

"Now, now!" said Willie soothingly. "Both you and me has known Petto back home. Lots of times he don't kill folks. You know the way those gunmen are—artistic, sergeant, just artistic."

As Sergeant Sweeney stood before Willie's chair watching the pistol and Willie's nervous fingers twisted about the trigger, he made a baffled sound of a soul in torment.

"Willie," he said, "you've got a bad record against you back home, and this won't help you none when the time comes. Now if you act gentle and put down that gun and behave yourself, why I might be a help to you. Now, I don't exactly say it, but maybe Mr. Brown might let you off. Be a sensible kid and put down that gun."

"Sergeant," said Willie, "there never was a bull yet who could understand the feelings of an artist."

Sergeant Sweeney made another incoherent choking sound, but Willie continued to speak, carried on by the ardor of his thoughts.

"Sergeant," he said, and his voice was sweet and sad, "it ain't often that gents in my profession have a chance to do a kind deed, and when we do it we don't like to be insulted. Now, I had these diamonds, and I give them back just to be kind and neighborly—and what happens? Does the old gent say thank you? No, he don't. He sends you here to pinch me. Now that ain't the way to treat an artist—and a gentleman."

The ice of his conventional restraint was broken. He might have continued to reveal his sensitive soul to the full if Giovanni had not hastened into the room at that very instant, puffing slightly from the zeal of his efforts. At Giovanni's elbow was a little man with olive skin whose features were battered and uneven from the exigencies of existence. Upon perceiving the sergeant the little man licked his lips and glanced at Willie questioningly.

"Hey," he said, "are you seek? Why doncher croak him off?"

But Willie shook his head, and his voice was still sweet and sad.

"Petto," he said, "the last time we met we was doing business over a diamond necklace. It isn't a shooting job. It's only to tell you, Petto, I'm sorry I was dishonest. I wasn't fair—not to you or to myself. Petto, I'm going to get you back those diamonds."

With a gesture of polite disbelief Petto spat on the palm of his right hand.

"Are you seek?" he reiterated. "Ain't I seen you work back home? Don't I know you don't give nothing back?"

It was a crowning sorrow, that cynicism from one who had been so close in a business way. Willie was still holding the letter he had extracted from Sergeant Sweeney's wallet. He waved it now under old Giovanni's nose.

"You're goin' to get 'em!" he cried. "Where's that place on top of the paper?"

Giovanni glanced at it and his dim old eyes grew bright.

"Bella Luna? Ah! The lovely little town with the big palazzo and the mountains! Oh, yes, I know."

"Buddy," said Willie calmly, "we're goin' there tonight, and when we're finished you won't never need to work again."

He glanced coldly at Sergeant Sweeney. He knew it. His better nature was prompting him now, and his voice grew loud with honest determination.

"I'm goin' to skin those rich birds alive. And just to show you I'm straight, all you need do is keep the sergeant. Treat him gentle, Petto. You know how—and if I'm not back in a week, if I don't deliver the goods, why leave him loose! You and me are gentlemen, Petto. We understand. When I say I'll skin those folks I mean it, and mebbe next time they'll know I'm an honest guy."

There was no doubting the candor which made him noble and majestic then. Even Petto, embittered by the world's deceits, could not doubt for long. As he perceived the sergeant's horror-struck look Petto's features, muddy and discolored from overwork, relaxed.

"Go to it, kiddo," he said. "I'll keep him. Where you goin' now?"

"To get some new pants. Ain't I got to keep my reputation?"

For just a moment he felt the blood tingling through his veins, as it always did when adventure called him. For just a moment he rubbed his hands rapidly together and drew a deep and happy breath. Then the light died out of his eyes again, and his hands grew limp and still. On the floor where Sergeant Sweeney had dropped it in the recent stirring scene lay the photograph. There it was, face up, the proud, calm face of a lovely lady staring coolly before her. He picked it up, muttering something between his teeth, and then replaced it slowly in his pocket. Of a sudden he *felt* his eyes were hot and his mouth dry with the ashes of discouragement, and his thoughts were scattered things, chaotic with shattered visions. Even the roll of bills in his pocket had none of its accustomed weight or stimulation. Even Sergeant Sweeney's letter was leaden with sadness and not a missive of hope. It read:

My dear sir: My wife and daughter, whom you suggested I should send to a quiet place, are at Bella Luna, where it is very quiet indeed. I hope to join them in three days, so that you may wire me there if you need further funds. And may I add what a relief it is to feel that a man is here capable of coping with those refinements of criminality which we grow on our native heath? Sincerely yours,

G. SMYTHE-BROWN.

Willie whistled softly between his teeth.

"Yep," he said, "I need new pants all right."

He said it, but no one knew the wounded pride which underlay his words. For he had received the unkindest cut of all. There could be no doubting after he had read that letter that even she believed it. Even she believed he was dishonest. And no one—no one at all believed he was a sunbeam, even when he tried.

III

IN THESE days of the psychology of dreams, when men of science can probe the mind with the deadly accuracy with which a dentist wields the appliances of his

trade, we know all about the subconscious. It is pleasant to think that Willie, forsaken and misunderstood, still had his past behind him, and that his subconscious mind still worked while he was caught in the throes of disillusion.

When the train, lurching forward with the persistence of the glaciers, and with the glacial speed which trains only attain in the world's warmer lands, carried him through the night into the sunshine of another day, he was far from suspecting that he had a sunbeam's potentialities. But he was dreaming a beautiful dream when Giovanni woke him, a dream of a lovely place. It was like a free lunch and like a department store, only not entirely like either. There were tables, elegant tables with marble tops, covered with cigars and dollar bills and beer, and folks were tossing the bones, and waiters with wings and spangles were passing the drinks, and other men with wings were dropping diamond studs out of their shirts and never looking back. And all around, in every direction, were spangles and the sound of talking machines and player pianos and bright and handsomely colored lights like lights on a Christmas tree.

"Hey!" said Giovanni, and it was all gone.

Willie rubbed his eyes and stared about him with a dazed, stupefied smile still hovering upon his lips, for he was a poet in his way and loved to think of lovely things.

"Cheest," he groaned, "I thought I was in heaven!"

"No," said Giovanni, "it is Bella Luna, but we will make it heaven when we have the mon'."

Yet in some subtle way Willie still felt differently than he ever had before. Perhaps the cobwebs of phantasy were still about him, and his thoughts still were dwelling on spiritual things. Some of the effulgent beauty of the place seemed still to remain with him as he stepped from the train. Everything seemed grander than it should have. Perhaps it was because he himself had a courtly appearance that early sunny morning.

Back home where they did big things, and did them in a big way, and where even metal suspender buttons were sold with a punch, folks with real artistic discrimination used to say that Willie knew what was what. That morning as he stepped out into the sunshine he never knew it better, for he had taken pains to look his best. For was he not another knight going into the lists to vindicate his honor and to wield the righteous brand of vengeance? It was only natural and fitting that he should be surrounded by an aura of romance. His shoes of a greenish hue, with buttons of dark purple, reflected the day in all its brilliance. Upon his trousers, creased like folded metal, and generously checked in black and white, a Capablanca might have played the Queen's Knight's Opening or Philidor's Defense. His coat, of the same material, was cut in sinuous curves, giving a sense of dashing restraint, while hinting what it might have been if its creator had allowed his art to run away. A collar of spotless new celluloid adorned his neck, and from it flowed his necktie in a cascade of silk as purple as the cloth of Tyre. In that fair Italian land which had seen so many vicissitudes, where Cyclops, Greek and Saracen had trod, there was something new and glorious in his appearance which well might have lighted the hearts of the toilers of the soil.

As a cautious and adventurous gentleman should, Willie landed on the platform on his toes. His face wore the calm, supercilious sneer of perfect breeding, though his eyes darted restlessly to right and left beneath the brim of his green and fuzzy hat. He felt a sense of emptiness pervading him, for he was little used to open spaces. In front of him was a little station building, but aside from that he could see no other habitation of man. Beside the donkeys three old men were leaning their backs against the warm stucco wall. Each of them had removed his shoes and was wearing them strung about his neck. In front of the donkeys were other men, big and grizzled, and little children rolling in the dusty road in a state of dishabille which made him turn away. He looked, and the more he did so the more puzzled he became, for back of the station was nothing but hills and sky, and in front of him was nothing but sky and hills piled high like a gigantic heap of rubbish. He turned to Giovanni in deep and sudden distrust. The men beside the donkeys were looking at him. The old men also were staring in vague fascination.

"Say," said Willie, "are you tryin' to be funny? This ain't a town. It's a house."

For answer Giovanni pointed upward, far up where hills as large as skyscrapers frowned down upon him, up along a narrow road that twisted like a broken shoe string to where a cloud lay like a blanket wrapped about the rocks.

"Bella Luna," said Giovanni, "is up there -up in the cloud."

In spite of himself Willie gave a superstitious start. In some strange way it was like the fabric of his dream, like a land of promise concealed from the mortal eye.

"Cheest," said Willie, "it's a tough place to make a get-away!"

But just then something occurred which checked all philosophical speculation. The three old birds who had been reclining against the wall staring at him arose with one accord to their bare feet. Each had drawn a wooden flute from his pocket and had placed it to his lips. Willie gave a little jump as a weird melody met his ears. The three old birds were playing the flutes and were jumping also like goats about an ash can. From somewhere behind him came a glad and joyous shout. The three men by the donkeys had removed their hats. They were bowing to him in stately reverence. And then Willie gave another jump. Someone had thrown a bunch of roses at his feet. And out of the station building had come a man dressed in a uniform. Willie made a quick, instinctive motion, but almost immediately stopped with mouth agape. The man in uniform was bowing also, waving his braided cap to the ground, and he was holding forth a wicker-covered bottle filled with a red liquid.

Never before had a man in uniform done a thing like that. Aghast at the unconventionality of the spectacle, Willie pushed his hat up from his eyes. They were moving nearer to him. They were pressing the bottle into his hands, and the tune of the flutes from the same reeds that had once charmed Cerberus were ringing in his ears. Despite his better judgment, a feeling of wonder was stealing over him; and yet it was a gentle, restful feeling. Mechanically he raised the bottle to his lips, removed it, and raised it again. It was not an aberration. They were still bowing, and someone was rubbing the dust from his shoes, and someone was thrusting a rose in his buttonhole.

"Cheest!" gasped Willie.

One of them was handing him a piece of cheese. One of them was softly brushing his coat and another had led forward a donkey, and was bowing, pointing at the saddle and making sounds of gentle supplication. A hoarse exclamation beside him made him turn his head. Something had taken Giovanni aback. His mouth also was agape, a black cavern in his whiskers.

"Santa Maria!" he muttered. "They think you are the grand signore. They think you are the gentleman!"

As this knowledge flashed upon Willie with all its rare luminosity it was more than the wicker-covered bottle which made him warm inside. The shock of it was like the afterglow which comes from a plunge in cold water. He blinked and pushed again at the brim of his neat new hat; but when he spoke he did so like a proud man who has come into his own.

"Think it!" he cried. "Why, these birds have brains! They know it! That's what they do!"

He could feel the buttons of his checkered coat pressing against his chest. In the back of his mind, through the somber veil of bitter thoughts and cares, was a light growing ever brighter and more pervading. In some odd way his thoughts were going back to a crowded street where a high nasal voice was singing its plaintive song. Though he hardly knew what had happened, he knew it was something soulful and wonderful, the fulfillment of some half-formed prayerful wish. There could be no doubt of it. The flutes were still playing. They were sticking another rose in his buttonhole. They knew it. They knew he was a gentleman and a polished guy. Was there any wonder that the finer, nobler side of his nature attained its just ascendancy, and that he forgot necessity and duty, as a gentleman should forget them on occasion? Was it any wonder that he did a deed quite the reverse of his habit?

"Holy Mother!" cried Giovanni. "Stop in the name of the saints!"

Impulsively Willie's hand had sought the pocket of his checkered trousers. It came

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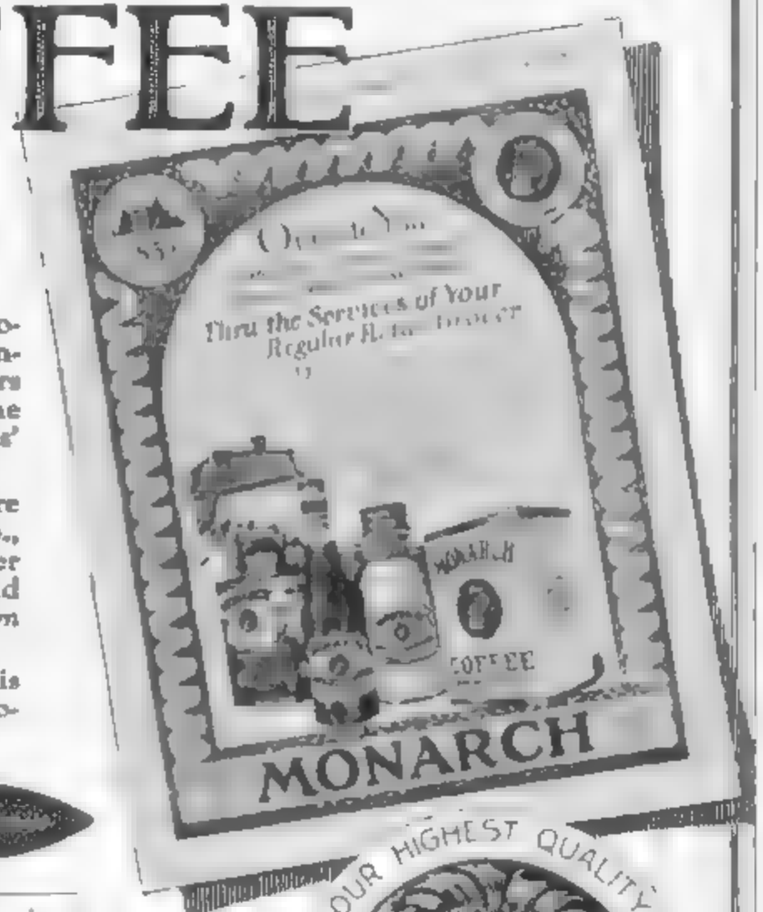

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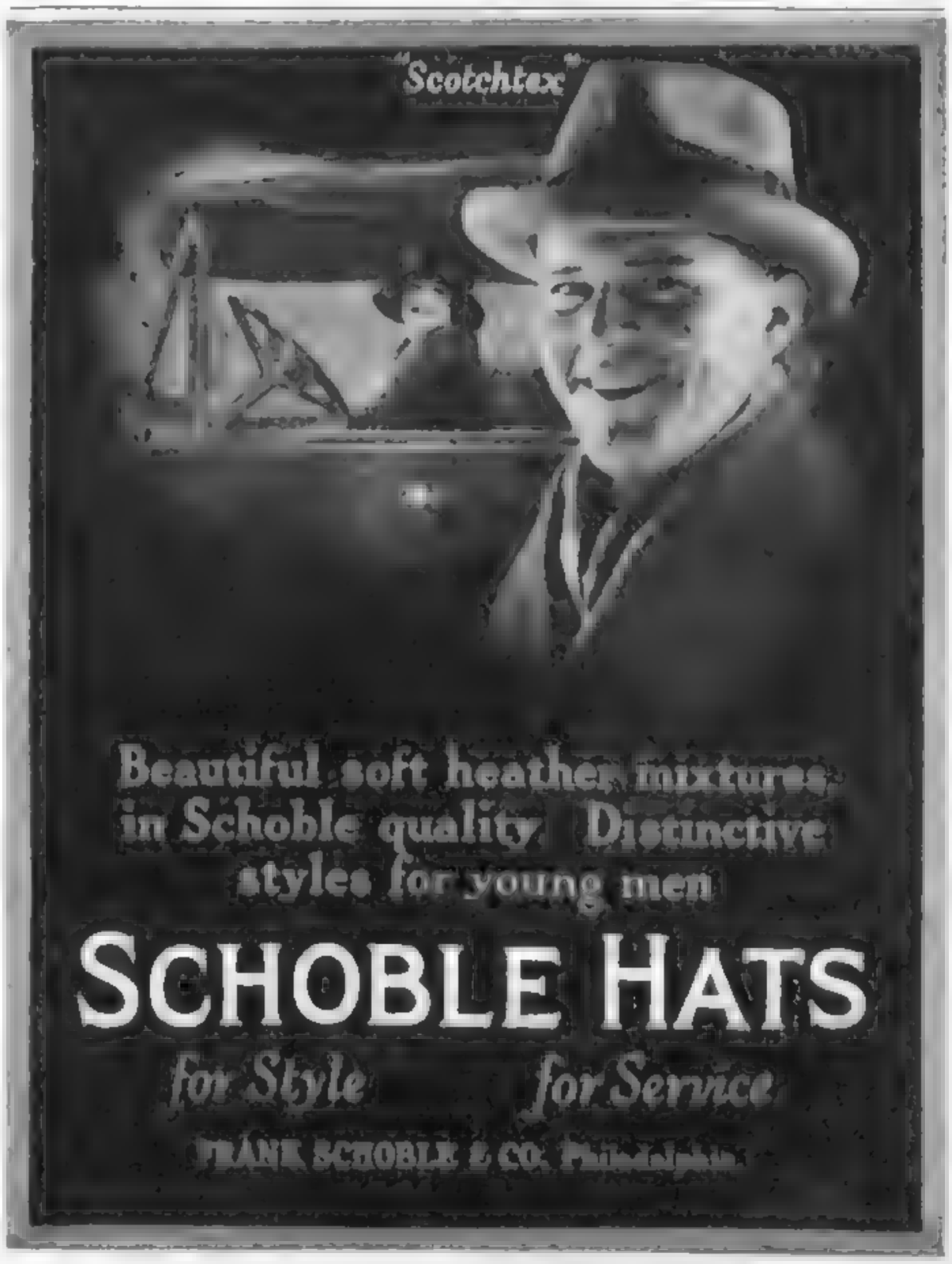
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out filled with bits of paper money which crinkled gayly at his touch, and with a lordly gesture of munificence he had tossed them in the air.

"Folks," said Willie, "the licker's on me. I know real guys when I see's 'em."

Was there any wonder that his eyes half filled with the manly tears of generous sentiment? For there could be no doubt that he was understood; that at last, when the sky was darkest and the tide of his hopes had receded from the mud flats of despair, of a sudden he had found true sympathy. Instinctively he knew it was not the money but the grace with which it was given—himself, in short, which evoked a loud outburst of enthusiasm. It was not wholly joy. They were weeping, too, seizing those paltry bits of money and pressing them next their hearts. They were clinging to his knees, making gentle, conciliatory sounds. They were half lifting him on the donkey's back. They were going up the road, and the old men, with a nimbleness which belied their years, were hopping up ahead, dancing to the tune they made. And now the others were dancing, too, laughing and clapping each other on the shoulders. Indeed, of them all only Giovanni had evaded the contagion of that burst of terpsichorean phantasy. Some secret sorrow, like an internal pain, was racking Giovanni and making him tug impulsively at Willie's sleeve.

"Hey!" he demanded above the din. "Do you forget you came here to make the mon'?"

But he might as well have spoken to a mariner who has heard the Siren's call, for Willie only raised the bottle of red liquid once more to his lips with thoughts high above all petty mundane things.

"Hey!" cried Giovanni. "Do you wanna get drunk?"

Willie's response was so prompt and heroic in its stern resolve that the color receded from Giovanni's nose.

"Buddy," said Willie, "I don't want to—I'm goin' to. Ain't I said I was a gentleman?"

They were up very near the cloud now, so near that the world was very far, and where a man of sense could look back complacently on the petty struggles and insignificant intrigues of a day gone by. Only a day ago Sergeant Sweeney was the impersonation of doom—and now how little, how futile it all seemed? In twos and threes, running down the hill, others were hastening to join the little cavalcade. They had thrown not a bunch of flowers but a garland about his neck. They were giving him little baskets, curiously woven, filled with nuts and figs.

Yes, the world was very far away, and he was a handsome sight. He tilted his hat to a more becoming angle. He gave the touch of a connoisseur to his purple necktie, and with moistened fingers rubbed his collar of celluloid so that it might shine more brightly in the sun.

"Holy Mother!" groaned old Giovanni. "Now see what you have done! They are bringing the music."

There was no doubt. Already they could hear the festive strains of a violin. More men, big men with beards and little ones with light mustachios; men in pants of skin and men in pants of cloth; and old dames with canes, and young ones and boys were hurrying down the hill, giving happy cries of welcome—and among their voices Willie could hear his own raised in a merry song. Again he thrust his hand in his pocket, and again he raised it aloft, while little rectangles of brightly printed paper fluttered about his head.

At the sight of this phenomenon, so little expected, so little understood, old Giovanni gave a shriek of anguish, and again groped desperately at Willie's sleeve.

"Ah," he cried, "do you not see? Do you wanna be a boob? They—oh, Dio! they think you are a sucker."

Unjust and insulting as the epithet was to anyone of professional pride, it passed as nothing then. Old Giovanni should have known there is a time and a place for everything under the sun, and that the present was unfit for sober council.

"Buddy," said Willie, "ain't you got eyes? You otter know—all gentlemen is always suckers."

Yes, though he was awake, it was like another beautiful dream where hopes and wishes all turn real. The little donkey on which he was mounted like some prophet of old was moving on at a faster pace, so that his hat jolted becomingly over his eye. He was nearing a wall now, with a great arch where the road ran through; but there was nothing bad about that wall, for it was broken, offering a dozen exits in case of desire for hurried departure.

His eye roved swiftly over every nook and cranny, as the eye of an artist should who feels that an evening is soon to come when the streets are silent and a prudent man needs a sure step and a steady hand. For he still remembered, in spite of everything, that he had embarked on an affair of honor.

He was under the arch and out again—out in a square like the city squares at home. Little dirty houses were all around him, clinging to a barren hillside, reaching up to a big house, all made of rock, with flowers and terraces and fountains. He was there—there in the land of wonder. The same smells which he had smelled so often before assailed his nostrils, but the smells were very sweet. The same shouting was in his ears, but it was the shouting of adulation. Again Willie thrust his hand into his pocket. They were helping him from the saddle, brushing his clothes again, heaping him with a thousand little attentions. Three ladies with baskets of flowers, handsome ladies, were tossing roses at his feet. As he withdrew his hand from his pocket he felt a convulsive grip on his arm. It was old Giovanni shaking him in a last ecstasy of despair.

"Queek!" shrieked Giovanni. "You gimme da mon'!"

And, being a man of polish, Willie remembered what a man of polish should do.

"Aw, go to hell!" said Willie.

"You gimme da mon'!" shrieked Giovanni. "You behave—or I tell them you are not the rich American. Ha! I tell them you are a crook!"

Wearily, disdainfully, Willie shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell away," said Willie. "They know I'm honest now. Ain't they been tryin' to pick my pockets already?"

"But you forget," shrieked Giovanni. "The bulls! Petto! The diamonds!"

For an instant Willie's face grew mirthless, while brutal instinct struggled with lofty ideals; but almost immediately his brow cleared. Somewhere near at hand he heard the tinkle of a tambourine. Someone was handing him another wicker-covered bottle filled with a red liquid; but it was the tambourine which made his eyes glitter again, alight with renewed memory and definite conviction.

"Can it!" said Willie. "Doncher see I'm busy?"

And he was busy, for out of that din of happy noise, out of the shouts of gratitude, a thought had come to him, so grand and inspiring that it left no room for others. He had wanted to be a sunbeam, and now he knew he was one. Yes, he was a sunbeam, a walking receptacle of happiness. Again he felt his chest expanding against the buttons of his coat. Again he rubbed a moistened finger against his celluloid collar and brandished his bottle aloft.

"Folks!" he shouted. "Bring on the music! Bring on the booze! Tear up the street—and send the bill to me!"

A smile, broad and beatific, was so softening his careworn features that the gold sheathing of his upper right-hand molar sparkled from its obscurity. Long as was the gamut of emotions through which he had hopped in his time, he had never encountered until then the greatest and probably the most sacred emotion of them all. He had often marveled at but now he knew at last the reason for the existence of philanthropy in an acquisitive, selfish world. In the light of that discovery it was not strange that he should continue to forget. His errand to that strange place, his lacerated feelings, Petto the Wop and Sergeant Sweeney and the local authorities—they all were as nothing then. The tambourine was sounding forth more briskly. A fiddle was taking up the strain in joyous syncopation. A genial warmth was pervading him, and with it the desire for self-expression. Of a sudden, as the music coursed through his veins, he did a curious and informal thing. His shoulders began to wriggle, and he began to skip and glide about that merry little square.

Often, in the days of yore, folks had put a nickel in the tin piano just to see him dance, for the speed and accuracy required in his daily life made him abnormally quick on his toes. But he never knew he could do so well as he did just then. It was inspiration, nothing less. He could hear a gasp of wonder, a shout of applause. He was off,

(Continued on Page 116)

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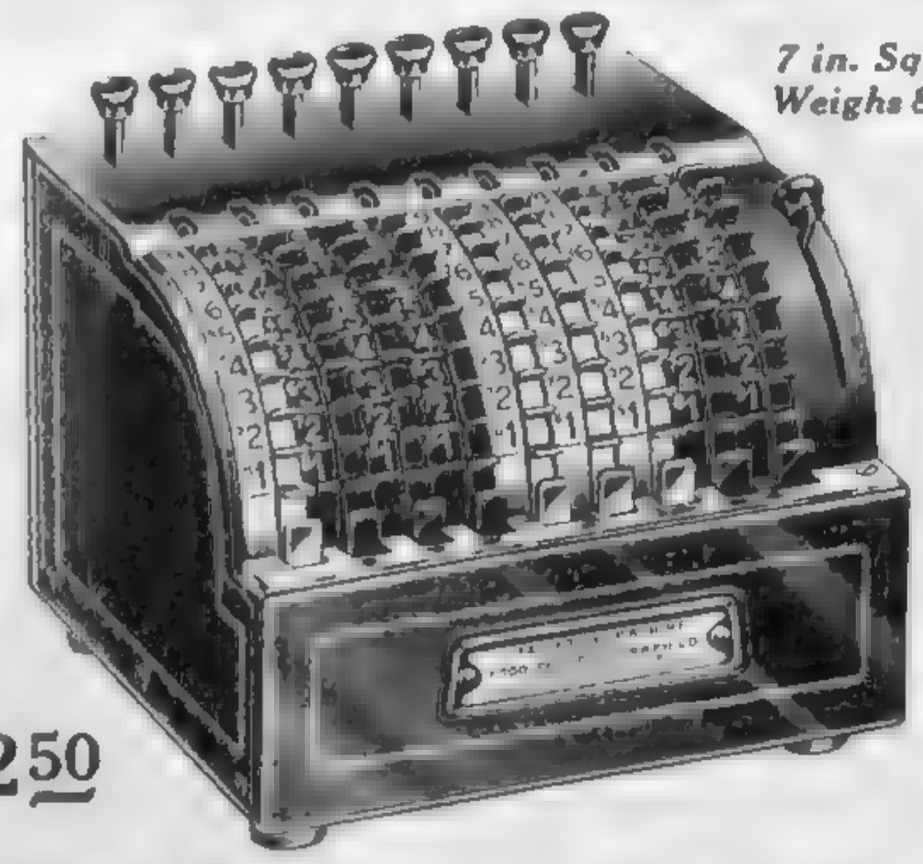

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(Continued from Page 114)

oblivious to everything but the artistry that was in him. His feet were twinkling in a series of fantastic steps. His hat was drooping farther over his forehead. Yes, he was a handsome sight. His smile was exquisitely and professionally set. His shoes were a glittering blur. His coat was flying behind him as he made graceful, birdlike leaps. And all the while in the back of his mind was that same beautiful thought. He was a sunbeam, bringing joy and gladness. There was no doubt that he was bringing it—to everyone except old Giovanni. Old Giovanni was muttering something savagely in his beard.

IV

YET even as Willie danced his eyes were open, and gayly as he disported himself, he was not entirely oblivious to a cold, hard truth. Too often before, he knew that all things must have an end, and that the most beautiful perish the quickest. He was in midair at the time the truth struck home. He landed on his toes, but he did not jump up again. His admirers had drawn back. A slight hush had fallen and the tambourine had ceased, just as they stopped the music at a show. There in front of him was standing a girl—not like the ones who had thrown the roses. She was dressed in blue of a fluffy material, such as made it worth while breaking into wholesale warehouses. She had on a brown coat, long like a man's, with a belt on it. Her hands were in her pockets and she was standing very still. Despite her coat and her simple hat, unadorned by even an ostrich plume, she was handsome, handsomer than a picture calendar, handsomer than a front-row chorus. He had not remembered that she was so beautiful as that. His head was still whirling from his exertions. He had almost forgotten why he was there, or that she might be so near, and now that he remembered he grew dizzier still. In front of him was standing Miss Smythe-Brown.

"Cheest!" he gasped.

Often as he had regretted it in the watches of the night, he had only to look at her for half a second to know that he was right in giving back the diamonds. She was watching him gravely, though her lips turned faintly upward, and then she spoke in a voice as clear and cool as a distant bell.

"Well, I never!" she said

And she was cold as ice, not frightened, not angry, just nothing at all.

Even the recollection of his handsome garments and of the honor which had been paid him stood him in little stead. Though he could not understand why, he felt queer all over. Her mouth had twisted farther upward, and there were little dancing lights in her eyes. Willie felt hastily of his celluloid collar and smoothed his purple neckcloth.

"Cheest!" he demanded in sudden wonder. "What's bitin' you?"

For she was laughing. She was looking at him and laughing a soft, low laugh. Willie squared his shoulders and drew himself up straighter.

"Lady," he said in a voice that was loud and strong, though pitched in tones of well-bred reproach—"lady, there ain't nothing funny about me."

As he stopped in cold displeasure she tried to speak, but some mirthful thought prevented her and she began to laugh again, still louder than before.

"Lady," said Willie, "there must be something funny somewheres."

She had stopped laughing as suddenly as she had started.

"Well, I never!" she said at last. "They told me—they told me to hurry down, because father had arrived. I'm sorry I laughed, but it was a little funny."

The wicker-covered bottle which Willie was grasping fell from his hand, and its red liquid trickled unheeded about his green-shod feet. He could see it now. The situation in all its horrid brilliance had burst before him. The circumstances, disjointed and puzzling before, were fitting suddenly together into grim and dreadful certainty.

"You mean," he demanded in a strange cracked voice, "you mean—they think—I'm your—old man?"

She was still regarding him with a steady uncritical glance.

"Why, who do you think they thought you were?" she asked.

"Cheest!" said Willie sadly, and his shoulders sagged, and his whole figure seemed to shrink until his gay checked suit grew wrinkled and baggy. "I otter of known it. I otter of known something was wrong. I thought I guess I sorta thought they thought I was me."

Used though he was to thwarted hopes, and though his ambitions often before had flamed up bright and died like spills of straw, it was hard to bear that ironical blow of fate. How easy it was to understand now that the dream was gone! Up above him on the hill the big stone house with its fountains, its terraces and gardens was frowning down upon him. That was where they thought he lived, and why they flocked to meet him, and brushed his clothes and tossed him roses. Not his sterling worth, but merely the tinsel of masquerade had dazzled them. It was gone like the beautiful dream in the smelly, rocking train. It was his pride that hurt him most as he stood there in his sorrow surveying the wreck of his hopes. Intangible griefs and vain, impractical regrets left him for a second forgetful of the dread portents which surrounded him, now that he knew the worst, and only old Giovanni's voice brought him back, as old Giovanni dealt the final crushing blow. Giovanni had thrust himself forward with renewed life and hope. The color was back in his nose again, and his eyes were glittering with acquisitive desire.

"Lady," he cried with sudden courteous inspiration, "you gimme da mon', and I—I will protect you!"

Was there any wonder that Willie's cheek turned very pale, and that desperation gripped him then, as the tongue of Judas lashed him when he was beaten to his knees?

"Cheest!" cried Willie with something like a break in his voice. "I otter of known better than deal with dishonest folks. I otter of known you would go back on a pal."

His hand had dropped into the side pocket of his coat and was groping in desperate, futile haste.

"You old devil!" cried Willie—for his pocket was quite empty.

Old Giovanni, in his volatile way, with his whiskers bristling in the sheer excess of his righteous indignation, was shaking a fist beneath Willie's nose. The circle of faces about them was tense and horror-struck. If only she had not been there to witness his last disgrace! But there she was, quite calm and undisturbed, looking at Giovanni with a puzzled, well-bred frown.

"Ha!" old Giovanni was shrieking. "Look at him! Look! I say he is the thief! I say he has come here to rob you! He tries to kill me, but he cannot! It is I who will tell all! It is I who will protect you, lady, because you will give the poor, good man da mon'."

Willie knew then there was only one thing for a man of honor to do. If he hesitated it was not through indecision or fear, but only through sensitiveness and good breeding; but sheer necessity stirred him at last to action. There was a sound of a clear, dull crack. Willie's fist incased in his shiny brass knuckles had landed flush on Giovanni's jaw, and Giovanni had crumpled upon the pavement.

"Cheest!" gasped Willie, and gave a little jump backward, as one should who is about to leave; but he suddenly stopped, for a peculiar thing had happened. Just as he was turning to make a quick, blind dash, he felt a hand on his arm and heard a quiet voice in his ear, which made him glance hastily over his shoulder. It was a figure in a blue material. It was the lady, more lovely than she had ever been, even in his most fantastic vision—the lady speaking to him in a calm and even voice.

"Don't be silly!" she was saying. "Don't you see you can't get away? Don't you see—they still think you are father?"

Willie's eyes, hard and beady, darted from side to side. Again his mouth had fallen open, for a noise had reached his ears, more unexpected than the detonation of a lyddite bomb. It was a sound of cheering. Someone was clapping him on the back. Someone else was patting his shoulder. Someone was handing him a wicker-covered bottle. Down at his feet old Giovanni, with a dazed and blank expression, had struggled to his knees, while two bearded men were kicking him. Everywhere there was that glad, triumphant noise. Everywhere they were cheering.

"Cheest!" said Willie simply. "Now what do you know about that?"

For the beautiful truth had dawned on him in all its majesty and splendor. Back home they always said he was a tender-hearted guy when it didn't hurt to be one. It may have been because her eyes were on

him then, or possibly the cheering, or possibly some gentle though half-stifled spirit of contrition, which made him do a noble thing. Almost before he had thought, he had grasped Giovanni by the collar and had jerked him upward.

"Don't kick him, boys," said Willie in a voice that was loud and firm. "He's only an old guy. He won't do nothing more."

So touching a sight was he as he stood there with his wicker-covered bottle in one hand and Giovanni in the other that it was small wonder that another cheer should burst from those generous, heroic throats a cheer which might well have stirred the chords in a less valiant breast than his. Erect and stern, Willie stared straight before him. The color was back in his cheeks again. His thin lips were set in a noble, reposeful line.

"Lady," he said, "lady!"

For from the wrecks of discouragement, fear and despair had sprung a new and dazzling thought.

"Lady," said Willie, and his look was proud and his voice was stern and clear, "doncher tell me now those wops is yellin' because they think I'm something else. They're yellin', lady, because I'm a regular guy. That's why they're yellin'."

She was very beautiful then, as cold and tranquil as a picture, of a beauty which stirred a wish to do some valiant and reckless act. The little unpleasantness had left her undisturbed. She was raising a slender hand, sparkling with rings, to smooth a wrinkle in her coat, and her very gesture seemed to have a peaceful, soothing effect. She was smiling at him, but not unpleasantly.

"Why, yes," she said, "I wouldn't wonder if they were."

For some strange and unfathomable reason everything seemed all right again with that simple speech. Once more he felt within him a warm and genial glow.

"Excuse me, lady," he said, and dropping Giovanni's collar he rubbed his sleeve hastily over the mouth of his wicker-covered bottle and extended it toward her with courtly grace. "It's on me, lady," he said.

Though she made a little gesture of denial, her reply was so wonderful that he caught his breath.

"You know," she said, "it's awfully nice to see you again."

It was hard to harbor a grudge when a lady like her had said a thing like that. In his ears was the fiddle once more, and the tinkle of a tambourine.

"Lady," said Willie, "I'm not the guy to throw the bull; but, honest now, it's grand to come to a place where a gentleman is understood, and—and there's something about you gets me, lady."

He paused and turned to Giovanni with a gesture refined but firm.

"Buddy," said Willie, "hand back that roll of bills you pinched from my pants pocket."

As that money touched his palm his heart was very full. A foreign instinct was holding him in its grip, but Willie did not mind. A shriek from Giovanni rent the welkin. Without so much as a second thought Willie had tossed his money, every bit of it, out into the crowd. Once more his chest was straining at the buttons of his coat, and he raised his bottle to his lips.

"Lady," he said, modestly but firmly, "they know I'm a sunbeam now."

Now that it was over, and his deed in all its manliness and self-sacrifice was becoming a part of history, he behaved as a great man should. A little time before he had loved those vulgar plaudits, but now he turned from the populace of Bella Luna as it groveled and shrieked in its ecstasy, and looked questioningly, hopefully at the lady who stood beside him. Surely she would understand the poetry of it, but instead her face wore an expression of incredulous surprise, which made his hopes sink back to dust.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "Now why in the world did you do that?"

Was even this to go for nothing?

"Cheest, lady!" he said in pained appeal. "Doncher see? I don't want you to think I'm a piker. I come here to show you I was honest. I was goin' to do it in another way ——"

He stopped in temporary confusion, aware that she might possibly not understand the logic of that other method he had been on the point of adopting. He stopped, stunned by the knowledge that of all things, beyond all pain and glory, there was only one thing he really wanted.

"In another way," he said; "but mebbe this way's just as good. I know it costs money, but I don't care. Doncher see, lady, I want you to know that I'm a sunbeam too."

Once more her eye had grown kindly, and her lips were twisting upward again. She had moved nearer to him so that he might hear her above the carnival of joyous shrieks which shook that wondrous town.

"Would you mind telling me," she asked—"I'm afraid I'm awfully stupid but I told you before that I live so quietly that these things are rather strange—would you mind telling me what you mean by a sunbeam?"

"You don't say," Willie demanded, "you ain't never heard the song, lady? It's a grand song! Listen!"

He held his bottle high above his head and looked solemnly up at the sky while his voice rose in a rich nasal melody, so strange and clear that Bella Luna itself was constrained to pause and listen:

"I wanna be a sunbeam,
A sunbeam of hope and light;
A jolly little sunbeam
That is always doing right."

He stopped, carried away by the loveliness of the thought and by the beauty of the aspiration. He stopped and looked at her questioningly, beseechingly. He loved to think in later days how readily she grasped his meaning. She was laughing, it was true, but she had often done so before; and she was laughing in a gentle, friendly way which scarcely seemed like laughter.

"Why, of course!" she was saying. "It's perfectly true. Of course, you're a sunbeam."

A sense of deep and poignant gratitude was overwhelming him. He cleared his throat and pulled at his purple necktie. He had not realized till then how afraid he had been that she might not get it.

"Lady," he said, and his voice had a peculiar pitch to it, "I knew you'd understand if I came to show you. Yep, I knew you would, one way or the other."

V

THE sunshine had grown more slanting, making even the dirtiest of the little houses in that square soft and mellow. And everything else around him seemed soft and mellowed also by the beauties of gentle sentiment. For a little while he stood surveying the scene in silence, as a sunbeam might, conscious of the poetic justice of it all, and thinking a little sadly of the task imposed by his honor. Then her voice interrupted him, and her voice was no longer as cool and detached as it had been.

"Is it," she inquired—"is it really true that you threw away all that money just to show me—that?"

With the palm of his hand he made a gesture of emphatic negative and belittlement, quite as a sunbeam should.

"Can it!" he said. "It—it isn't nothing!"

She wasn't laughing any more. She was quite grave, and it seemed to him that her eyes were as bright as the lights of home.

"I don't believe," she said—"no, I don't believe I know anyone else who would do a thing like that."

"Cheest!" said Willie in modest haste. "Tie out the bull! It"—and though he never knew why he did it, he found himself telling an embarrassing truth—"it wasn't exactly my money. It was only your old man's."

In the pause which followed he did what anyone of elegance should do who holds a bottle in his hand.

"Lady," said Willie gravely, "here's looking' at you, lady."

He was just conveying the bottle elegantly to his lips when a foreign and unfriendly noise behind him caused him to pause. She was looking beyond him, out over the admiring crowd.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "How horrid!"

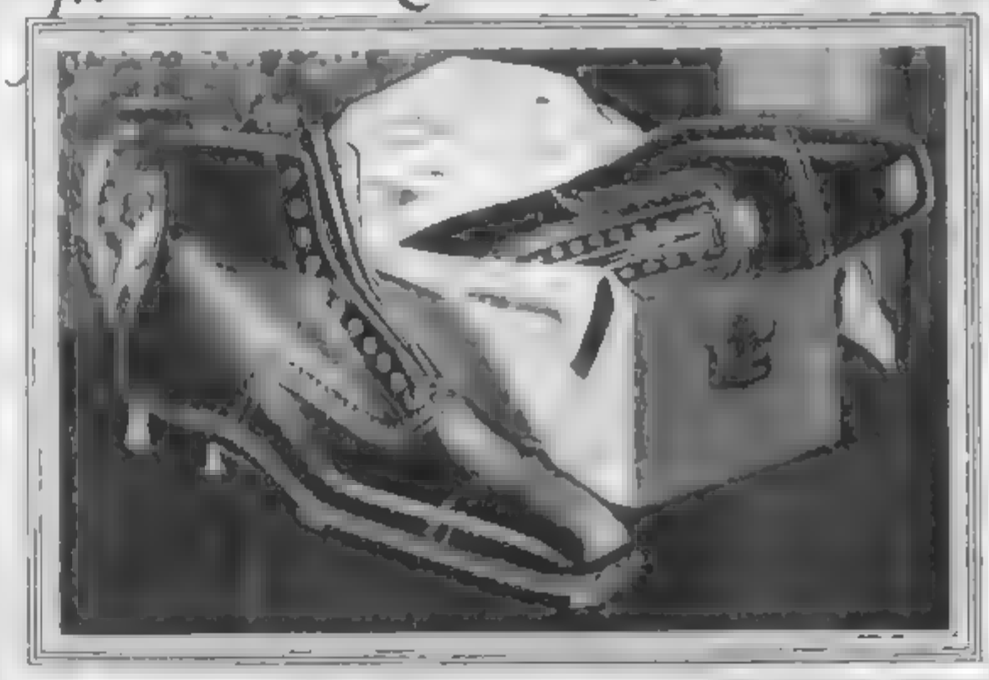
Behind him he heard it again—the loud, clear blast of an automobile horn. He gave a little jump and for a second time that day a wicker-covered bottle dropped from his nerveless hand.

"Oh, dear!" she said again. "How stupid it all is! Here comes father now!"

"Cheest!" gasped Willie, and spun hastily about on his heel.

There behind him lay the jagged wall and the gate through which he had entered in triumph. Inside the gate a large red automobile had stopped. Three figures were hastily dismounting. There was an eddying in the crowd as they began pushing

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



THE RIALTO—STYLE M-99

THE man who wears Florsheim Shoes—who knows their reliable quality, their satisfying comfort and fine style—buys FLORSHEIMS again and again for he appreciates and admires their splendid performance

The Florsheim Shoe—Most Styles $10

BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

Look for Name in Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers, CHICAGO

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

YOUR FUTURE SELF

In a few years you will be a new person. Everything about you, except the enamel of your teeth, will have changed. Protect your teeth and be fair to your future self by using a *safe* dentifrice

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

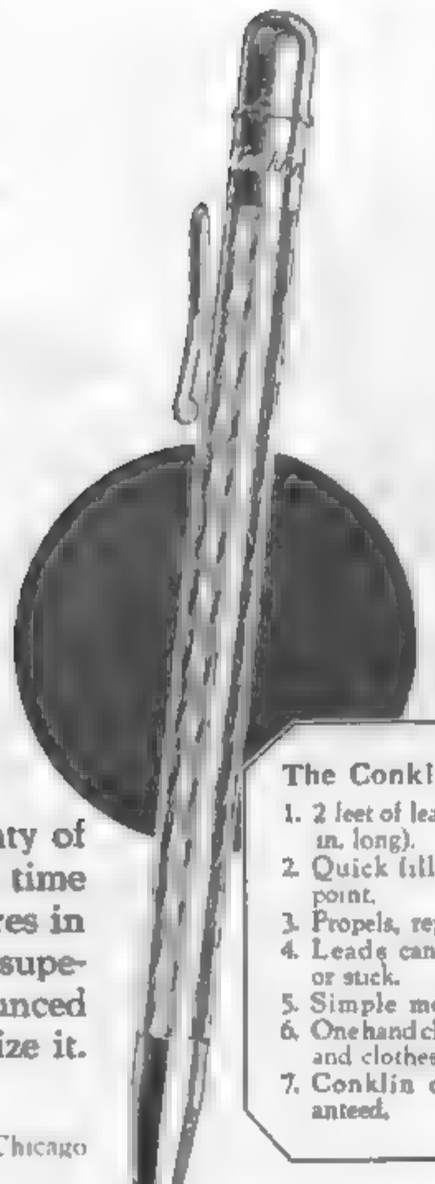
"Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Injure the Enamel

Colgate's is safe—is based on non-gritty precipitated chalk and pure vegetable oil soap. The chalk loosens clinging particles from the enamel, the soap washes them away.

Use Colgate's for safety

Large Tube, 25c

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture



The greater ease and certainty of renewing the leads, and the time saved, is but one of the features in which the Conklin excels. Its superiority in every way is so pronounced that you cannot fail to recognize it.

The Conklin 7 Points

1. 2 feet of lead (7 leads, 3½ in. long).
2. Quick filling through point.
3. Propels, repels, expels.
4. Leads cannot jam, clog or stuck.
5. Simple mechanism.
6. One hand clip saves pencil and clothes.
7. Conklin quality guaranteed.

Conklin—Toledo

Boston San Francisco Chicago
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Conklin

Pen—BETTER BUILT FOR BETTER WRITING—*Pencil*

Now I Make $100.00 a Week

For Eight Years I Was Tied to a Job in a Retail Store; When I Finally Broke Loose, I Increased My Earnings 150%

By George Glick

For eight years I worked in a retail store, and as far as salaries go for that kind of work, I was doing pretty well. I got my $40.00 every Saturday, and I suppose I should have been happy, but somehow or other, that $40.00 a week wouldn't buy me everything I wanted. Expenses piled up something awful. Baby had to have new shoes mighty often, Florence had to have her music lessons; my savings account didn't grow. I didn't carry enough insurance; I [illegible] getting anywhere.

Then one day, Mort Lyons, who had worked with me for years, dropped into the store and after the usual greetings, he told me what he was doing. I was surprised when he told me that he was averaging better than $80.00 a week. Now Mort is a pretty good salesman, but I knew I could outsell him. I had always been a hard worker, and was rated a better salesman. It set me thinking, if Mort can earn $80.00 a week, why can't I?

Mort told me of his connection with J. B. Simpson and of the wonderful clothes they make to retail at $29.50. From what he said of the firm, I knew they must be first class, and Mort wouldn't be identified with anyone that wasn't. And when he showed me his samples, my eyes nearly popped out. There were the same fabrics for $29.50 that we were selling at much higher prices. "But, Mort," I said, "how can they do it?" "That's a wonderful story in itself," said Mort, which I'll tell you later."

[illegible] your store, and they will be glad to have you go now."

Well, the next week I started out and by the following Saturday I had earned $36.00. The next week I made $52.00 and had enough prospects lined up to bring me $50.00 more. I went back to the store and quit my job. They laughed at me when I told them I was going [illegible] I'll be back in a month, the way I am begging for work. [illegible] they will be glad to get me back, that I take it [illegible]

I am now in my ninth year with J. B. Simpson, and I make $5,200.00 a year. Last year I made $5,200.00 and this year I expect to make more than $5,200.00 and next year I hope to make more than $5,200.00. How they can do it is the wonder of everybody.

One day I made a trip through their tailor shops and believe me, it opened my eyes. I found there [illegible] I knew something about making [illegible] selling them. I found they were [illegible] to pay in our [illegible] many miles and small profits and the highest efficiency in every department throughout their entire establishment.

It was a lucky day for me when I heard of J. B. SIMPSON.

If you are looking for a way to get into the big money and would like to take up a proposition that will pay any diligent worker $50.00 to $150.00 a week, write J. B. Simpson, Inc., Chicago, Illinois.

[illegible] wool tailored-to-order suits will please you. [illegible] I hardly believe your own [illegible] They will send you full [illegible] one of their most successful men formerly [illegible] stocks and bonds; another used to be a grocery clerk. A third sold pianos. They will teach you if you are willing to learn. Mail the coupon.

Free Information Coupon

J. B. Simpson, Inc., Dept. 470, Chicago, Ill.

I have read the story of George Glick and would be glad to have you tell me more about the wonderful opportunity you have for salesmen

Name

Street

Post Office State

Territory Wanted

their way through it. Willie hissed softly between his teeth. He could hear a noise of weeping at his elbow. Old Giovanni was rubbing his sleeve across his bulbous nose.

"Ah," he groaned, "now none of us will ever get da mon'."

But Willie did not answer. He only stood irresolute, looking at the red automobile. His fingers felt cold and his mouth was dry. For right in front of him the ring in the crowd had broken. A fat old gentleman, his clothing disarranged and covered with dust, with his white collar wilted and his square, heavily jowled face dusty also, was thrusting his way forward. And following him in that sea of heads and red bandannas, regardless of angry cries of protest, was another larger man, with a face red and perspiring, and with a dented derby hat pushed far down on his head. At the sight of him Willie, despite his long training in self-control, gave a sharp cry of anguish.

"Cheest!" he groaned. "Ain't there no honest crooks anywheres? I might of known Petto would double-cross me too!"

For there, bearing down on him with the certainty of destiny itself was Sergeant Sweeney from headquarters. It was too late to plan or even to hope. He could only stand still in ignominious shame—only an instant before a sunbeam, and now a simple criminal. If only the lady had not been there to see it! But there she was, standing right beside him. It was the old bird who spoke first, scarcely before he caught his breath.

"Alicia!" he thundered. "Didn't I tell you to stop this damned sentiment and let that man alone?"

"Why, father!" she cried. "What ever do you mean?"

Back home they always said he was a game guy, but it was not entirely bravado which caused a bright and happy smile to lighten his careworn face. Though destiny was not a yard away, and plunging forward with capable hands outstretched, Willie appeared not to heed it.

Instead he turned toward her simply but with an elegant ease of manner, and with his back to destiny itself doffed his green and fuzzy hat. He spoke, and though his words were cryptic they rang with a heartfelt relief.

"Lady," he said, "I might of known anyone as grand as you wouldn't of known he'd set the bulls on me."

He might have said more, but his time was very short.

"Sweeney," roared the old gentleman, "take your man!"

But Sergeant Sweeney had paused, and as Willie turned about, calm and composed as one of refinement should be at such a time, he encountered a curious spectacle. Sergeant Sweeney had sprung halfway across the open space, but now he was quite motionless. Two men with beards and shotguns were standing in his way, looking at Willie and shouting furiously in that unknown tongue. Old Giovanni, a second ago petrified with guilty terror, was hopping up and down in ill-controlled excitement.

"Holy Mother!" he shrieked. "Do what they tell you! Queek! Heet him on the jaw!"

Willie gazed wildly about him. Everyone was shouting. Everyone was shaking his fist, shrieking with sudden fury, but not at him, not at him at all. Someone had grasped Sergeant Sweeney's arms. Some one was bringing a rope.

"Damn it!" the old gentleman was roaring. "Isn't there anyone here who know English? Drop him, you fools! Drop him and catch that man!"

His voice ended in an inarticulate shout. Willie's mouth had dropped wide open. The two old birds with the bare feet who had played the flutes had hurled themselves on the old gentleman and had borne him to the ground.

"Cheest!" cried Willie, half prayerfully, half in awe. "Can you beat it? They still think I'm a sunbeam!"

And then instinctively, without thought of self, he did another kind deed, quite as a sunbeam should. Impulsively he leaned down and grasped the old gentleman by the collar.

"Queek!" shrieked Giovanni. "Punch him in the nose!"

But Willie shook his head.

"Buddy," he said reproachfully, "doncher see that I'm a sunbeam?"

And he pulled the old gentleman carefully to his feet, and with kindly solicitude brushed and rearranged his coat, his long, slender fingers moving over the folds with little birdlike flutterings. But it was merely the half-conscious, instinctive motion of an artist, for his mind was on other things.

"Don't hurt him, boys!" cried Willie. "He's only an old bird who don't know no better!"

But the old gentleman was adamantine still. With a horrid word he wrenched himself away.

"Where's the damned chauffeur?" he roared. "Where's anybody who can speak this cursed language?"

Sadly, dejectedly, Willie turned away. Instinctively he felt the present was no time for reconciliation. Beside him he could hear the bull-like roars of Sergeant Sweeney. Old Giovanni was pulling at his sleeve in frantic exhortation.

"Lady," said Willie sadly, "I guess—I guess I gotta be going. You can't do much with old birds when they act like that."

He gave a swift jump to one side and, like a sunbeam, transient and uncertain, he had disappeared. Old Giovanni had gone, too; but almost immediately they saw them both again.

"Damn it!" roared the old gentleman. "He's in the automobile! He's turning it around!"

But already the automobile was coasting down the hill, gaining speed and slipping through the gate.

"Stop him!" roared the old gentleman. "He ——"

His very earnestness must have made some impression, for the noise was dying down. Somehow excitement and romance had fled together. A man in chauffeur's livery was shrieking something to the crowd, something which caused a murmur of consternation.

"He's got it!" roared the old gentleman.

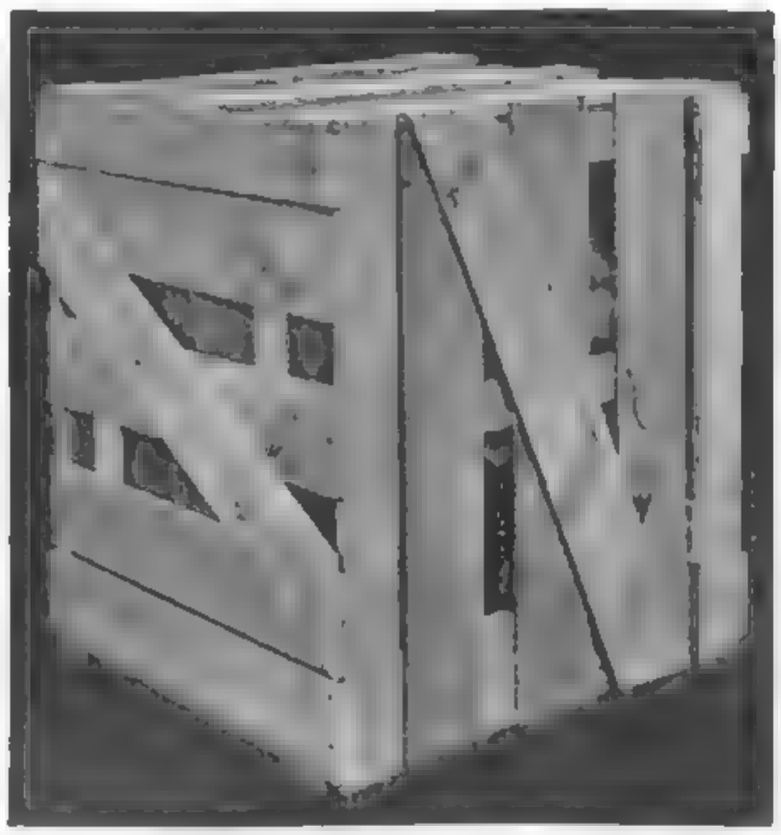
Miss Smythe-Brown, who had been looking toward the empty gateway, moved nearer.

"Why, father!" she said. "How horrid of you! What do you mean? What has he got?"

Mr. Smythe-Brown made a choking sound.

"The jewel case," he said, "out of my side pocket!"

Jon Gate on the Beach at Sarasota, Florida



The crate on the left was designed by a Weyerhaeuser engineer to replace the one shown on the right.

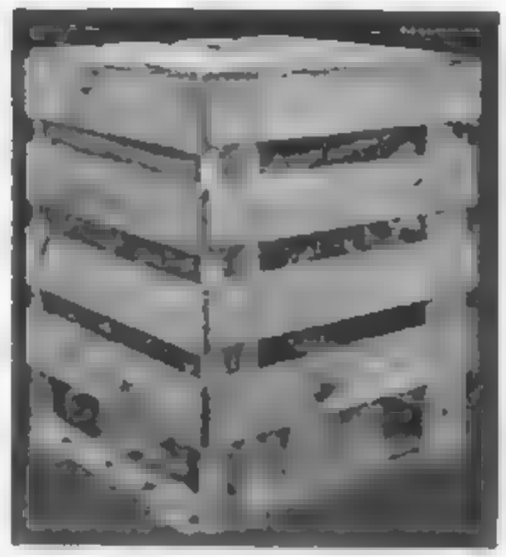
The diagonal bracing and 3-way corners make a strong, rigid crate that absorbs the bumps and keeps the strain off the contents.

Internal bracing holds the contents in place. Liberal use of resawed lumber for sheathing affords ample protection against damage from the outside. The dealer will receive unmarred merchandise.

Curiously enough the new crate shows a number of savings over the old one.

This new crate is made up in sections on jigs. It is delivered to the packer in sections. He is not required to do any cutting or fitting.

An instance of what Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are doing for shippers every day.



This Crating Service May Do as Much for You

AS an example of the kind of thing that is making business officials sit up and look to their packing, consider the crates pictured above.

The crate on the left was designed for a manufacturer of washing machines by a Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineer.

It takes the place of the crate on the right which used over 11 feet more of lumber.

It is stronger in every way—a reliable protector of its contents.

It is 39 pounds lighter. A saving in freight alone that amounts to 3900 pounds per car shipment. No mean item in these days of high freight rates.

Furthermore it represents a saving in labor costs. This new crate is put together in half the time required to make the old crate.

ANY business man who looks into Weyerhaeuser scientific crating is liable to find himself dealing with *big-figure savings*. But the greatest thing this service does is to insure the delivery of merchandise in perfect condition.

As a result the shipper's customers are pleased. It is service that they recognize and appreciate. Dealers have tired of the damage claim nuisance. They want goods fit to go direct to the salesroom.

Shippers who have adopted scientific crating report other advantages and savings. It speeds up collections, decreases sales resistance and gives to their salesmen a new selling tool. Safe packing builds good will.

THE services of the Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are offered to the executives of business concerns—by appointment on request.

There is no charge for this service. This organization feels that the position of lumber as the standard material for shipping containers imposes the obligation to deliver 100% value with every foot of lumber we sell.

For crating purposes, this organization supplies from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber, of uniform quality and in quantities ample for any shipper's needs.

A booklet, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Building, Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Streets, St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

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SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Come in and see the NEW CORONA

AN INVITATION

You are most cordially invited to visit any of the 1300 Corona stores, from Maine to California, where the New Corona is now being shown. Whether you are one who has never tried *personal typing* or an expert from the ranks of Corona's half million users you will want to try this *new* Corona with your own hands, and see what an advance has been made in portable typewriter designing. To locate the nearest store, find "Corona" in your phone book, or write for our new folder.

CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., INC.

GROTON, N. Y.

There are Corona sales rooms and service stations in all parts of the world. Above is a glimpse of the Corona store in Rochester, N. Y.

New Features

The New Corona is really a complete typewriter in a portable form.

A few of the improvements are:

1. Automatic Ribbon Reverse
2. [illegible] Carriage
3. Standard, Portable Keyboard.
4. High Speed Carriage Return and Line Spacer.

THE SILENT PARTNER

(Continued from Page 5)

"Where's Mrs. Coburn?" Coburn asked, his tone short, sudden. "Has she come in yet?"

The man replied, "Mrs. Coburn is lying down, sir," and for a moment Coburn stared at him.

"What time's dinner tonight?" he demanded.

"Eight o'clock, sir," answered the man. Then, as his master still stared at him, his look uncertain, the servant added, "Mrs. Coburn, sir, said she was not to be disturbed till half past seven."

For a moment Coburn stood as if debating. Then he moved restlessly.

"As soon as she wakes," he directed, "let me know."

"Very good, sir," murmured the man.

Coburn was stalking on again when, as if reminded of something, he once more halted.

"How many are we having at dinner tonight?" he asked. There were six, it appeared—three other couples besides the host and hostess—and Coburn gave the man an order. "Set an extra place," he directed.

"Very good, sir," replied the man, and once more his master spoke.

"Don't forget, Bolter, as soon as Mrs. Coburn wakes let me know," he said.

"Very good, sir," the man again answered.

Coburn entered the living room. He did not linger there however. Helping himself to a cigar from a cabinet on the center table, he bit the end from it hurriedly, and in the same hurried way he struck a match. Under his arm he still held the bundle of evening newspapers, and when the cigar was lighted he turned and trudged along the hall. Lisa's room was there, and for a moment he paused at her door, his head bent, his ear close to the paneling. There was no sound from within, however; and cautiously he laid a hand on the door knob and turned it.

"H'm," Coburn muttered then.

The door was locked. Evidently Lisa had made certain of her privacy; and turning away, Coburn ambled along the hall toward his own room at the other end. Once inside it, he closed the door, turned on the electric light; and divesting himself of his coat, the coat flung on the bed near by, he slouched down in a chair beneath the light.

The newspapers he had in his hands. He selected one and turned open its pages to the back. Then, his cigar clenched in his jaws, Coburn sat there with knitted brows, poring on the paper's closely typed print.

The financial page was what he digested—the day's transactions on the floor of the Stock Exchange. The paper he read made a specialty of printing these in detail, each transaction noted separately, with both its price and the number of shares traded; and as Coburn's glance roved along the double-banked columns of figures and numerals his hand incessantly strayed through the thatch of his thick ruddy hair. At times, too, he tugged roughly at his collar. Then, finally, as if the collar choked him too tightly to endure, he loosened his tie, jerked the collar from his neck and threw both tie and collar on the floor beside him. A thick grunt came from him as he resumed his study of the newspaper's rows of cryptic figures and numerals.

"Lord!" he mumbled. "Lord!"

III

THE door was locked, the room silent, yet Lisa was not sleeping. She sat at her writing desk, a pen in her hand and her bare arms and shoulders draped in a filmy negligee. For a moment, as she first heard Coburn's step, then his hand guardedly trying the knob, she held her breath, her head poised alertly and her eyes lit with a sudden secretive gleam. As the knob turned she rose swiftly, with the same impulsive gesture snatching from the desk the paper on which she had been writing. Then Coburn's step retreated along the hall; and listening for a moment, Lisa drew up her chair to the desk again and once more seated herself.

The paper spread out before her was a paper similar in shape and size to the ones she'd borne in her hand that afternoon when she pushed back the door of Coburn's office. There was, in fact, a sheaf like them lying there on the desk, each paper folded through the middle and the sheaf bound together with a rubber band. At nearer view, too, one could mistake neither their appearance nor what they were. "Amélie, Modes," was printed at the top of the one on which Lisa seemed so engrossed; and beneath the inscription a date was penned; beneath that was a lengthy array of items, each item followed by a line of figures, a notation in dollars and cents. The papers were bills—Lisa's.

Each, in turn, separately engrossed her. She spread open each of the papers and went at it with her pen. A rubber eraser lay on the desk, and in the pen tray was another of steel, its edge razorlike. There was also on the tray a small vial with a glass rod affixed in its stopper, and for this also at odd intervals she found use. What she was doing and why it so engrossed her may be something that requires explanation; but of its close, absorbing nature one could have had no doubt. She seemed, indeed, for a woman of her careless, free-handed extravagance, singularly interested in the work, this task of hers, this studied, minute scrutiny of those monthly bills and statements. For an hour or more now, behind the locked door of her bedroom, Lisa had been at it.

It was half past five or thereabouts when the cabriolet, turning the corner into Park Avenue, drove up to the door below. She alighted hurriedly, and saying, "Nothing tonight, Collins," in the same haste she made her way through the doorway into the hall. Here she was heading toward the elevator when the doorman, deferentially touching his cap, for a moment stayed her.

"Beg pardon, madam, a woman was just here at the door askin' for you. A Mrs. Dredge, she said her name was"

A low exclamation came from Lisa's lips. "Mrs. Dredge?" A note of wonder sounded in her tone. "She asked for me, you say?"

"Yes, madam; she said she'd be back again this afternoon."

Lisa's face still expressed surprise and awakening wonder.

"What time did she say she'd return?" she asked

The caller hadn't said, nor had she left any other message with the door man; and, her eyes again dark and thoughtful, Lisa walked on to the elevator. The shadow still lingered when the manservant, in response to her ring, opened the door of the apartment for her.

"Has Mr. Coburn come in?" she asked; and when she learned he hadn't she gave the servant the command to let her rest till the time to dress for dinner.

Once she was in her room, though, Lisa showed no inclination to rest. Over her arm still swung the beaded bag she had borne all that afternoon; and laying it on the dressing table, she took off her hat and flung it down beside it. A moment later she had slipped out of the street dress she had on; and tossing it on a chair, she stood there in her bare arms and shoulders for a long moment, staring fixedly at the floor. Then, still wrapped in thought, Lisa slowly crossed the room and touched a push button imbedded in the woodwork of the wall. A maid this time responded.

"If a woman, a Mrs. Dredge, calls on me," said Lisa, "see that she gets upstairs."

"Yes, madam," answered the girl; and the butler evidently having given her Lisa's order, she asked, "Shall I wake you, madam, or have the person wait?"

"Let me know at once," said Lisa.

She closed the door. She still did not lock it, and as the maid's footfalls died away along the hall she left the door and wandered back toward the dressing table. The beaded bag still lay there; and the lurking shadow still lingering in her eyes, Lisa opened the bag and drew from it a flat Moroccan-leather case. "Harrier's" was stamped in gold across its face, but the case she did not open. A chair stood near the dressing table, and drawing it toward her she listlessly seated herself. A moment later Lisa's lips moved slowly, an audible murmur sounding in the stillness of the room.

"Cora Dredge!" said Lisa to herself. "Cora! Cora Dredge!"

The fact is, in that Forty-eighth Street flat—that drab, dowdy place Lisa had visited that afternoon—Cora Dredge, she and her husband, Harvey, once had been the Coburns' neighbors; for that matter, their intimates as well. Five years, though, had

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By insuring in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, policyholders not only obtain sound indemnity for all loss by fire, but in addition (free of charge) the service of trained engineers who cooperate in eliminating conditions that invite a fire.

An unusual booklet, "The Red Plague," will be mailed to executives who write for it on their business letterheads.

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DO you want to be a salesman—the kind of fellow who travels in Pullmans, stops at the best hotels, represents a "real" house and figures his yearly earnings in thousands? With few exceptions, good salesmen are the highest paid men in business today. Reputable business houses can't get enough of them—of really capable trained men. That's why so many salesmen virtually name their own salaries.

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Gentlemen: I should like to know how your part-time salesmen make up to $100.00 a month. If your plan looks good, I'm "game" to try it.

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gone since then; and in New York—New York, with its swift changes, its mutations of time, of places and of people—five years is a life, another age. The Coburns, at any rate, had gone far in that same period. They had gone on and up. The three rooms and a kitchenette, once their home, they had left far behind them in the limbo of the past; with it, too, they had left all its other associations, Cora Dredge and her husband included. It was, in fact, out of this past the Coburns long had put behind them that Cora Dredge, long unremembered and perhaps forgotten, had today emerged.

"Cora Dredge!" Lisa once more murmured, a lingering wonder in her tone.

She glanced swiftly at the leather case lying on her lap. With her slender, tinted finger tips she slipped the catch and raised the cover. A string of pearls, each pearl rounded, pink, translucent, lay coiled there in a nest of velvet, the velvet creamy gray: and for a moment she stared at the costly trinket. It was for these, of course, this afternoon, she had exchanged the check Coburn had given her at the office; and lifting the necklace from the case, with a quick, sudden movement indescribably graceful and lithe, she swung round to the dressing table, to the glass that hung above it.

The pearl necklace she draped about her neck. Against the tinted contour of her throat and shoulders the string of softly iridescent globules gleamed with an added luster, a beauty that heightened hers as well. Her eyes shone as Lisa surveyed herself. In them was the look of pride, of conscious satisfaction any woman at the time might have worn, the lust of possession for a trinket such as that. The look, though, did not linger. Fading vaguely, the momentary gleam went; and with slow hands, her mouth hardening, she slipped the pearls from her throat and replaced them in the leather case. As she did so the maid's footfalls again sounded in the hall. A moment after there was a knock on Lisa's door.

"Mrs. Dredge, madam," the maid announced.

Lisa rose hastily. With the same movement she thrust the case out of sight in a drawer of the dressing table.

"Show Mrs. Dredge in here," she said.

Hastily she slipped a negligee over her bare arms and shoulders. Afterwards as hurriedly she went to the dressing table and turned the key of the drawer that held the pearls.

The key she secreted in another drawer, and she had just done so when she heard the maid returning along the hall.

"This way, please," said the maid; then she knocked, at Lisa's bidding opening the door.

"Cora!" ejaculated Lisa.

The smile, her welcome for the caller, was smitten from her lips. The two hands she had held out as the door opened she dropped to her sides.

Mrs. Dredge had closed the door behind her. Her dress, dingy, threadbare and thin, was wet from the falling snow; at a glance, too, Lisa had seen the havoc in the face of her one-time friend. It was seamed and drawn.

"Well, Lisa," she said bleakly, grimly.

Lisa, wondering, pushed a chair toward her; but the woman by the door shook her head.

"I've come for help, not to call," said Cora Dredge.

Lisa went to her swiftly.

"Take off your coat, Cora; let me have your hat too," she commanded. "They are dripping wet."

The other resolutely shook her head. She glanced about her momentarily, her eyes roving over the draped, tinted bedroom with its warm hangings, its atmosphere of luxurious ease and smartness; and her eyes narrowed sardonically.

"I want twenty dollars, Lisa; I've got to have it. I wouldn't have come here, but there was nowhere else to go. Everything's gone—pawned. If I don't get the money the woman at the rooming house says she'll have to have my room tonight."

"Cora!"

Lisa's tone was shocked, aghast; and Cora Dredge again smiled bleakly and grimly.

"Twenty dollars, Lisa—are you going to let me have it?" she asked as grimly.

Lisa was still staring at her.

"Where is Harvey?" she asked, and the other let fall a laugh, harsh and discordantly sharp.

"He's still around." She laughed again. "He was going downtown today to see if he could wheedle a couple of dollars out of your husband."

"A couple of dollars?" breathed Lisa.

Mrs. Dredge nodded.

"Hasn't George told you?" She shrugged her shoulders. "It would be like him to say nothing of it."

"You mean," asked Lisa slowly, "that George wouldn't give it to him?"

Mrs. Dredge looked at her.

"Did you ever ask money from your husband?" Lisa, at the question, colored faintly. "Last week," said Mrs. Dredge, still eying Lisa, "Harvey got thirty dollars from your husband. A month before that he gave Harvey fifty. For months and months he's been doling it out to him every month, Lisa, since Harvey lost the last job he had." She smiled again drearily. "That's like George, Lisa—easy."

Easy—no doubt of it. Lisa stirred restlessly. She had caught her breath, her eyes restless and evasive as she listened. Mrs. Dredge droned on.

"Money, yes. I don't blame George, though, that at last he refused. It wasn't any good. It all went the same way."

The way it had gone Lisa seemed to understand. She stirred again. Turning away, she walked slowly across the room. Cora Dredge watched her as she went; and as Lisa reached the desk set beside the window, halting there, her back to the other and plunged anew in thought, Mrs. Dredge spoke again.

"You'll let me have it, Lisa—that twenty dollars?" She moved forward a step, the movement swift and vital. "I'll take ten—five—anything, Lisa," said Mrs. Dredge, her voice breaking suddenly.

Lisa did not reply. She seated herself at the writing desk and from a drawer took out a check book. Dipping a pen into the ink, she wrote rapidly in the book; and blotting the check, she tore it out and rose. The check she folded in half.

"There, Cora," she said.

Mrs. Dredge took it from her. She resisted an instant the impulse to unfold the check and look at it; then she could not restrain herself. A start, with it a low, stifled murmur came from her.

"O God!" she said. The check was for ten times the amount she had asked—two hundred dollars—and she shook as she stared at it, then at Lisa. "You—you can spare it—spare all this?" she faltered weakly.

Lisa nodded deliberately.

"Yes, I can spare it," she said.

A smile hardened on her lips as she spoke; and Cora Dredge, gazing at her with dimmed, moistened eyes, gave a sudden gesture, a movement emotionally passionate and fierce.

"Oh," she rasped, her teeth set, "if years ago I'd only listened to you! Oh, if I only had!"

"If you had," responded Lisa, "you never would have gone through what you have."

She sat there after the visitor had gone, her hands idle in her lap and her eyes fixed on the pattern of the rug beside her chair. There had been for Lisa Coburn, at any rate, another life, an age, in that five years since she, George Coburn and the two Dredges had dwelt in the flat on Forty-eighth Street. A little shudder like a touch of cold shook Lisa as she sat there dwelling on her thoughts.

It had been lean pickings in those days; slim, slender pickings. Coburn then had been a salesman for a downtown firm dealing in steel and iron—structural shapes He was young, not above thirty; but though he was succeeding surely if slowly at the job, on the salary paid him it had been a tight task monthly for him and Lisa to make both ends meet. It was the same, too, with the Dredges—the same, though with a difference. Dredge, the bookkeeper in a banking house, had, too, only his salary to live on; but always in debt, always with a burden of unpaid bills hanging over, already he showed in his graying hair and drawn, wearied features the strain under which he lived. It was Dredge, however, this same worn, seedy intimate of the Coburns' former days, who had shown Coburn the way to lay hands on all that money he got nowadays—the money he plucked out of that maelstrom of money, the Wall Street market. Dredge, in short, was a dabbler in Wall Street stocks. With every cent he could beg, borrow or make,

(Continued on Page 124)

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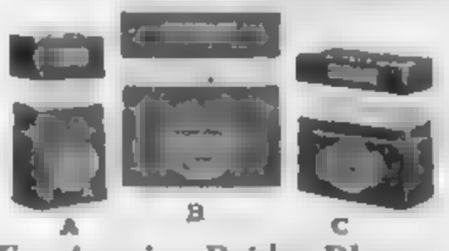

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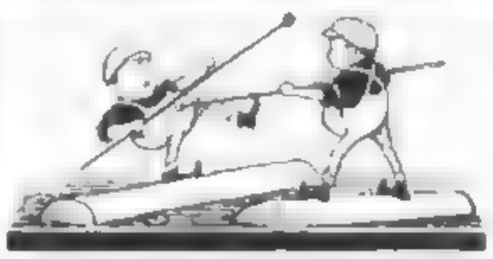

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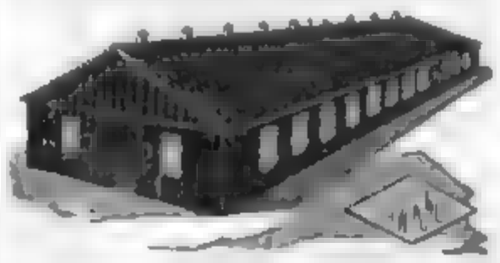

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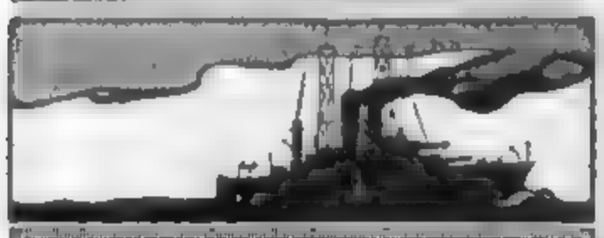

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(Continued from Page 122

he had for years played the game, hoping like all his kind for one of those swift, quick turns of chance, a knock-out, a killing, to set him on his feet. That was why he lived interminably in debt, sweating under the burden of unpaid bills. Wall Street got the money.

There was one thing, though, that Wall Street never got from Dredge. That was hope, the feverish expectancy that some day he must land that killing. They all have it—all the dabblers. Like all the lot, Dredge, too, talked money, millions, the way other men speak of small change, car fare. There you are, though. They have that, too the dabblers—a ringing contempt for anything short of a knock-out, a killing. Work, toil, effort, a planned, systematic career—all these to the dabbler seem provocative only of disgust. Why slave, why toil and drudge when there is Wall Street and all that money, easy money, waiting? The question Dredge dinned into Coburn's ears.

The night Coburn first came home from Wall Street Lisa never had forgotten. The dinner was waiting—the dinner, that night, she'd made shift as usual to cook in the narrow cubbyhole, the kitchenette; and at six Coburn had still to come. Then toward seven, an hour or more belated, she heard the front door open. She guessed even then something had happened to him. His feet unsteady, he lurched down the hall, and when he appeared at the door she caught her breath. His face was flushed, feverish; his eyes shone with a new, unwonted luster. Then, as he caught her look of question and alarm, a laugh loud and boisterous burst from him. The laugh, too, was triumphant.

"There! Look at that, old girl!" he cried, and flung down on the table among the plates and silverware a roll of bills as big as his two fists.

Lisa gave a cry. There was sixteen hundred dollars in the roll. Her cry, though, was frightened.

"Where did you get it, George?"

"Wall Street!" he vociferated.

He had been drinking—she saw that. This was his first winnings in the market and he and Dredge had celebrated; and now, learning where the money came from and her momentary fright subsiding, Lisa thrilled, too, with a little intoxication, the excitement of having all that money.

"Half is yours," said Coburn, and separating the roll, he thrust half of it toward her.

That sudden money was a revelation. It was to her, at any rate. For a month the two lived high, reveling together in the things they long had wanted, never had. At the month's end, though, there was a rift within the lute. Coburn, one night, lurched down the hall, his face drawn, his air uneasy.

She was dressed, ready to go out, for nowadays they rarely dined at home, the new money having opened for them the attraction of the Broadway restaurants; and as Coburn saw her dabbing at her hat before the glass he wrung his face into a smile, at the same time giving her his usual gay, boyish greeting.

"Hello, old woman!"

Its boisterous effusion did not trick her. She started in alarm.

"What's wrong, George?" she demanded with a wife's instant, instinctive dread, the lurking terror of the things a husband strives to hide.

"Wrong? What's wrong with you?" he parried.

She was still undeceived. She read Coburn like a book.

"Something's happened," she said, her fright growing. "What is it?"

He was too young, too boylike to keep it from her.

"I got stung, that's all," he growled. "The market went against me."

"You mean you—lost?"

He not only had lost; nearly all his quick profits had been wiped out in an afternoon; and another grumble came from him, a sulky, boyish protest.

"It was that old grouch Coombes," he growled. Coombes, in passing, was Coburn's employer. "Coombes kept me close to the office all day," Coburn mumbled. "I couldn't get a chance to find what the market was doing."

Lisa, perplexed, had stared at him.

"Why didn't you telephone? Why didn't you ask Coombes to let you off?" she questioned, and Coburn peered at her, scowling.

"What? Let him know I'm dabbling in the market? He'd sack me, if you want to know!"

It was then, that night, for the first time, that Lisa had learned something of what dabbling in stocks involves. The dread, however, was a mere hint of what befell her a short six weeks later. Coburn lurched down the hall, his gait unsteady, his face once more alight with an inner burning fever, the fire of excitement. He again had won, the day's winnings heavy; but that was the least of it.

"Well, I've chucked it!" he announced.

The blood she'd felt surge up within her veins. In her breast her heart gave a knock of dread. After all, she was young, a girl only at the time; and frightened, she guessed the news before he told it.

"You've chucked it—chucked your job, you mean?"

"That's it. Coombes got sassy, so I told him he could have the job. I'm no dog of his—any man's."

She knew without asking that Coombes must have heard of Coburn's dabbling in the market.

"What are we going to do?" she asked, the wife's question swift upon her tongue.

"Wall Street," Coburn answered airily; then the storm broke.

All the pent-up fire of her excitement, the emotion inspired by her dread, poured from her vehemently; and Coburn gaped, his eyes rounded in boyish stupefaction. He lacked little of assurance, self-reliance; but sanguine as he may have been, there lurked in the mind of the girl, his wife, all a wife's instinctive terror of the happening, a husband out of employment.

"You don't understand," expostulated Coburn. "It's a cinch, I tell you; Wall Street's as easy as pie. Haven't I won? Haven't I made more money down there than we've ever had before? What're you kicking about anyway?"

"You hear me!" said Lisa, her face set. "I've toiled and struggled, scrimping, saving, drudging, so you could get on. I've never spared an effort that would push you ahead in your business. I tell you now, though, I'm not going through it again. I'm through, I'm finished. You can go and dawdle the rest of your life in brokers' offices, in bucket shops, too, if you like; but I'm not going to help you. I've been a drudge and a household slave all I want, George Coburn."

He still gaped.

"I wish you'd be reasonable, Lisa. Think of the money I can win!" His face lit. He beamed at her with sudden effusion, one of his usual boylike, cocksure gleams. "Why, in a year ——"

"What if you lose?"

"Yes, but I've always won, haven't I? Almost always anyway. In a year ——"

She cut him short again.

"Has Dredge always won?"

She remembered yet his start; that and the look, sharp and suspicious, Coburn flung at her.

"You've been talking to Cora Dredge, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have," she'd answered flatly. "I've talked to her, and I tell you now I'll never stand from you what Dredge has put upon her. I don't mind helping you—mind sacrificing myself to help you get along; but I'll not work myself to skin and bone so that you can hang around brokerage offices, gambling in stocks and loafing your life away."

"Don't be a fool, Lisa!" he'd mumbled.

"I mean it!" she'd replied.

That night they'd settled it. Discouraged and disgusted eventually with his sulky stubbornness, she'd given way.

"Do what you like," she said wearily. "I've said my say. If you win—well, all right. I'll get what I can out of it. I'll get it or I'll know the reason why!"

The flat finality of it had sobered Coburn.

"And what if I lose, Lisa?"

She had been as definite.

"I've told you, George. If you lose don't expect me to keep on like this, living in a dog kennel. I'm not Cora Dredge, I'm no drudge, no doormat for any man to wipe his feet on. I want something out of life and I mean to get it. If you lose, if you fail to give me what I want, that settles it."

He had not lost, however; that was the marvel of it. It was the war year, the first year of that long harvest of golden opportunity. Whatever Coburn laid hand to that year, the years following, too, had turned under his touch to money. For five years he had gone on, the magic

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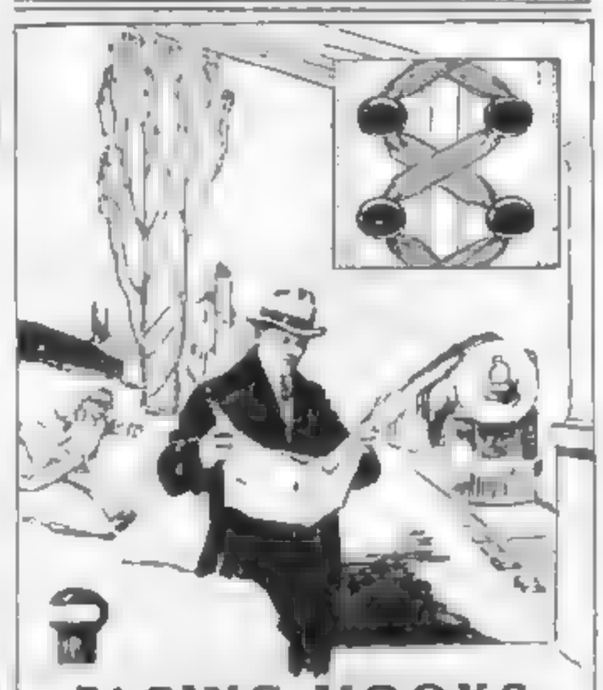

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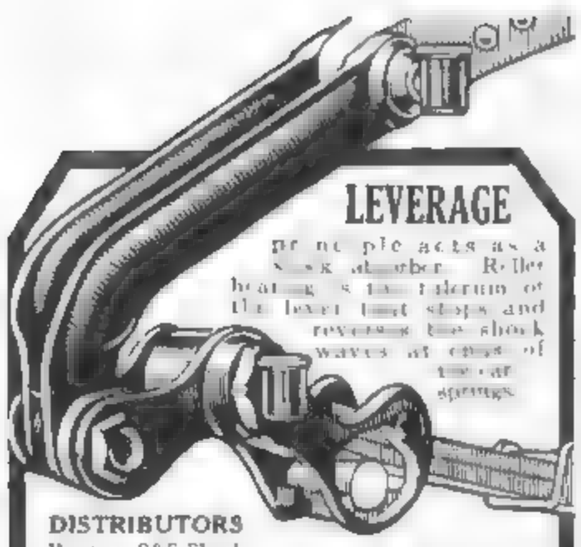

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alchemy of his luck unchanged. Lisa, too, had not changed. She was, if anything, the more hardened and resolute the more he poured money into her lap. The more he made the more insatiable she seemed to grow the expensive Lisa.

A step sounded in the hall outside. Lisa stirred alertly. Half rising from her chair, she shot a swift glance toward the door, and with a sweep of her hand thrust out of sight the papers spread on the desk. Then, as if remembering she had already turned the key in the lock, she sank back again. A hand, at that instant, rapped upon the door.

"Half past seven, madam," the manservant's voice announced.

"Very well," she murmured idly.

The man spoke again.

"Begging pardon, madam, but the master wishes to see you. Shall I tell him, madam?"

Again the slender head raised itself alertly. A pause. Then after a moment Lisa spoke.

"Ask Mr. Coburn to come here," she said.

A minute later she heard her husband's slouching step coming along the hall.

Coburn knocked first—Lisa had taught him that: afterwards he laid a hand on the door knob, and rising languidly, Lisa went and turned the key in the lock. The door she left for him to open, and as Coburn pushed it back she had drifted halfway across the room. Over her shoulder she idly dropped a word.

"Well?" she murmured.

Coburn closed the door. He had dressed for dinner, and the short dinner coat he wore seemed to accentuate his bigness, his boyishness as well. He was one of those types whose features never seem to age. He would be round faced, boyish at fifty.

He gave Lisa a sudden look. A grumpy grunt escaped him.

"Is 'well' all you've got to say?" he mumbled.

Lisa smiled briefly.

"Don't be cross, Georgie," she chided.

Slouching to a near-by chair, a rocker, Coburn lowered himself upon it, his big figure overflowing and engulfing the chair. He was still looking at her sulkily, and after a moment he thrust his hands into his pockets and began to rock. Lisa, a faint smile in her eyes, had gone to the dressing table, and she was now idly arranging her hair in the glass.

"You got your pearls, I suppose," Coburn said shortly.

Without speaking, Lisa unlocked and opened the drawer of the dressing table. She took out the leather case, slipped the catch and lifted the pearls from their velvet nest.

Still without speaking, she turned and held out the pearls to him.

"Gee!" exclaimed Coburn, his admiration evident; and Lisa opened the top of her writing desk and took out a paper. Coburn, his admiration and interest overcoming his sulkiness, was grinning as he turned the necklace over in his hands. From this he looked up to see Lisa standing there, her hand outstretched and the paper in it.

"There you are, George," she murmured.

Coburn looked at the paper, then at her.

"What's that?" he asked uncertainly.

"The bill—it's receipted. Don't you wish to see it?"

Coburn gave Lisa another sharp, sudden glance.

"What's the idea, Lisa? I don't want to see it. Why do you always keep on showing me the bills?"

"You wish to know where your money goes, don't you?" she replied.

Another rumble came from him.

"You're the limit, you are," he mumbled peevishly.

Lisa already had returned to the desk and was replacing the paper in a pigeonhole. As the grumble came from him she turned and surveyed him a moment calmly.

"What's happened, George? The market's spotty again, isn't it?"

Coburn moved abruptly.

"Eh? What's that to you anyway? How do you know about the market?"

Lisa smiled amusedly.

"I'd know it from you, George from the way you go on. I hope that today you didn't get—stung."

A sudden laugh rattled from him.

"I got stung for a piece—twenty-five thousand, all right!"

Lisa was still smiling at him calmly.

"You mean my pearls? What a kid you are, George! I thought you'd got over being peevish this afternoon. You'd already promised me the check, hadn't you?"

"Yes; you didn't waste much time in getting it either," he retorted

She laughed, a laugh of light amusement.

"I know I didn't, Georgie." Her tone playful—remindful too—she added, "Get it while the getting's good, sonny."

Coburn's brows for a moment twitched together.

"Cut that out! You hear?" he growled.

She turned swiftly, her smile less light, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't quarrel, George remember! Remember, too, I'm ready to quit the moment you are. There's to be no quarreling over money."

"I'm not quarreling," he mumbled.

She smiled at him instantly, brightly.

"That's a good boy, George." Then, giving his shoulder a light, friendly tap, she took the pearls from his hand and sauntered back to the glass. "See? How do you like them now?" she asked. With a quick, deft movement she flung them about her throat and, snapping the catch together, swung round to him.

A quick admiration leaped into Coburn's eyes.

"Gad!" he breathed. He lurched to his feet and came toward her. "You're a wonder, Lisa!"

She looked up at him a moment, her slight, slender figure elflike beside his bulk, and a smile rippled on her lips.

"You like the pearls, Georgie?"

"I like you!" said Coburn, and linking an arm about her shoulders, he gave her an impulsive squeeze.

"That's why I got them—the pearls," said Lisa; "for your sake."

There was a subtle expression in the phrase, a note that hinted vaguely a double intention; yet if that were her thought the subtlety was lost on one of his direct, impulsive sort. He gave a little bubbling laugh.

"That reminds me, girlie: You wear those pearls tonight. Who d'you think's coming here to dinner?"

Lisa thought she knew. There were three couples—the Neshits, the Bentons and Jim and Gertie Harker—enough to make a couple of tables at bridge.

"Guess again!" grinned Coburn; and when Lisa couldn't Coburn let out another jingling laugh, a chuckle of mocking amusement.

"Coombes is coming my old boss!"

Lisa gave a start. The smile shrank in her eyes.

"Coombes?" she murmured slowly.

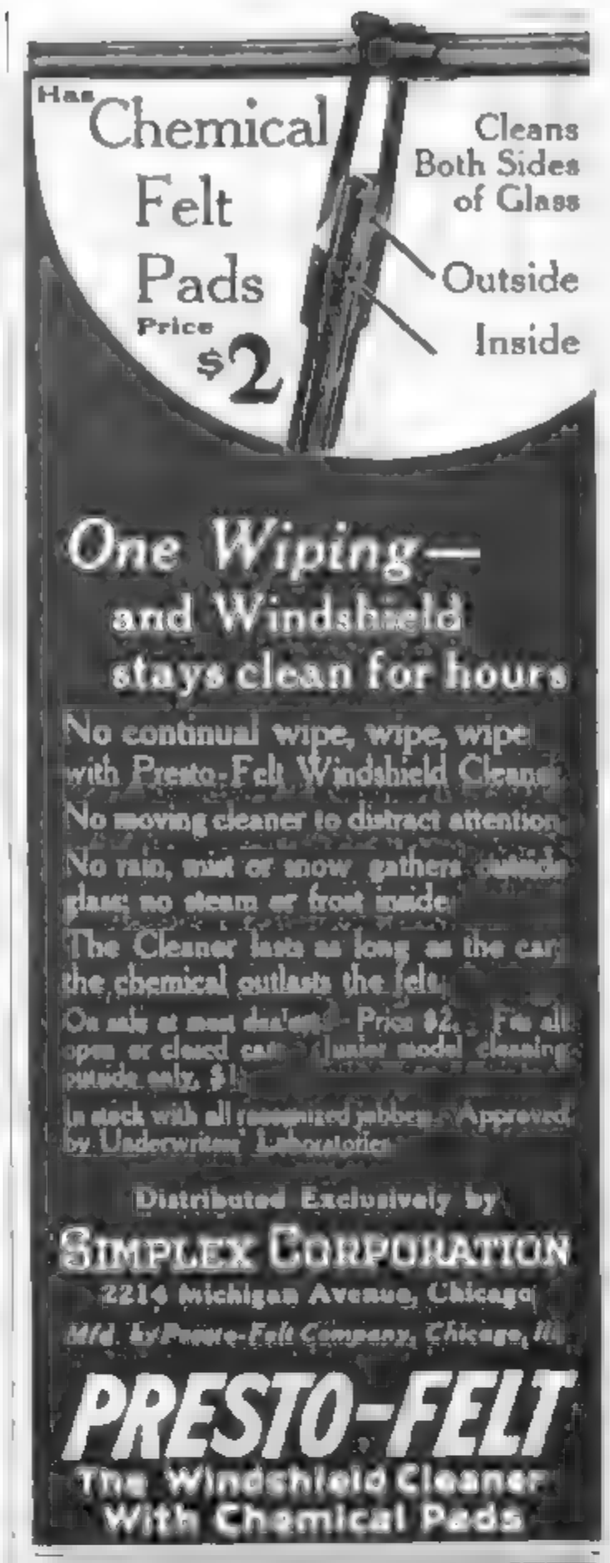
Coburn's eyes squinted in another grin.

"Yes; I met him on the street this afternoon. He's knocked down a couple of millions, they say, in the last few years; only I wasn't going to let him put anything over on me. I couldn't resist asking him up to dine; the chance was too good. This ranch'll show him, I guess, he isn't the only rooster on the roof. You and your pearls'll make his eyes bulge, I'll gamble!"

Lisa was looking at him curiously.

"You mean he's coming, then?"

"Say, what's th' row now?" questioned Coburn, peering at her. "Anything wrong? I hadn't seen him for years, and I wanted him to take a tumble."



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"I've seen him," said Lisa.

"You have? When? You haven't told me."

"I've seen him at the Nesbits'—often He's a director in Phil Nesbit's concern, the Three Cities Steel. He's asked me if he could come here."

Coburn screwed his brows into a puzzled frown

"To see me what?"

"To see me," said Lisa slowly; and with a hunch of his shoulders, another queer look at her, Coburn gave another laugh.

The laugh was amused, yet with it harsh as well

"That bird? He's old enough to be your uncle!"

"He's forty, George. It makes no difference if he was seventy."

A low whistle came from Coburn and he gave another laugh.

"Of all the jokes!" he exploded. "A fathead like him! He hasn't two ideas in his head but his business. Dull? Cricky! I'd have thought you'd yawn in his face."

"Dull, yes," said Lisa; and she added slowly, "three or four million dollars of dullness."

"Eh?" inquired Coburn, peering at her.

"Nothing," she murmured carelessly

Coburn wandered toward the door.

"Well," he mumbled, "they'll be here soon. I've got to go and chuck a couple of cocktails together."

But, reaching the door, he lingered there an instant.

"You're going to put on your necklace, aren't you?" he said again. She nodded; and with the door half open, Coburn fiddled for a moment with the knob. "Yes, that's right. I guess you'd better wear 'em," he said aimlessly.

"I'll have to hurry, George," Lisa said, glancing at the clock. It was patently an invitation for him to go, but he still hung there by the door. "Say ——" he said abruptly, then stopped

"What is it, George?" asked Lisa.

"Never mind—just nothing," he said evasively; and wandering out at the door, he closed it behind him. He was halfway along the hall when she heard him stop, then turn.

A moment after the door opened.

"Say, Lisa," said Coburn, his eyes uncomfortable, "if any of those fellows—if Harker, say, asks you about those pearls, don't tell 'em what they cost, will you?"

"Tell them what they cost? Certainly not!" said Lisa, her voice low, wondering. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I—I dunno," mumbled Coburn.

"Why? Tell me," insisted Lisa.

"I dunno," he repeated; "just for business reasons."

As he again closed the door behind him Lisa stood gazing after him, her breath caught, the color gone from her face. Then, instinctively, she started toward the door and from her lips came a low cry, a call.

"George! George!" Instantly, however, she halted, the cry, that call, stifled on her lips; and if Coburn, indeed, had heard it he gave no sign.

Twenty minutes later, when the first of the guests arrived, the master of the house he and his cocktails—was not in evidence in the drawing-room. The manservant had to go find his master. In his bedroom, his hand rumpling his hair again, Coburn sat under the light, again perusing the long double-banked columns of figures and numerals, the quotations spread on the newspaper's financial page.

"Mr. Coombes, sir," said the butler, gravely announcing the first of the guests to arrive.

Coburn flung down the paper and rose. Hurriedly he made his way along the hall. Lisa, at that instant, had just given her hand to the short, somewhat portly man in evening clothes who had hastened into the room to greet her.

"Lisa!" he exclaimed.

Lisa put a finger to her lips.

"Hush!" she whispered.

She had just heard Coburn's hurried footfall in the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

January 20, 1923

Cover Design by Alan Foster

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Sunbeam—*J. P. Marquand*	8
The Hog—*C. E. Scoggins*	10
Tutt-Tutt, Mr. Tutt—*Arthur Train*	12
Blue Sky—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	14
Triumph—*Gordon Arthur Smith*	18

ARTICLES

On the Job—*Elizabeth Frazer*	6
Gambling in Jungle Stuff—*L. B. Yates*	16
Timber-Line Trails—*Hal G. Evarts*	17
Three Black Cows	23
London Conversations—*Princess Cantacuzène*	26
What Can I Get for Dinner?—*James H. Collins*	28

SERIALS

The Silent Partner (In four parts)—*Maximilian Foster*	3
Pascal's Mill (Third part)—*Ben Ames Williams*	20

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	22
Short Turns and Encores	24
Electrification of Railways—*B. S. Beach*	40
Educational Pioneering—*M. V. O'Shea*	69

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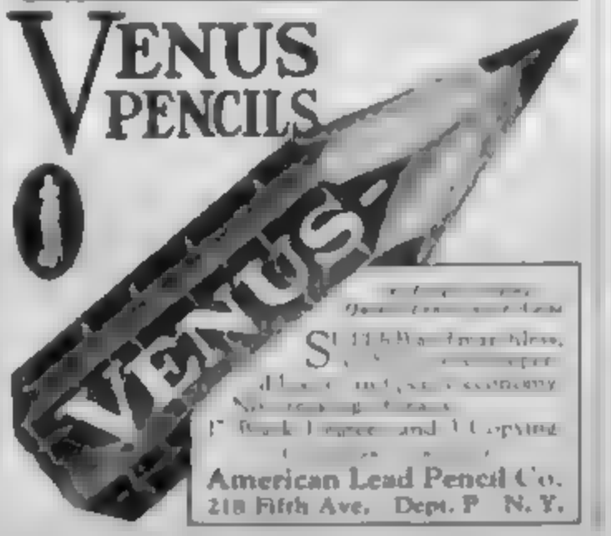

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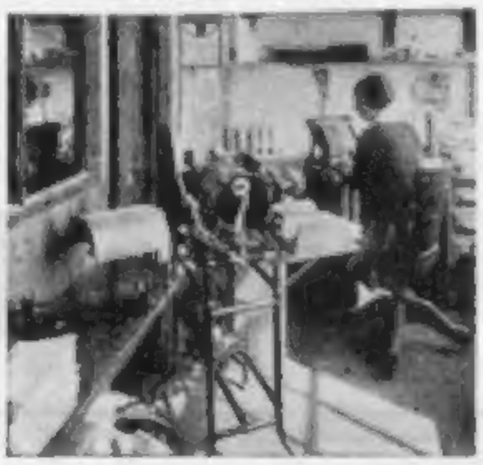

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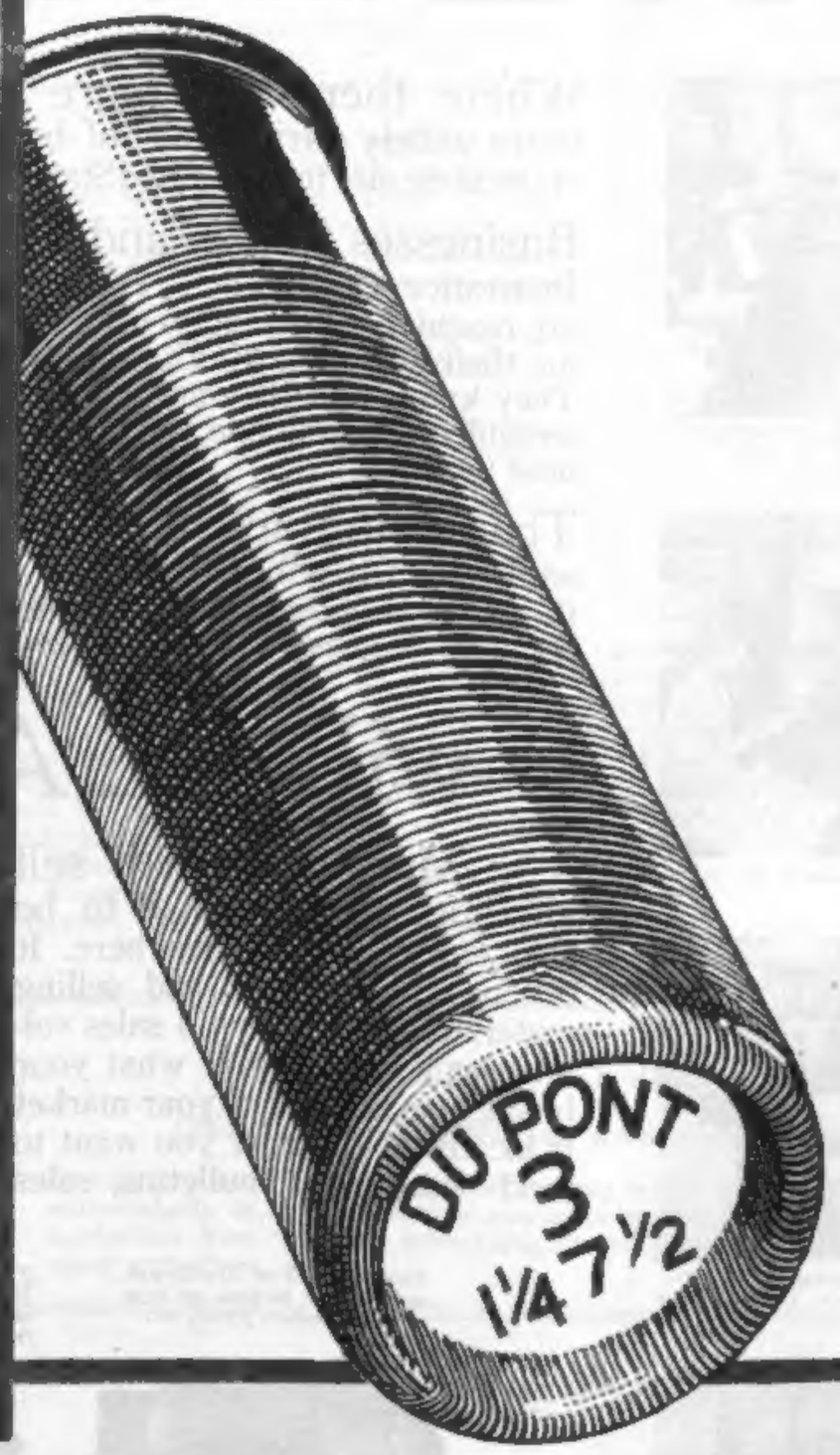

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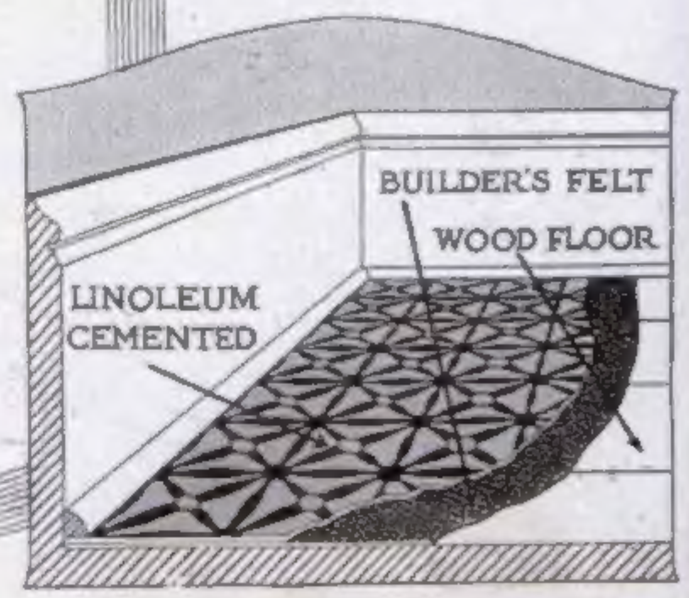

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